A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

BRONSON

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WITHDRAWN

Mary Mellish
Archibald
Memorial

Miss B—
Miss Pierce

A SHORT HISTORY OF

AMERICAN LITERATURE

DESIGNED PRIMARILY FOR USE
IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

BY

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Mary Mellish
Archibald
Memorial

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TO

ELISHA BENJAMIN ANDREWS

IN TOKEN OF ADMIRATION FOR

THE MAN AND THE EDUCATOR

This Little Book

IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR

A20016

PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH this book is intended primarily for use in the class-room, the attempt has been made to give it a literary atmosphere, in the conviction that text-books on literature should contribute directly to the student's culture as well as to his knowledge of facts. It is hoped, therefore, that the general reader may find the following pages not wholly uninteresting. A good deal of the matter, especially in the foot-notes and the appendix, should also give the book some value for purposes of reference; to that end, definiteness and accuracy have been sought at no little labor; but in such a mass of details errors are inevitable, and corrections will be welcomed.

The judicious teacher will readily recognize that the parts dealing with minor authors and with whole periods whose interest is historical rather than literary, as well as the more critical matter upon the greater authors, should be passed over lightly or omitted altogether when the class is immature. There is much to be said, however, in favor of requiring the older pupils in high schools and academies to devote some study to Colonial and Revolutionary literature, not only for its relation to the literature of the Republic, but also for the light it throws upon early American history and the life

and character of our forefathers. Furthermore, the extracts in the appendix will be found to contain much that is interesting as well as illustrative of the times; and the very spirit of the age speaks in some of the unconsciously humorous title-pages given in the bibliography.

Throughout the book the literature has been presented in its relation to general conditions in America and to the literatures of England and the Continent of Europe, for only so can it be completely understood and its full significance perceived; but the personality of the authors and the intrinsic qualities of their work have, it is hoped, received due attention. The division into periods is not meant to be insisted upon too strongly. But some dividing lines must be run for convenience and clearness in treating of so wide and diversified a field, and those adopted are perhaps liable to fewer objections than any others. They have, however, been transgressed freely where it was necessary to do so in order to avoid splitting the discussion of an author's work. In the case of writers with whom the reader is probably not familiar and never need be, the method is chiefly descriptive; elsewhere the book is intended to be merely a guide in reading and studying the literature itself.

I wish to express my indebtedness, for inspiration and guidance and occasionally for information, to Professor Tyler's admirable history of the Colonial and Revolutionary literature. But it is due to the reader to add that even the earlier portions of this little work are based almost wholly upon a study of the literature at first hand. Any other method, indeed, would have been inexcusable in the case of one having access to such remarkable collections of Americana as the Harris Collection of

American Poetry, in the library of Brown University, and the John Carter Brown Library in the city of Providence. It has been my privilege to work from many rare first editions, and in a few instances to hit upon material not hitherto utilized, so far as I know, in books upon American literature. It may be fitting to say, further, that what is presented upon pages 79–90 embodies the results of a canvass of all the poetry published between the years 1789 and 1815 and contained in the Harris Collection. It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that the bibliography in the appendix has been made to a considerable extent from the original editions, and, where these were lacking, largely from Sabin's *Bibliotheca Americana;* that the lives of the greater authors and the lists of their works are derived from the larger biographies and bibliographies; and that details about minor authors have been taken from standard books of reference.

My special thanks are due to Mr. Harry L. Koopman, librarian of Brown University, and to his assistants, for many courtesies; to Mr. George P. Winship, librarian of the John Carter Brown Library, for the use of that collection; to the authorities of the Rhode Island Historical Society for access to some rare publications on their shelves; to Mr. William E. Foster, librarian of the Providence Public Library, for special privileges; and to Professor Alois Brandl, of the University of Berlin, for securing me the use of the University and Royal Libraries in Berlin. To Dr. F. R. Lane of the Central High School, Washington, D.C., to Professor L. A. Sherman of the University of Nebraska, and to Mr. H. L. Boltwood, Principal of the Evanston High

School, Illinois, I am indebted for sundry suggestions made while the book was going through the press; but as their suggestions were not always adopted, they are in nowise responsible for the faults of the book. The faults are doubtless many. I can only hope that, in spite of them, the following pages may be of some real service in the study of the literature of my country.

BERLIN, December 29, 1899.

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HISTORY OF

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTION.

MEN of the English race have occupied what is now the United States of America for nearly three centuries. In that time, aided by men of other races, they have done an immense and splendid work. They have increased from a few thousands to seventy millions; subdued and settled a wilderness stretching from ocean to ocean; established the greatest Republic in the world's history; fought two great wars, one for national independence and one for national unity and the liberation of the slave; developed a magnificent material civilization; covered a continent with churches, schools, and colleges; and made respectable beginnings in literature and the fine arts.

Of this manifold activity the literary side only will be the subject of special study in the following pages. But it should be remembered that a nation's literature is closely related to the other sides of the national life and cannot be fully understood apart. For the first two centuries, indeed, our literature is chiefly valuable, not as art, but as history, as an expression of the spirit of the people and the times. Nor can its full significance be seen until we widen our view still more and recognize that American literature is one branch of the greater English literature, a part of the life of a great race as well as of a great nation.

The history of American literature will, therefore, here be divided into periods corresponding to the great periods of American history:

I. The Colonial Period, 1607–1765.
II. The Revolutionary Period, 1765–1789.
III. The Period of the Republic, 1789–1900.

In the first two periods the purely literary aspects of the subject-matter will, for the reason already mentioned, receive less attention; in the last period the literature will be studied chiefly for its own sake, although its historical and social relations must not be forgotten; and from first to last there will be frequent occasion to note the influence exerted upon American writers by those of England and the other countries of Europe.

THE COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY PERIODS.

FOREWORDS.

THE development of American literature during the first two centuries presents a peculiar phenomenon. The literature is not that of a people slowly emerging from barbarism and creating their own civilization through the long toil of ages. On the contrary, it is the literature of a people already highly civilized, but transplanted to another continent, where they set up in the wilderness the institutions of the Old World, modifying them to meet changed conditions and taking on in time a somewhat new spirit, yet on the whole clinging tenaciously to the substance of the old, and imitating with the provincial's feeling of dependence the current life and fashions of the mother country. A colonial literature has the advantage of inheriting the riches of an old civilization; it has the disadvantage of crude surroundings and lack of originality. Such was the case with American literature for two hundred years.

During the first three-fourths of the seventeenth century, the period when most of the English colonies in America were planted, England was the home of great men and of a great literature. Spenser had died as the old century went out, Shakspere and Bacon lived on into the new, and Milton was born one year after the settlement of Jamestown. The colonists were of the same stock which had just produced these and other literary Titans; but it would of course be folly to look for writers equally great in the forests of America. Settling a wilderness and laying the foundations of a state are of themselves tasks ample enough for the strongest. If Shakspere the

deer-stealer had fled to Virginia instead of to London, if Milton had been a dissenting parson in a little New England village, should we have had *King Lear* and *Paradise Lost?* Furthermore, it should be remembered that for a century and more the population of the colonies was comparatively small; and since geniuses are rare in every generation, it is no wonder that they were not numerous among the few hundred thousand inhabitants scattered along the Atlantic seaboard. It must be said, however, that not only the great lights were absent from America, but the lesser ones as well, and that the general level of literary talent was low. Unfavorable environment accounts for this state of things in part; the character of the colonists accounts for yet more. Among the early settlers of the South were many paupers, convicts, and needy adventurers. In Virginia the leading colonists were indeed of the Cavalier class and inherently capable of literary culture; but there, as will soon be shown, the local conditions were peculiarly unfavorable for the creation of a literary atmosphere. And the Northern and Middle colonies were settled chiefly by practical, religious people, more intent upon their political rights and the salvation of their souls than upon the delights of *belles-lettres*. During the last quarter of the seventeenth century and the greater part of the eighteenth, literature in England itself was comparatively inferior, the splendid Elizabethan age of poetry and imagination having given place to the "age of prose and reason." Yet the names of Dryden, Addison, Swift, Pope, Fielding, Gray, Goldsmith, Johnson, Gibbon, and Hume are in their own way great, and American literature for the same period has — with two exceptions — no names

worthy of a place beside them. But this is not matter for surprise; conditions in America, although improving, were still unfavorable. Along the frontier the contest with wild nature went on unceasingly; and within the area already settled, arose a new set of sinew-straining tasks — the development of commerce and industry, the wars with France for the possession of Canada, and the struggle for independence and national union. Furthermore, from first to last the literature of the mother country retarded the growth of a native literature by diminishing the need of one; our ancestors imported poetry, essays, and novels from England just as they imported fine fabrics and other luxuries.

Next to the inferiority of early American literature, the most conspicuous fact is its imitation of English models. Throughout its whole course it runs parallel with literature in the mother country, although usually lagging about a generation behind. In America as in England, the heavy prose of the seventeenth century is succeeded by lighter and more orderly prose in the eighteenth. The "metaphysical" poetry of the Jacobean and Caroline periods is solemnly echoed from the rocky New England coast. The didactic and satiric verse of Dryden and Pope feathers the shaft of the American satirist in regions which not long before knew only the whiz of the Indian's arrow. The profitable pleasantries of Addison, the pensive moralizing of Gray, the genial grace of Goldsmith, the ponderous sesquipedalian tread of Johnson, the new Romanticism of Collins, Macpherson, and Walpole, the "sensibility" of Mackenzie and Sterne, all find admirers and imitators in the colonial writers of verse and prose.

I. THE COLONIAL PERIOD.

(1607–1765.)

EVENTS IN AMERICA.

Settlement of Jamestown, 1607.
Negro slavery introduced into Virginia, 1619.
Landing of Pilgrims at Plymouth, 1620.
New York settled by Dutch, 1621.
Indian massacre in Virginia, 1622.
Founding of Massachusetts Bay Colony, 1630.
Founding of Maryland, 1634.
First settlement in Connecticut, 1635.
Founding of Providence, 1636.
Pequot War, 1637.
Delaware settled by Swedes, 1638.
First settlement in North Carolina, 1653.
Persecution of Quakers, 1656–1661.
English seize New York, 1664.
Founding of Charleston, S.C., 1670.
Bacon's Rebellion, 1676.
King Philip's War, 1675–1678.
Pennsylvania settled, 1682.
Salem witchcraft, 1692.
Wars in America between France (aided by Indians) and England: King William's War, 1689–1697; Queen Anne's War, 1702–1713; King George's War, 1744–1748; French and Indian War, 1754–1763.

EVENTS IN ENGLAND.

Reign of James I., 1603–1625.
Charles I. came to throne, 1625.
Civil War, 1642–1646.
Charles I. beheaded, 1649.
England a commonwealth, 1649–1660.
Restoration of monarchy, 1660.
The Bloodless Revolution, 1688.
William and Mary came to throne, 1689.
Reign of Anne, 1702–1714.
Reign of George I., 1714–1727.
Reign of George II., 1727–1760.
George III. came to throne, 1760.

LITERATURE IN ENGLAND.

Shakspere, 1564–1616.
Bacon, 1561–1626.
Milton, 1608–1674; early poems (published), 1645; prose, 1641–1674; *Paradise Lost*, 1667.
"Metaphysical" poets: Donne, 1573–1631; Herbert, 1593–1633; Quarles, 1592–1644; Cowley, 1618–1667.
"Cavalier" poets: Herrick, 1591–1674; Carew, 1598–1639; Suckling, 1609–1641; Lovelace, 1618–1658.
Great preachers: Taylor, 1613–1667; Barrow, 1630–1677; Tillotson, 1630–1694; South, 1633–1716.
Pilgrim's Progress, 1678 and 1684.
Dryden, 1631–1700.

The Spectator essays, 1711–1714.
Swift, 1667–1745.
Watts, 1674–1748.
Young, 1681–1765.
Pope, 1688–1744.
Thomson, 1700–1748.
Novels of Defoe (1661–1731), Richardson (1689–1761), Fielding (1707–1754), Smollett (1721–1771).
Collins, 1721–1759.
Gray, 1716–1771.

1. LITERATURE IN VIRGINIA.

For the beginnings of American literature we must go back nearly three centuries, to the time when a little band of Englishmen settled at Jamestown, Va., and erected a few rude huts on the edge of the primeval forest. Starvation, fever, Indians, and mismanagement soon threatened the very existence of the settlement, the horrors of the Starving Time slaying all but sixty out of a population of five hundred. Subsequently the colony grew and prospered. Yet toils and dangers abounded still. Forests must be felled, houses built, and new land brought under the plough. From time to time Indian massacres spread death and alarm. The political storms which shook the mother country in the middle of the century agitated the colony too. And a little later, Bacon's Rebellion threw Virginia itself into the fever of civil strife. Such conditions, when the energies of men are absorbed in the strenuous labors of the pioneer, do not conduce to the growth of the fine arts. It is therefore no surprise to find that the literature of Virginia during these early years is comparatively meagre and poor. The writers were often unpractised, and had small leisure for the graces of style. But they wrote with the largeness and freedom and manly strength which were characteristic of the age; their pictures of peril by sea and land are powerful and graphic; and in their descrip-

tions of the New World and its strange inhabitants is sometimes a vein of rich though artless poetry.

Foremost in time among these early authors stands * Captain JOHN SMITH,[1] a man of bold spirit and many adventures. He seems to have been given to boastfulness and romantic exaggeration; in particular, his story about his rescue by Pocahontas has been much questioned by modern historians.[2] But his undoubted experiences in the New World were varied and often thrilling; and in his several books he describes them and the country with the same rough-and-ready spirit in which he journeyed and fought. WILLIAM STRACHEY still lives as a writer in his description of a storm at sea, which wrecked him and his company on their voyage to Virginia in 1609. His account, which it is thought may have suggested to Shakspere certain passages in *The Tempest*, is in places magnificent, full of the awful might of the ocean in wrath. Other writers of the same class may here be passed by.[3] Not so with GEORGE SANDYS, the first poet upon Virginian soil, who there completed his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, during the troublous times of the Indian massacre in 1622. The authors mentioned thus far were Englishmen writing in or about America rather than Americans even in spirit. But in 1656 appeared a book by one who had come to love America as his home: "It is that Country in which I desire to spend the remnant of my dayes," writes JOHN

[1] An author or work marked by an asterisk is represented among the extracts in Appendix, A.

[2] For a fair statement of the case against it, see Doyle's *English Colonies in America*, Vol. I., Appendix E; for the other side, Fiske's *Old Virginia and Her Neighbours*, Vol. I., p. 103.

[3] For the names and works of some of them, see Appendix, C.

HAMMOND in his *Leah and Rachel;*[1] and he contrasts the simple plenty and new opportunities in America with the hopeless poverty in the crowded cities of the Old World. The stormy days of Bacon's Rebellion called forth a good deal of political literature, but it is of little general interest. The sudden death of the rebel leader, however, was the occasion of an anonymous elegy of some merit, ending with these dignified lines: —

> Here let him rest; while wee this truth report
> Hee 's gon from hence unto a higher Court
> To pleade his Cause: where he by this doth know
> Whether to Ceaser hee was friend, or foe.[2]

Before the end of the century Virginia entered upon its colonial Golden Age. The Indians had been overawed. Wealth and population were increasing rapidly. Along the pleasant waterways stood the comfortable mansion-houses of the planters, slave-huts clustering near, and broad acres of woodland and tillage stretching away on every side. Yet, because of the dearth of cities, printing-presses, and schools, literature flourished no better than before. The Virginian gentleman, inheriting the tastes of the English country squire,[3] preferred

[1] Page 28, ed. 1656.

[2] Proc. Mass. Hist. Soc., 1866–1867, p. 324. The earliest extant original poem written in Virginia seems to have been John Grave's *A Song of Sion*, published in England in 1662. Grave was a Quaker, and his crude lines are full of righteous indignation over the recent persecution of his sect in America. The poem is not mentioned, so far as I know, in any history or cyclopædia of American literature. I am indebted to Mr. C. S. Brigham, of the Brown University Library, for calling my attention to the copy in the Harris Collection.

[3] From the first the leading colonists of Virginia were "gentlemen"; and after the defeat of the king's party many Cavaliers, from the class of the landed gentry, sought refuge in the colony, the ancestors of Washington and of other great Virginians being among them.

plantation life to city life; the fertile soil and the unintelligent labor of slaves or "indentured" servants made agriculture, particularly the growing of tobacco, the most profitable industry; and the many rivers and creeks, allowing vessels to land their cargoes almost at the planter's door, rendered seaport towns unnecessary. Printing-presses were long forbidden by the king, and until past the middle of the eighteenth century there was but one printing-house in all Virginia. The more intelligent Virginians were not indifferent to education: private schools were soon established, and a college was planned as early as 1622, although circumstances delayed its actual founding until 1693. But the Virginians, as a whole, had not much zeal for education; the difficulty of providing instruction for all was greatly increased by the sparseness of the population; and in consequence the mass of the people were comparatively illiterate.[1] In brief, colonial Virginia lacked the mental stimulus of life in towns and cities, where mind kindles mind by contact; if books were written, it was difficult to get them printed; and if they were printed, there were few people to read them. In such conditions the production of a large body of literature is not to be expected.

Yet some literature there was. Rev. James Blair, the founder of William and Mary College, and for fifty years its president, published in 1722 a volume of discourses on the Sermon on the Mount; and, in conjunction with

[1] Even the better class of planters, loving field-sports and life in the open air, cared less for books than did the New Englander. The clergymen, sent over by the authorities of the Church of England as good enough for a colony, were often ignorant and immoral. The indentured white servants (many of them paupers and convicts) and the negro slaves were of course mostly indifferent to education.

other writers, *The Present State of Virginia and the College* (1727). Professor HUGH JONES wrote an unpretentious little book, *The Present State of Virginia* (1724), very plain in style, but containing sensible suggestions for the betterment of the colony and some amusing strictures on the indolence of the inhabitants. A much more interesting work is the *History of Virginia* (1705, 1722), by ROBERT BEVERLEY, whose style, although not highly polished, is flowing and often vivid. This book, by a native Virginian and about Virginia, reminds us that in the older colonies there was now growing up a generation American by birth, American in spirit, and moulded largely by American conditions. Henceforth we may expect to hear a more distinctively American note in colonial literature. In fact, the author to be spoken of next is clearly a product, in part, of the new conditions. Colonel WILLIAM BYRD (1674–1744) inherited a princely fortune and high social position. After being educated abroad, he returned to Virginia, where he held high offices for many years, and on his estates at Westover collected a library of nearly four thousand volumes. He left several works in manuscript, the principal of which is **The History of the Dividing Line*, a journal of the expedition that in 1729 ran the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina. Here and elsewhere Byrd has a lightness of touch, a gayety, a lively fancy, a sparkling wit, a dash and gusto which make his pages delightful reading. They show the literary polish of the England of Addison and Pope; but they show something more. In Colonel Byrd the Virginian aristocracy of the earlier day came to full flower; and his writings contain the very essence of that careless, sunny, free-limbed life of

the English Cavalier transplanted to the fresher air and wider spaces of the New World. Rev. William Stith, a native of Virginia, and president of William and Mary College, brought out in 1747 *The History of the First Discovery and Settlement of Virginia*.[1] The book is clear and careful, commanding respect if not admiration, and forms a worthy close to the pre-Revolutionary literature of the principal colony of the South.

2. LITERATURE IN NEW ENGLAND.

The literature of colonial New England was more abundant than that of Virginia and somewhat different in savor. The causes for this lay in the nature of the colonists and the country. The sterile soil and severe climate did not allow of large plantations cultivated by wasteful slave-labor; only the small farmer, working with the shrewd and tireless industry of a proprietor, could wring a profit from the stony hillsides. The rocky coast, with few large rivers but many harbors, favored the growth of seaport towns. Furthermore, while in Virginia the unit of population was the family, in New England it was at first the church, or congregation, knit together by a common faith and assembling every Sunday in a common building, the "meeting-house." These conditions, by producing a concentration of population, stimulated intellectual activity and made easier the establishment of common schools. The characteristics of the colonists tended to the same results. Most of the settlers of New England were "Separatists." On account of their dis-

[1] It was printed in the colony, and is a very creditable piece of typography.

satisfaction with certain things in the Church of England they had left it or been driven out of it, and had formed separate churches of their own; and their motive in coming three thousand miles across a stormy ocean was to build up in the New World a Commonwealth of the Reformed Faith. Like all reformers they were men of independent thought; they held an intellectual form of religion; and they believed that every man must search the Scriptures for himself, under the guidance of a learned ministry, and work out his own salvation in fear and logic. Hence they thought it a duty to teach every child to read the Bible; and so schools were planted almost as soon as corn, while Harvard College was founded only six years later than Boston itself.[1] In consequence of these characteristics and conditions the level of intelligence throughout New England was very high, and there was from the first a literary class, composed chiefly of clergymen and magistrates, who had the capacity, learning, and industry to write many books.[2]

The same causes which made the literature abundant made it also sombre and often dull. Much of it consists of religious works, and nearly all is permeated with the atmosphere of a faith which had more of gloom than of sunshine. Yet strength is here too, the strength of the Puritan character and the Puritan creed; in the earlier years the romance of the New World tinges even the

[1] "By the year 1649 every colony in New England, except Rhode Island, had made public instruction compulsory." — Tyler's *A History of American Literature*, Vol. I., p. 99.

[2] "At one time . . . there was in Massachusetts and Connecticut a Cambridge graduate for every two hundred and fifty inhabitants." — *Ibid.*, p. 98.

pages of the prosaic annalist; the sublime if gloomy poetry inherent in Calvinism gives a certain greatness to many a heavy sermon and dull poem; and throughout the whole mass of this literature can be felt the intellectual solidity, moral soundness, and sturdy practical sense of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Among the earliest writings were naturally **Diaries, Histories,** and **Descriptions.** The events of the first year of the Plymouth Colony were recorded in the **Journal* of WILLIAM BRADFORD and EDWARD WINSLOW, written in unvarnished style, but vivid and full of interesting incidents. In this daily record we may live over again the life of the Pilgrims — their search along the wintry coast for a good site for a settlement, their first encounter with Indians, their landing at Plymouth, and their terrible sufferings during the first winter. The **History of Plymouth*, by the same William Bradford, for thirty years governor of the colony, comes down to 1646.[1] Like much of the contemporary prose written in England, it has at times a large though artless beauty,

[1] The manuscript has had a remarkable history. By Bradford's grandson, John Bradford, it was intrusted to Thomas Prince, who used it in compiling his *History of New England*. Governor Hutchinson had it when he published the second volume of *The History of the Province of Massachusetts Bay*, in 1767. From that time no one knew of its whereabouts for many years. In 1855 it was discovered to be in the library of the Bishop of London, though how it got there is still a mystery. The next year the history was printed for the first time, by the Massachusetts Historical Society, from a transcript of the original. In 1897, by a graceful act of international courtesy, a decree of the Episcopal Court of London gave the manuscript into the hands of the United States Ambassador, to be by him delivered to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. This was done; and the precious volume, "bound in parchment, once white, but now grimy and much the worse for wear," after long and strange journeyings rests once more in the nation whose founding it describes.

and it is full of the grave and solid strength of a man fit to build empires in the wilderness. *The History of New England*, by JOHN WINTHROP, first governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony, a diary of events for the years 1630–1649, has much the same qualities, although it is more prosaic on the whole. As we turn the pages we get many interesting glimpses into the lives and minds of the New England Puritans. We read that bullets were used for farthings; that a woman "had a cleft stick put on her tongue half an hour, for reproaching the elders"; that a drunkard was "ordered to wear a red D about his neck for a year"; that Rev. John Cotton was desired to "go through the Bible and raise marginal notes upon all the knotty places"; that the drowning of a child in a well was God's punishment upon the father for working after sundown the Saturday before, and was so confessed in church by the repentant Sabbath-breaker.[1] More winning and no less true to the Puritan ideal are the **Letters* of Winthrop and his wife Margaret to each other, full of sweet human love sheltering under the greater love of God.

Very different from the grave Puritan histories is the *New English Canaan* (1637) by THOMAS MORTON, a rollicking Royalist, who with thirty followers established himself at "Merrymount," near Boston, in 1626. He set up a Maypole eighty feet high, and danced about it with his jolly crew, the Indians joining in the revels, which it is probable were not wholly innocent. Morton's Puritan neighbors, greatly scandalized, cut down the wicked Maypole; and when Morton persisted in selling guns and rum to the Indians, they shipped him back

[1] *The History of New England*, Vol. I., *passim*, ed. 1825.

to England. There he wrote his book, describing the country and making fun of his strait-laced adversaries. Its intrinsic merits are small. But the figure of Thomas Morton dancing about his Maypole in reckless jollity, while the godly look on with horror-stricken visages, is like a dash of color in a sombre landscape, and we could better spare a better man.[1]

We return to Puritanism in EDWARD JOHNSON'S *Wonder-Working Providence of Sion's Saviour* (1654). Johnson was a captain, and a martial spirit animates his pages. The planting of New England with churches of the Reformed Faith is the beginning of God's final campaign against Antichrist; the colonists are soldiers of "their glorious King Christ"; and the ministers, whose work it is to "sound forth his silver Trumpets," are exhorted to "blow lowd and shrill, to this chiefest treble tune: 'For the Armies of the great Jehovah are at hand.'"[2] This conception gives unity and even a kind of greatness to the book. But in form it is crude; much of the subject-matter is dry; and the narrowness and harshness of Puritanism are often painfully apparent.

It has been wittily said of the pious settlers of New England that "first they fell on their knees and then they fell on the aborigines." The truth is, rather, that the Puritan sincerely endeavored to convert and educate these poor children of the forest; but when the red man became hostile, and the torch and tomahawk began their dreadful work, then the white man slew without mercy. Both phases of the colonists' treatment of the Indians are represented in the literature of the period. Captain

[1] See Motley's historical romance, *Merry-Mount*.
[2] *Wonder-Working Providence*, pp. 23, 7, ed. 1654.

John Mason, the hero of the Pequot War, became in his last years its historian also, telling the story of that terrible slaughter in the swamp with a rough strength that fits the subject well, and ending with a song of triumph as confident of God's approval and as pitiless toward God's enemies as the song of the Israelites at the Red Sea. Very different in spirit are the writings of the good John Eliot, which tell of his patient labors for the salvation of the Indians; and the books of Daniel Gookin, which describe the "Praying," or Christian, Indians, and the effect of the gospel upon them.

A second class of these early writings consists of **Religious and Controversial Works.** The modern reader can hardly realize how large a place in the life of the New England Puritans was filled by religion. Attendance upon church was a pleasure to most, a duty to all. Absence was punished by fines or the stocks, and sleepers were awakened by the constable. The meeting-houses were as cold as barns and almost as bare. The services lasted from three to five hours. In the high pulpit stood the minister, awful by reason of his learning, piety, and sacred office, and stormed Heaven in prodigiously long prayers, or thundered down upon the pews the wrath of God in a sermon laid out in many divisions and subdivisions, all bristling with proof-texts and buttressed with invincible logic.[1] His hearers followed the thought

[1] "Then Mr. Torrey stood up and pray'd near Two Hours: . . . towards the End of his Prayer, hinting at still new and agreable Scenes of Tho't, we cou'd not help wishing Him to enlarge upon them: . . . we could have gladly heard Him an Hour longer." — A Harvard student, writing of a day of prayer in 1696. (Sibley's *Harvard Graduates*, Vol. I., p. 566.) "He [Thomas Hooker] preached in the afternoon, and having gone on . . . about a quarter of an hour, he was at a stand, and told the people, that God had deprived him both of his strength

closely, keen to detect a slip in orthodoxy or reasoning, many taking down the main points in their note-books. To these New England communities the sermon was the great intellectual and literary feast of the week, and the ministers were their great men, venerated by young and old and deferred to even by the magistrates. Of the early clergymen three were preëminent above the rest— John Cotton, Thomas Shepard, and *Thomas Hooker. All three were graduates of Cambridge University, England, and Cotton had been famous there as a scholar and preacher. All had been clergymen of the English Church; but being hunted out of England because of their Puritanism, they fled to Massachusetts. Cotton was given the best pulpit in Boston, and there remained till his death, in 1652, the acknowledged leader of the New England clergy. "In his countenance," says Cotton Mather, "there was an inexpressible sort of Majesty, which commanded Reverence from all that approached him."[1] Thomas Shepard, pastor at Cambridge from 1636 to 1649, was greater as a pulpit orator, having a manner peculiarly sweet and persuasive; his theology partook of the harshness of his age and sect, but he at least presented it with satisfying sincerity and power. Thomas Hooker, who with his congregation founded Hartford in 1636, was a masterful man, of whom a contemporary said that "while doing his Master's work" he "would put a king in his pocket";[2] his published sermons show that he was a powerful orator.

and matter, &c. and so went forth, and about half an hour after returned again, and went on to very good purpose about two hours." — Winthrop's *The History of New England*, Vol. I., p. 304, ed. 1825.

[1] *Magnalia*, Book III., p. 28, ed. 1702.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 64, ed. 1702.

The mood of the Puritan was militant, and his creed was one long argument; hence controversial writings flowed from his pen like water. In Puritan England the air was thick with pamphlets. Even Milton delayed for twenty years the composition of his great epic that he might serve God and his country in argumentative prose. In Puritan New England, at the same period, controversial works also abounded, for the Commonwealth of the Orthodox had found enemies without and within to trouble it — Quakers, Anabaptists, Familists, Antinomians, and what not. These writings have, as a rule, little attraction for the reader of to-day. The cruelly persecuted Quakers put forth petitions and denunciations, noble in spirit, but without special literary merit. The writings of Roger Williams (1600?–1684) have permanent value because they contain great thoughts. In an age when even John Milton, pleading for toleration, made an exception of "Popery and open superstition," which he said "should be extirpate,"[1] this Welsh minister boldly proclaimed the doctrine of universal "soul-liberty," saying, "It is the will and command of God, that . . . a permission of the most Paganish, Jewish, Turkish or Antichristian consciences and worships, be granted to all men in all Nations."[2] But his books are ill-proportioned, diffuse, and obscure — faults which they share, it is true, with most of the controversial literature of the day. At times, however, he has passages of lucid argument or impassioned eloquence; and his individual sentences are now and then poetical, as when he says, "I fear not so much iron and steel as the cutting of our throats with golden

[1] *Areopagitica* (1644), p. 54, Hales's ed., 1894.
[2] *The Bloody Tenent*, prefatory propositions, ed. 1644.

knives," or speaks of the snow as the "white legions of the Most High."[1] A much more readable little book is NATHANIEL WARD'S **The Simple Cobler of Aggawam* (1647), in which the author slashes away, with more wit than wisdom, in a racy, epigrammatic style, at the monstrous new doctrine of toleration, long hair on men, the follies of women's dress, and other errors of the time. The book is narrow-minded, angry, sometimes abusive, but it is also amusing; within a year it went through four editions, and after two centuries and a half is still alive.

There is yet a third division of this earliest literature, its **Poetry.** The first known poem written in New England was *Nova Anglia* (1625), by WILLIAM MORRELL, a clergyman of the English Church, who resided in Massachusetts for a year or two. The poem describes the country and the Indians, and is written in elegant Latin with a paraphrase in awkward English verse.[2] The New England Puritans were enemies to art in general, believing that its pleasures seduced the soul from God; yet poetry they both studied and practised. The classics of Greece and Rome formed the backbone of their college curricula, and the writing of English verse, chiefly elegies and epitaphs, was pursued as a pious duty and godly recreation by many of the solemn New England divines and other dignitaries.[3] There is no poetry in most of these poems, which are filled to the brim, instead, with puns

[1] *Letters*, in Publications of Narragansett Club, Vol. VI., pp. 15, 84.

[2] Griswold, in his *Poets and Poetry of America*, quotes some anonymous doggerel about life in New England, which he says is "believed to have been written about the year 1630."

[3] Morton's *New England's Memorial* entombs many of these remarkable productions. Johnson's *Wonder-Working Providence* is interspersed with the worthy captain's would-be metrical manufactures; to read them is like being tossed on the points of bayonets.

and strained "conceits," in imitation of the contemporary "metaphysical" or "fantastic" poets of England. Thus the Rev. Samuel Stone was lauded as

> Whetstone, that edgefy'd th' obtusest mind:
> Loadstone, that drew the iron heart unkind; . . .
> A stone for kingly David's use so fit,
> As would not fail Goliah's front to hit.[1]

And Rev. John Cotton was described as "a Living Breathing Bible," where

> Gospel and Law, in's Heart, had Each its Column;
> His Head an Index to the Sacred Volume;
> His very name a Title-Page; and next,
> His Life a Commentary on the Text.[2]

In *The Whole Booke of Psalmes*,[3] consisting of the Psalms translated into English verse by "the chief divines in the country," to be sung in church, the style and verse are simply barbarous. Some of the lines it is quite impossible to scan by any methods however heroic, and most of them clank like an engine with gravel in the bearings.[4] Let a few lines speak for the whole: —

[1] By "E. B." (Edward Bulkley?) in *New England's Memorial*, p. 180, ed. 1772.

[2] B. Woodbridge, in *Magnalia*, Book III., p. 31, ed. 1702.

[3] Usually known as *The Bay Psalm Book*.

[4] The translators themselves say, in the preface, "If therefore the verses are not always so smooth and elegant as some may desire, . . . wee have . . . attended . . . fidelity rather then poetry." But the translators of *The Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*, which appeared a few years later, say they have had "a special eye both to the gravity of the phrase of Sacred Writ, and sweetness of the Verse" — with what success let the following lines from the *Song of Deborah* testify: —

> He water ask'd, she gave him:
> in Lordly dish she fetch'd
> Him butter forth: unto the nayl
> she forth her left hand stretch'd,

> Then th' earth shooke, & quak't, & mountaines
> roots moov'd, & were stird at his ire.
> — *Psalm* 18 : 7.[1]

> In death no mem'ry is of thee
> and who shall prayse thee in the grave ?
> I faint with groanes, all night my bed
> swims, I with tears my couch washt have.
> — *Psalm* 6 : 5, 6.[1]

But better things were coming. In 1650 there appeared in London a volume of poems entitled, *The Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America*. The Tenth Muse was * Mrs. Anne Bradstreet (1613–1672), wife of Governor Simon Bradstreet and daughter of Governor Thomas Dudley. Her longest poem, *The Foure Monarchies*, is a bald, dry chronicle in rhyme. *The Foure Elements*, *The Foure Humours*, *The Four Ages of Man*, and **The Foure Seasons* are not much better, although they occasionally have considerable vivacity and vividness. But in some of her shorter poems appear a lightness and prettiness, a feminine tenderness and fancy; while in the Spenser-like stanzas called **Contemplations* there is much sweetness and flow of verse, and the pictures of nature have a good deal of placid beauty. In more favorable circumstances, Mrs. Bradstreet would probably have developed into a very intellectual woman and a beautiful minor poet.[2] But Puritanism and the crudeness

> Her right hand to the workmans maul
> and Sisera hammered:
> She pierc'd and struck his temples through,
> and then cut off his head.
> — *The Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*, ed. 1658(?).

[1] *The Whole Booke of Psalmes*, ed. 1640.

[2] Among her descendants were W. E. Channing, R. H. Dana, Wen-

of the New World stunted her mental growth and clipped her wings of song. She took for her models the poorer half of the literature of her day. Spenser she indeed knew, and Raleigh's noble *History of the World* was the basis of her *Foure Monarchies*. But Shakspere and his fellow dramatists she never mentions; no doubt to her, as to all her sect, they were sons of Belial. Her favorite poets seem to have been of the "fantastic" school, who had more gift for puns and quirks and ingenious conceits than for the passion, imagination, and melody of true poesie.

New England Puritanism found its poet-laureate in MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH (1631–1705), a graduate of Harvard College, and pastor and physician at Malden. His *Meat out of the Eater* (1669), on the "usefulness of afflictions," teaches that

> We must not on the Knee
> Be always dandled,
> Nor must we think to ride to Heaven
> Upon a Feather-bed.[1]

His masterpiece is **The Day of Doom* (1662?),[2] for a century the most popular book in New England after the Bible and the Catechism. The essence of Calvinism

dell Phillips, and O. W. Holmes. Her *Meditations* contain some pithy sayings: "Authority without wisedom is like a heavy axe without an edg, fitter to bruise then polish;" "Dimne eyes are the concomitants of old age; and short sightednes in those that are eyes of a Republique, fortels a declineing State." See the 1867 edition of her works, pp. lxix, 50, 55.

[1] *Meat out of the Eater*, p. 4, ed. 1717.

[2] See *The Historical Magazine*, December, 1863, for an article by John W. Dean, containing memoranda by Wigglesworth, about the dates of the two poems. The first edition of *The Day of Doom*, of 1800 copies, was nearly all sold in a year.

is in the poem. Christ suddenly appears in the sky at midnight, in a blinding glory; the quick and the dead are brought before him; the various classes of the lost, including non-elect infants, plead for mercy with much logical acumen, but are all refuted by Christ; the plunge into a lurid physical hell follows, the infants being assigned to "the easiest room";[1] and the saints, sorrowing not "a whit"[1] for the damnation of wife, husband, parent, or child ("such compassion" being now "out of fashion, and wholly laid aside"[1]), ascend into heaven to enjoy its pleasures forever. In manner *The Day of Doom* is dreadfully crabbed and harsh; but the metre has a cheap jingle pleasing to dull ears, while the crude strength and bald realism of the style suited the Yankee Puritan's strenuous, practical mind. There is sublimity, too, in the horrible conceptions of the poem, but it is the ghastly sublimity of a colossal skeleton grinning the grin of Eternal Death. How hard and narrow and meanly literal this epic of New England Calvinism is, how devoid of the noble sublime with its attendant grace and beauty, becomes painfully apparent when we compare it with another Puritan poem of the same period and upon a similar theme — the *Paradise Lost* of John Milton.[2]

The last quarter of the seventeenth century was marked by changes, significant for literature, in the spirit of the colonists. Most of the inhabitants of New England were now American born, loving the land of their fathers but

[1] *The Day of Doom*, stanzas 181, 197, 196, ed. 1715.

[2] *The Day of Doom* may have been somewhat influenced by Stirling's *Doomes-Day* (1614), although the similarity in general plan and occasionally in expression is perhaps sufficiently accounted for by their having a common original.

regarding America as their own country. Society and state were becoming more secular and liberal. The right to vote was no longer confined to members of Congregational churches; the growth of population, trade, and wealth brought with it a widening of interests; religion and the church filled a relatively smaller place; and the severity of Puritan morals and the intolerance of Puritan theology began to be somewhat relaxed.[1] Yet **Religious and Controversial Writings** abounded as before; for the clergy were still powerful, and the supposed degeneracy of the times urged them to activity.[2] In particular, COTTON MATHER (1663–1728), the great man of his day, set himself to stem the ebbing tide. He was the grandson of two of the early giants, John Cotton and Richard Mather; and his father, Increase Mather, was president of Harvard College, a powerful preacher, and prolific author. In his sixteenth year Mather received the bachelor's degree at Harvard; and before he was nineteen, the master's degree. He then became his father's

[1] John Cotton approved of the banishment of Roger Williams in 1636. His grandson, Cotton Mather, in 1718 preached the sermon at the ordination of a Baptist minister.

[2] The worldly vanity of wearing wigs, a custom which was now becoming common among the descendants of the "Round-heads," is thus attacked by Benjamin Bosworth in *Signs of Apostacy Lamented* (1693): —

> When Perriwigs in Thrones and Pulpits get,
> And Hairy Top-knots in high Seats are set;
> Then may we Pray, have Mercy Lord on us,
> That in New-England it should now be thus,
> Which in time past a Land of Pray'r hath been,
> But now is Pray'r turn'd out of Doors by Sin. . . .
> Art thou a Christian, O then why dost wear
> Upon thy Sacred Head, the filthy Hair
> Of some vile Wretch, by foul Disease that fell,
> Whose Soul perhaps is burning now in Hell?

assistant in the pastorate of the North Church, Boston, where he remained till death. Cotton Mather read enormously in many languages, preached thousands of sermons, and published three hundred and eighty-three pamphlets or books.[1] It is no wonder that such a man wrote over his study door, as a warning to visitors, BE SHORT. In boyhood he composed forms of prayer for his school-fellows and "obliged them to pray." In later life, each day was packed full of prayers, study, and ministrations public or private. He kept more than four hundred fasts, besides many midnight vigils, when he lay for hours on his study floor, now in agonies over his "vileness," now in spiritual ecstasy. At odd moments throughout the day he wedged in pious ejaculations, at one time fining himself for each omission — which worked a speedy cure. Every incident must be spiritually improved: on meeting a tall man he would pray, "Lord, give that man high attainments in Christianity"; "and when he did so mean an action as paring his nails, he thought how he might lay aside all superfluity of naughtiness." In his writings Mather strove mightily to bring New England back to the Puritan ideal of godliness. This purpose is the inspiration of his great work, **Magnalia Christi Americana: or, the Ecclesiastical History of New-England* (1702), which treats of the planting of New England, the lives of eminent magistrates and divines, Harvard College, the New England churches, wonderful providences (including cases of witchcraft), and "the Wars of the

[1] Samuel Mather's *Life of Cotton Mather*, p. 178, ed. 1729; from which most of the other facts, and all the quotations, about Mather are also taken. Sabin's *Bibliotheca Americana* attributes four hundred and eleven works to Cotton Mather. Three hundred and eighty-three are enough.

Lord," or the struggles with Quakers, Anabaptists, Indians, and other disturbers of the peace of the Puritan elect. The book has some historical value, because the writer was so near to the events narrated; but it is careless, fantastic, and full of pedantry, the pages being crammed with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, learned digressions, and abominable puns. Yet the narrative portions sometimes have considerable interest, anecdotes frequently enliven an otherwise dull passage, and the whole book is impressive by its bulky strength. Cotton Mather's contemporary reputation in America was very great, and it even extended to the Old World.[1] He lives still, after a fashion, as the most conspicuous American writer of the seventeenth century. Yet on the whole his life was a failure, and has the pathos of failure; for he fought on the side of a doomed cause. Puritanism was passing away, never to return, and even Cotton Mather battled for it in vain.[2]

[1] Glasgow University gave him the degree of D.D.; and he at least believed that he had been made a Fellow of the Royal Society, although the letter which he received announcing his election seems to have been a hoax, as the records of the Society are silent upon the point.

[2] The titles of the chief writings of Cotton and of Increase Mather upon witchcraft can be seen in Appendix, C. It is easy to exaggerate the culpability of the Mathers in the horrible delusion of the Salem Witchcraft. Belief in witches was still common throughout the civilized world, some of the best and wisest men in England sharing in it. In New England, furthermore, there was a popular theory that the legions of the Devil, largely driven out of Christian Europe, had taken refuge in the wilds of America; and that, dismayed and furious at the Puritans' attack upon this their final stronghold, they had marshalled their forces for one desperate assault upon the New England Theocracy. In the supposed degeneracy of the New England churches of his day Cotton Mather thus saw the special hand of the Devil; and the witches were soldiers of the Prince of Darkness in the same great campaign. This conception was a large one, and is a good example of

Of the many able New England divines in the first half of the eighteenth century three may be mentioned as representative — JOHN WISE, BENJAMIN COLMAN, and MATHER BYLES. The writings of all reveal the influence of the simpler, clearer, more systematic prose style which had begun to prevail in England before the end of the preceding century. Wise, a man of powerful body and powerful mind, whose fame has not equalled his deserts, in his two books on church government shows broad democratic principles, masterful logic, and a sinewy style enlivened by sarcasm and humor. Colman was a man of great personal charm and charitable spirit, a fascinating pulpit orator, and a writer of polished Addisonian English. Byles, poet, wit, and man of letters, cultivated the graces of style as an element in the preacher's power, and in the following advice to young ministers he aims directly at faults of the older style: "Rattling periods, uncouth jargon, affected phrases, and finical jingles — let them

the gloomy but powerful poetry which underlay the prosaic life of the New England Puritans, in whom such imaginations had been quickened by the romance and mystery of the New World with its strange natives and vast and wooded solitudes. The conception was also a perfectly natural one for men holding the Puritan theology and confronted with a series of mysterious facts much like the modern phenomena of spiritualism, clairvoyance, and hypnotism. Some allowance must also be made for the panic which always threatens individuals and communities in the presence of supposedly supernatural agencies with mysterious and unlimited power. New England was badly scared by the witches, and there is nothing more cruel than fear. It should, however, be remembered to Cotton Mather's credit that he did not believe in convicting witches on "spectral evidence" alone, for the characteristic reason that the devils might have power to cause the apparitions of innocent persons to be seen by the bewitched as the cause of their torments, and the "campaign" against the godly thus go on all the more merrily; he believed in the efficacy of fasting and prayer, and himself tried this means of exorcism with some success.

be . . . hissed from the desk and blotted from the page."[1]

In the case of most of the clergymen of this period the new graces were accompanied by some loss of the old power. Not so with *JONATHAN EDWARDS (1703–1758), one of the great philosophical intellects of the world. He graduated at Yale College in 1720; was tutor there for awhile; in 1727 was ordained at Northampton; in 1751 became missionary to a settlement of Indians near Stockbridge; assumed the presidency of Princeton College in 1758, but died soon after from inoculation for small pox. In the popular mind Jonathan Edwards is merely the author of **Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God* (1741), the terrible preacher of the most hateful dogmas of Calvinism — a wholly inadequate view of a wonderful man. Personally he was of almost angelic sweetness and purity, an intellectual saint rapt into high communion with the Invisible; and his conception of God, although it included many dark and terrible things, also dwelt with ecstasy upon the ineffable Love and Beauty of the Divine Being. He was an idealist and essentially a poet, seeing in the brightest glories of the material universe only a dim shadow of the blinding Loveliness of Infinite Spirit. His intellect was of the first order. At twelve he thought and wrote in a way beyond the power of most men; while a tutor at Yale he showed remarkable originality in science, suggesting the existence of a cosmic ether and demonstrating that the fixed stars are suns; and his *Freedom of the Will* (1754) has been called "the one large contribution which

[1] Ordination sermon, New London, 1758, as quoted in Tyler's *A History of American Literature*, Vol. II., p. 195.

America has made to the deeper philosophic thought of the world."[1] As a preacher, Edwards had wonderful power. In his little parish at Northampton began the Great Awakening, for which the churches of New England had thirsted for half a century, and which spread over America and extended even to Great Britain. He usually read his sermons, and his manner was very quiet. But the style was clear as light, the logic cumulative and unanswerable, the spiritual intensity tremendous. His hearers felt themselves in the grip of a giant intellect. Pitilessly it laid bare their sins. Irresistibly it dragged them, all vile, into the presence of Absolute Holiness and Inexorable Justice. Hell flamed beneath them. It yawned to catch them. Women fainted; men cried out in agony; only the preacher was calm, and his calmness was more terrible than excitement. In taking leave of Jonathan Edwards, it is impossible not to regret that his environment led him so largely to waste his magnificent powers upon theological problems which the world was soon to leave behind. If he could have given himself to literature, science, or pure philosophy, mankind would be the richer. Yet as it is, he is one of the very few American writers whose fame is world-wide.

Journals, Narratives, and **Histories** were even more numerous in this later portion of the colonial period than in the earlier. The **Diary* of Judge SAMUEL SEWALL, from 1674 to 1729, gives very interesting and sometimes very amusing pictures of the man and the times — the

[1] See A. V. G. Allen's life of Edwards (American Religious Leaders series), p. 283, where the quotation is given, anonymously. For a statement of Edwards's main theses about the will, see page 192 of this History.

harmless vanity, love of creature comforts, hatred of wigs, and mingled shrewdness and simplicity of the one; the political troubles, quaint customs, systematic piety, and abundance of human nature (regenerate and unregenerate) in the other. The **Journal* of SARAH K. KNIGHT, containing an account of her journey from Boston to New York in 1704, is one of the most entertaining things in American colonial literature, light of touch, graphic, bubbling over with wit and humor. Indian troubles, King Philip's War in particular, supplied much interesting material for histories and personal narratives. WILLIAM HUBBARD'S *Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians* (1677), written in plain, clear style which the subject-matter sometimes lifts into graphicness, soon became a classic and is good reading still. The **Narrative of the Captivity* (1682?), by MARY ROWLANDSON, who was made a captive by the Indians during King Philip's War, describes, in words that bring the dreadful scenes powerfully before the eye, the burning of Lancaster, the bloody slaughter of men, women, and children, her weary journeyings through the wilds with her brutal captors (she carrying her wounded baby in her arms), and her final ransom. JOHN WILLIAMS'S *The Redeemed Captive* (1707) is a narrative of similar experiences after the burning of Deerfield by the Indians in 1704. THOMAS CHURCH'S *Entertaining Passages Relating to Philip's War* (1716) was based upon the notes of the author's father, Benjamin Church, the doughty Indian fighter, whose forces finally caught and slew the great chief; and a hearty, idiomatic piece of writing it is, containing many exciting scenes. The histories of PENHALLOW (1726), CALLENDER (1739), DOUGLASS (1755), and others,

although valuable, are less significant than THOMAS PRINCE'S *Chronological History of New England* (1736), which by its scholarly carefulness and fairness prophesied future methods of writing history, and was "the most meritorious piece of historical work published in America up to that date."[1]

Poetry in these same years shows, on the whole, little real improvement. "Fantastic" hobbling elegies and other poems continued to be written for a while. COTTON MATHER, unwilling to be outdone in anything, produced several of atrocious badness.[2] JOHN NORTON, JOHN ROGERS, and URIAN OAKES wrote with some dignity and imagination, although the total effect is greatly marred by extravagances and unnatural "conceits."[3] Honest PETER FOLGER blurted out a blunt, manly plea for religious toleration, in homely verse that at least cannot be

[1] Tyler's *A History of American Literature*, Vol. II., p. 145. In his love of accuracy and original sources Prince belongs to the contemporary "erudite" school of historians, who all over Europe were amassing, with a painstaking and critical spirit that was new, vast stores of material for the re-writing of history. Stith's *The History of Virginia* shows the same tendency. See Professor J. F. Jameson's *The Development of Modern European Historiography*, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1890.

[2] In his elegy on Oakes (p. 11, ed. 1682) he stays his tears to remark,

> How many Angels on a Needle's point
> Can stand, is thought, perhaps, a *needless Point;*

and, in the preface to the same poem, for the consolation of bereaved Boston he presents the anagram, *Sob Not.* His more impassioned elegiac style may be seen in these lines from *Vigilantius*, a poem occasioned by the death of seven young ministers (*Elegies and Epitaphs*, a reprint in The Club of Odd Volumes, 1896):—

> Churches, Weep on; & Wounded yield your Tears;
> Tears use to flow from hack't New English Firrs.

[3] See Norton's and Rogers's eulogies on Anne Bradstreet, in the 1867 edition of her works.

accused of artifice. BENJAMIN THOMSON's poems show some satiric vigor and give promise of better things to come. Yet NICHOLAS NOYES, the last and perhaps the worst of the fantastics, did not cease from his ingenious devices in punning song until the eighteenth century was well on its way.[1] But the new school of poetry in England, represented by Dryden and Pope, was already affecting American verse, and early in the eighteenth century it became supreme. The good sense, clearness, and polish of this so-called "classic" poetry, its conventional diction, too, its overfondness for antithesis, balance, and other rhetorical tricks, its tendency in general to smooth commonplace and frigid propriety, are all echoed in the poems of FRANCIS KNAPP, BENJAMIN COLMAN, JANE TURRELL, ROGER WOLCOTT, MATHER BYLES, Rev. JOHN ADAMS, and others.[2] In **A Collection of Poems by several Hands* (1744), along with much commonplace and some doggerel are a few rather pretty or vivacious lines, while the poem describing a commencement at Harvard contains several lively passages. The coarse verses of JOHN SECCOMB, although much overrated, have some humor; and those of *JOSEPH GREEN are often bright and witty. The rough ballads of the time, such as the anonymous *Lovewell's Fight* (1725), have native vigor and spirit. SAMUEL NILES'S *A Brief and Plain Essay* (1747), on the reduction of Louisburg, is nothing but rhymed prose of the baldest, dreariest sort. JOHN MAYLEM'S *Conquest of Louisburg* (1758) and *Gallic*

[1] *A Prefatory Poem* in the *Magnalia* is by Noyes.

[2] Byles wrote a letter of fulsome flattery to Pope, and received in return a copy of the latter's translation of the *Odyssey*. See Stedman and Hutchinson's *A Library of American Literature*, Vol. II., p. 431, for the letter.

Perfidy (1758) are all in valiant Pistol's swaggering vein, amusing instances of rant mistaken for force, and bombast for sublimity. The line,

Death, blunderbuss, artillery, and blood ![1]

both exemplifies and describes the style of this gory-minded poet, who took for his pseudonyme *Philo-Bellum*. After these exhibitions of New World crudeness and bad taste, it is almost a pleasure to turn to the smooth conventionalisms of *Pietas et Gratulatio* (1761), a collection of poems in Latin, Greek, and English, by graduates of Harvard, mourning the death of George II., and hailing the accession of George III. in strains of extravagant praise which the events of the next few years were to make doubly ridiculous. The time for New England to speak in verse was not yet come. Her best utterance as yet had been in prose; and that, as we have seen, was far from despicable.

3. LITERATURE IN THE OTHER COLONIES.

The Carolinas and Georgia produced little literature in colonial times. JOHN ARCHDALE, formerly governor of the colony, published in 1707 *A New Description of That Fertile and Pleasant Province of Carolina*. Two years later appeared *The History of Carolina* by JOHN LAWSON, containing his journal of a thousand miles of travel in South Carolina, a description of North Carolina, and an account of the Indians; the book is written in a free, flowing style, and is packed full of keen observation. The letters of ELIZA PINCKNEY afford interesting glimpses

[1] *The Conquest of Louisburg*, p. 6, ed. 1775 (?).

of life in South Carolina in the middle of the eighteenth century, showing that in Charleston there was much social gayety and considerable literary culture. *A New Voyage to Georgia* (1737), "by a young gentleman," gives a vivid idea of the difficulty of travelling in a new country covered with woods, creeks, and swamps, and describes some interesting incidents in a lively way. Several other descriptions of the young colony were published at about the same time. Among them was *A True and Historical Narrative of the Colony of Georgia* (1741), by PATRICK TAILFER and other discontents, an arraignment of Governor Oglethorpe for alleged mismanagement; it is written in strong, finished style, and the dedication to Oglethorpe is a fine piece of irony.

Of the Middle Colonies Pennsylvania alone developed much literary activity. In Maryland the only two notable works were written by temporary sojourners in the colony. GEORGE ALSOP'S *A Character of the Province of Mary-Land* (1666), in verse and prose, is a "medley of frolicsome papers," full of "grotesque and slashing energy,"[1] describing the colony and its inhabitants. Half a century later appeared *The Sot-Weed Factor: Or, A Voyage to Maryland* (1708), by EBENEZER COOK; the poem is often coarse and sometimes dull, but it has many spirited scenes and a good deal of real humor. In 1670 DANIEL DENTON put out a rather fresh little book painting life in the colony of New York in rosy colors, with occasional pretty strokes of description. CADWALLADER COLDEN of New York wrote a *History of the Five Indian Nations* (1727), filled with petty engagements dryly told and dull speeches; the introduction, however, has

[1] Tyler's *A History of American Literature*, Vol. I., p. 66.

some interesting descriptions of Indian customs. William Smith's *The History of New York* (1757) is a plain and heavy work, but contains valuable information. A man of greater literary gifts was William Livingston, prominent as a statesman in the period of the Revolution; his first appearance, however, was as a poet in *Philosophic Solitude* (1747), which is written in the conventional eighteenth-century manner, but is smooth and pretty.

In literary activity Pennsylvania soon became second only to Massachusetts, more than four hundred original books or pamphlets being printed in Philadelphia before the Revolution.[1] William Penn and his associates in the founding of the colony believed in education and intellectual freedom; "before the pines had been cleared from the ground he began to build schools and set up a printing press,"[2] and "through every turnpike in that province ideas travelled toll free."[3] Penn himself during his residence in the colony wrote nothing except letters; these, however, are pleasant reading, something of the large, calm beauty of his spirit passing into his style. The long letter written in 1683 to the Free Society of Traders contains an interesting description of the Indians, whose friendship Penn so well knew how to win.[4] Gabriel Thomas published an account of the province in 1698, a rather pleasing little book for its simpleness and innocent exaggeration.[5] Jonathan Dickenson, a

[1] T. I. Wharton's *The Provincial Literature of Pennsylvania*, p. 124, as cited in Tyler's *A History of American Literature*, Vol. II., pp. 227, 228.

[2] W. H. Dixon's *William Penn*, p. 207.

[3] Tyler's *A History of American Literature*, Vol. II., p. 226.

[4] See Janney's *Life of William Penn*, p. 238, ed. 1852.

[5] "The Christian Children born here," he says, "are generally well-favoured and Beautiful to behold; . . . being in the general, observ'd

Philadelphia merchant, in his *God's Protecting Providence* (1699), described very graphically his shipwreck on the coast of Florida. James Logan, Penn's representative in the colony and for a time president of the council, wrote much and well on many subjects, although little has been printed. His translation of Cicero's *De Senectute* (1744), however, was published during his lifetime; as was also his *Cato's Moral Distichs Englished in Couplets* (1735), in which the following couplet is perhaps the neatest: —

> Slip not the Season when it suits thy Mind;
> Time wears his Lock *before*, is bald *behind*.[1]

William Smith's *A General Idea of the College of Mirania* (1753) is noteworthy because of its Addisonian style, its anticipation of some modern ideals in education, and the form of a romance in which the whole is cast.[2] In addition to these and other general writers, there were in Philadelphia, during the first half of the eighteenth century, several men, such as Henry Brooke, Aquila Rose, Samuel Keimer, James Ralph, George Webb, and Joseph Shippen, who had the knack of throwing off poems of more or less grace and spirit, and who testify to the existence, thus early, of literary atmosphere and literary ambitions in the Quaker City. A poet of greater ability and of much greater promise was Thomas Godfrey (1736–1763). Most of his *Juvenile Poems* are tame echoes of the conventional pastoral, elegy, and ode as these were then written in England; but a few of them, especially **The Court of Fancy*, were evidently inspired

to be better Natur'd, Milder, and more tender Hearted than those born in England." — *An Account*, etc., p. 42, in N. Y. Hist. Soc.'s facsimile.

[1] *Cato's Moral Distichs*, p. 14, ed. 1735.

[2] More's *Utopia* seems to have been its model.

by the earlier and fresher English poets, Chaucer in particular, and have a good deal of melody, fancy, and vividness. His best work, however, is **The Prince of Parthia*, a tragedy showing the influence of both the Elizabethan and the Restoration Drama, and, in spite of many faults, containing much real poetic power.[1] Godfrey's native endowment in poetry seems to have been far greater than that of any American writer before him, and it is probable that if he had lived to maturity he would have become a very considerable poet. His friend and editor, NATHANIEL EVANS, also wrote poems of some promise, having a certain freedom and largeness of utterance, but his life was cut short in 1767.

The early writings of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN fall within the colonial period, but the consideration of them will, for convenience, be deferred to a later page.

[1] It was acted in Philadelphia, in 1767.

II. THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.

(1765–1789.)

HISTORICAL EVENTS.

Stamp Act, 1765; repealed, 1766.
Duties on tea, paper, etc., 1767.
Boston Massacre, 1770.
Boston Tea-Party, 1773.
Boston Port-Bill, 1774.
First Continental Congress, 1774.
Engagements at Lexington and Concord, April 19, 1775.
Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.
Declaration of Independence, 1776.
Burgoyne's surrender, 1777.
French alliance, 1778.
Surrender of Cornwallis, 1781.
Peace treaty, 1783.
Shays's Rebellion, 1786–1787.
Constitutional Convention, 1787.
Constitution adopted, 1788.

LITERATURE IN ENGLAND.

Johnson, 1709–1784.
Sterne, 1713–1768.
Goldsmith, 1728–1774.
Churchill's satires, 1761–1764.
Poems of "Ossian," 1762.
Romantic novels: *Castle of Otranto*, 1762; *Old English Baron*, 1772; *Vathek*, 1784.
Cowper, 1731–1800.
Letters of "Junius" (collected edition), 1772.
Hume, 1711–1776.
Burke, 1729–1797.
Gibbon, 1737–1794.
Crabbe's early poems, 1775–1785.
Blake's early poems, 1783–1789.

In speaking of the literature of the Colonial Period it was necessary to observe geographical lines, because the several groups of colonies were so isolated and had so little in common. The literature of the Revolutionary Period has more unity, for the colonies were now driven together by a common danger and animated by a common spirit. The attempt of Great Britain to tax Americans by act of Parliament welded thirteen scattered and diverse commonwealths into one nation and made possible the beginnings of a national literature.

The same forces which gave a certain unity to the Revolutionary literature also gave to much of it a political cast, the struggle for freedom leaving little time or energy for purely literary pursuits. And indeed the conditions otherwise were not yet ripe for much successful cultivation of *belles lettres* or any of the fine arts. The colonies or states were still comparatively isolated and diverse. The Southern planter and the Northern farmer represented distinct types; the descendants of fighting Scotch Highlanders in North Carolina were of quite another spirit from the peaceful Quakers of Pennsylvania; the numerous Dutch, Swedes, and Germans in the Middle States gave to those communities a complexion noticeably different from that of the Anglo-Saxon communities of New England and Virginia; Catholicism was still dominant in Maryland, Episcopacy in the South, Congregationalism in the North. And communication between the states was difficult. In an age without railroads, steamships, or telegraphs, Virginia was practically much farther from Massachusetts than it is to-day from California; the stage-coach running between New York and Philadelphia, which was called the Flying Machine because of its surprising speed, took two days to make the trip; and "more mails are now each day sent out and received in New York than in Washington's time went from the same city to all parts of the country in the course of half a year."[1] The population of three or four millions was still largely agricultural.[2] As late as 1786 Boston had only 15,000 inhabitants, New York 23,000, and Philadelphia 32,000.

[1] McMaster's *A History of the People of the United States*, Vol. I., p. 41.

[2] At the beginning of the war, it has been estimated, the population was 2,750,000. The census of 1790 showed a population of 3,929,214, of which only three per cent lived in cities of 8000 inhabitants or more.

Life in the states as a whole was still plain, and in many parts rude. Education in the South languished. Great public libraries and art collections were unknown. Even in the older regions America was yet too young to have fine architecture, painting, or sculpture ; and a few miles back from the waters of the Atlantic the country was "little better than a great wilderness."[1] Yet literary taste and literary talent were showing signs of improvement and growth. Literary ideals continued, of course, to be borrowed from England. But although there was to be, for many years yet, a great deal of imitation, much of it slavish enough, the average of ability in letters was higher than it had been in colonial days, while a few writers showed large talent and some originality.

The political literature of the period may mostly be comprised under State Papers, Speeches, and Essays. The **State Papers**, consisting of petitions, remonstrances, declarations of rights, etc., form a body of exceedingly able documents, noble in spirit, solid in thought, strong and dignified in style. "When your lordships look at the papers transmitted us from America," said Chatham in 1775, "when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause."[2] The *Declaration of Independence*, written by THOMAS JEFFERSON, has, however, somewhat tarnished with time, in matter and manner alike having some tinge of the sophomoric. But its bold enunciation of great principles, its lofty passion for liberty, and its elastic, ringing style stirred the souls of its first readers, and have stirred the

[1] McMaster's *A History of the People of the United States*, Vol. I., p. 3.
[2] Hansard's *The Parliamentary History of England*, Vol. XVIII., p. 155, note.

souls of millions since; for Jefferson poured into it a great faith in a great ideal — Democracy.[1]

The **Speeches** of the period, including debates, formal orations, and political sermons, maintained a high general level, and in a few instances reached a lofty pitch of eloquence. The greatest orator of the North was James Otis of Massachusetts. Of his speech against writs of assistance, in 1761, the first bugle-note of the coming Revolution, John Adams (who heard it) says that it was characterized by "such a profusion of learning, such convincing argument, and such a torrent of sublime and pathetic eloquence, that a great crowd of spectators and auditors went away absolutely electrified."[2] The greatest Revolutionary orator of the emotional type was Patrick Henry of Virginia, inferior to many of his contemporaries in learning, judgment,[3] and practical efficiency, but endowed with the gift of passionate eloquence. His famous speech before the Virginia Convention, in 1775, rivals the oratory of Chatham for terse strength and fiery logic.

For ten years before the war of arms began, all America rang with a war of words. It was the day of the **Political Essay** in pamphlet or newspaper. The country was a house divided against itself; for the Loyalists, a numerous, wealthy, and cultured class, vigorously opposed all measures which tended toward a rupture with the mother country. In the writings put forth by both sides the in-

[1] Jefferson's emphasis upon abstract ideals, borrowed from contemporary French thought, was doubtless a valuable supplement to the Anglo-Saxon instinct of most of his countrymen to rest wholly upon historic precedent.

[2] John Adams's *Works*, Vol. X., p. 183.

[3] In 1788 he hotly opposed the adoption of the Constitution.

tellectual force, political knowledge, and literary ability are on the whole surprisingly great; but a rapid and very imperfect survey must here suffice.

In the summer of 1764, amidst the general alarm caused by the report that Parliament intended to lay new and heavier taxes upon the colonies, JAMES OTIS again came forward as the champion of American freedom with a pamphlet entitled, *The Rights of the British Colonies Asserted and Proved*, in which he declared that "no parts of his Majesty's dominions can be taxed without their consent,"[1] and urged that the colonies be allowed to send representatives to Parliament. In the next year appeared a reply, purporting to be *A Letter from a Gentleman at Halifax to His Friend in Rhode Island*, and arguing that the colonies were no worse off than the majority of the inhabitants of Great Britain itself, who (under the system then prevailing) had no voice in electing members to Parliament. It was soon discovered that the author was really a Newport lawyer, MARTIN HOWARD; whereupon a mob gutted his house, smashed his furniture, and forced the hated Tory himself to flee for refuge to a British man-of-war. The fierce intolerance of the Puritan was not yet dead even in the colony of Roger Williams. Otis's own career was cut short four years later by a brutal assault which finally left him a mental wreck.[2] The political services of another Massachusetts patriot, SAMUEL ADAMS, were of much longer continuance; "for nearly a third of a century," says Professor Tyler, he "kept flooding the community with his ideas, chiefly in the form of essays in the

[1] Page 99, ed. 1765.

[2] On the day of the battle of Bunker Hill he escaped from his attendants and took part in the fight. He was killed by lightning in 1783.

newspapers."[1] His industry was indefatigable. A friend who often had to pass his house after midnight has said that the study lamp was usually burning, and "he knew that Sam Adams was hard at work writing against the Tories."[2] His style was practical and plain, but very effective; "every dip of his pen," said Governor Bernard, one of his victims, "stung like a horned snake."[3]

The repeal of the Stamp Act was followed by a lull in pamphleteering. But the imposition of new duties upon glass, paints, tea, and other prominent imports, soon stirred up the strife anew. Again the printing presses groaned, again the paper legions flew to wordy war. The most celebrated of the essays called forth by the new imposts were the *Letters of a Farmer in Pennsylvania to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies*, by JOHN DICKINSON, which appeared first in a Philadelphia newspaper in 1767–1768, and were read throughout America and Europe. They deserved their fame, for nothing of the kind could be more admirable. They were written in neat, clear-cut style, showed easy mastery of the fundamental principles of government, and while firm and courageous were moderate and fair-minded. But the tension increased from year to year; and in 1774–1775 the stream of essays and pamphlets became a flood. "The Westchester Farmer," in a series of pamphlets, laid about him right and left, as with a flail. He showed the injury to the farmers which must result from the recent agreements to stop trading with England; denounced Congress as an illegal and tyrannical body; and cried, "If I must be devoured, let me be devoured by the jaws of a

[1] *The Literary History of the American Revolution*, Vol. II., p. 9.
[2] Wells's *Life of Samuel Adams*, Vol. I., pp. 202, 203.
[3] John Adams's *Works*, Vol II., p. 425.

lion, and not *gnawed* to death by rats and vermin."[1] These pamphlets were the most powerful that the Loyalist side produced, sinewy in style, electrically charged with passion, wit, sarcasm, and logic. They heartened the Tories. They put the Radicals on their mettle. The two ablest replies, *A Full Vindication of the Measures of the Congress*, and *The Farmer Refuted*, were both from the pen of ALEXANDER HAMILTON, the most precocious statesman of America, if not of the world. They were written when he was only eighteen years old, an undergraduate at King's College, yet they showed such learning, political wisdom, and general maturity that they were commonly attributed at first to much older and well-known public men. Meanwhile an answer of quite another sort was preparing. The "Farmer" was (probably rightly) suspected to be SAMUEL SEABURY, an Episcopalian clergyman of Westchester, N. Y., and a mob finally pillaged his house, insulted his daughters, and dragged him off to prison. Hardly less powerful and even more adroit than Seabury's pamphlets were the letters of "Massachusettensis," by DANIEL LEONARD, a prominent lawyer and politician, which at about the same time began to appear in a Boston newspaper. JOHN ADAMS, who answered them, had already won some fame as a political essayist by his arguments in 1765 against the Stamp Act; and his reply to "Massachusettensis" had wide circulation in America and was several times republished in Europe. But a sterner reply was at the door. Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill converted many an able pamphlet into waste paper, and (in the

[1] *Free Thoughts on the Proceedings of the Continental Congress*, p. 36, ed. 1775.

words of Adams himself) "changed the instruments of warfare from the pen to the sword." [1]

Yet the most famous of all the political essayists of the period had not yet entered the lists. THOMAS PAINE, coming to America in 1774 a needy adventurer, soon gained some acquaintance with the Revolutionary leaders, and rapidly absorbed the spirit of the hour. Early in 1776 appeared his pamphlet *Common Sense*, which ran over the land like wildfire, 120,000 copies being sold within three months. It was a bold plea for independence, and the effect was tremendous. It came in the nick of time. The bloody events of the preceding year had prepared the way; and this clever appeal, presenting in homely fashion, with remarkable lucidity and raciness of phrase, the great advantages which would result from America's taking her station among the independent nations of the earth, was just what was wanted to determine wavering minds. Paine also wrote a series of inspiriting pamphlets called *The Crisis*, which came out at intervals during the war.

The political essays of the period under review found a worthy close in *The Federalist*, a series of papers which appeared in 1787–1788, during the great struggle over the adoption of the Constitution.[2] The authors were JOHN JAY, JAMES MADISON, and ALEXANDER HAMILTON, the last-named writing the largest part.[3] The immediate

[1] *Works*, Vol. II., p. 405.

[2] The series was published, in whole or in part, by several New York papers; and was reprinted as a book in 1788.

[3] There has been much dispute as to the authorship of the various numbers. It is agreed that Jay wrote Nos. 2–5, 64; Madison Nos. 10, 14, 37–48; and Hamilton the rest, with the exception of Nos. 18–20, 49–58, 62, 63. These last are in dispute, some scholars maintaining that Hamilton coöperated with Madison in Nos. 18–20 and wrote Nos. 49–58,

purpose was to remove objections to the proposed constitution; but the discussion took a broad range, and the fundamental principles of popular government were presented with such clearness, precision, and suppleness of style, and such keenness and sagacity of thought, that *The Federalist* has long been a political classic.

No hard-and-fast line divides the political writings of the period from those of a more purely literary character. Between the two extremes stand several classes of works partaking of the nature of both, while even the poetry and other forms of pure literature often have for subjects the political events of the times.

Governor THOMAS HUTCHINSON, "the ablest historical writer produced in America prior to the nineteenth century,"[1] in the third volume of *The History of the Province of Massachusetts Bay* brings the record down to 1774; and even while treating of the turbulent times in which his house was sacked by a mob,[2] and he himself finally driven from the governorship, he maintains, for the most part, the calmness, accuracy, and fairness which mark the genuine historian. **Histories of the Revolution** were written by WILLIAM GORDON, DAVID RAMSAY, and Mrs. MERCY WARREN; all are respectable, and as contemporary records have considerable histori-

62, 63, and others that Madison was the sole author of all the numbers in dispute. See P. L. Ford's edition of *The Federalist*, and *The American Historical Review*, April and July, 1897.

[1] Tyler's *The Literary History of the American Revolution*, Vol. II., p. 394.

[2] The manuscript of his second volume was thrown into the street; most of the scattered leaves were, however, recovered, stained with mud and torn by the trampling feet of men and horses. Some of the sheets are now preserved, says Professor Tyler, in the Massachusetts State Library.

cal value, but their literary merit is not great. More interesting are the **Narratives of Captivity** by ETHAN ALLEN, THOMAS ANDROS, * HENRY LAURENS, and others. Colonel Allen, famous for taking Ticonderoga "in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress," was equally robust as a writer, describing with much crude vigor his experiences as a prisoner in the hands of the British from 1775 to 1778. Andros's picture of life-in-death on the "Old Jersey," a British prison-ship and veritable pest-hole, in which he says that not less than eleven thousand Americans perished, is sickeningly graphic; and the story of his final escape is thrilling. Laurens, while on his way to Holland as United States commissioner, was captured by a British man-of-war, in 1780, and imprisoned in the Tower of London for more than a year; his account of his life there, amid hardships and temptations, shows the dignified courage and incorruptible patriotism of a lofty spirit. The published **Letters** of the Revolutionary period are generally well written. WASHINGTON always writes with a certain formality, indeed, characteristic of the times and the man, but also with a calm strength and noble largeness. JEFFERSON'S letters are more lively and flexible. JOHN ADAMS and his wife ABIGAIL had a gift for letter-writing, their letters to one another, in particular, being full of the little details and personal touches which give to this form of literature its peculiar charm. From letters to **Journals** and **Autobiographies** is an easy step. JEFFERSON'S *Autobiography* has less of personal interest than might be desired, dealing largely with his public career; but it is written in his usual easy, elastic style, and contains many interesting passages. The *Journal* of JOHN WOOLMAN, a Quaker, is

pervaded by a spiritual purity, delicacy, and calm that made Charles Lamb exclaim, "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart, and love the early Quakers,"[1] while Whittier beautifully says of it that one is "sensible, as he reads, of a sweetness as of violets."[2]

In the sheltered retreats of the magazine the **Literary Essay** put forth its feeble foliage in peace even while War was devastating the world without. Thus *The Pennsylvania Magazine* for September, 1775, contained, along with a picture of the battle of Bunker Hill, an essay entitled, *Reflections upon the Married State;* and two months later, when Washington was cooping up the British in Boston and husbanding his powder, an essay on *Frugality*. *The Spectator* papers were the models for the American Steeles and Addisons, who, while catching the moral propriety and literary restraint of the originals, too often missed their grace, humor, and delicate satire. These essays, however, like their prototypes, frequently took the form of character-sketches, dreams, fables, or tales, and were then sometimes written with a good deal of vivacity, fancy, and wit.[3] In a time of such political ferment, it was not to be expected that the essay or fable would altogether avoid political subjects. In *The Providence Gazette* for November 10, 1764, when the menace of the Stamp Act was already troubling the country, there appeared a **Dream of the Branding of Asses and Horses*,[4]

[1] *A Quaker's Meeting*, in *Essays of Elia*.

[2] Introduction to Woolman's *Journal*, p. 34.

[3] See the *Old Bachelor* papers (some of which are by Francis Hopkinson) in *The Pennsylvania Magazine* for 1775; and **Number Five* of *The Retailer* papers in *The Columbian Magazine* for 1788.

[4] The article has no title in the original, being merely a letter to the publisher.

which in a humorous way hit the political nail squarely on the head, showing that "none but asses would stand still to be branded," and that American horses in particular, being "all of the English breed," would surely kick up their heels with great vigor. Ten years later, just about the time of the assembling of the first Continental Congress in Philadelphia, there was published in that city *A Pretty Story*, by FRANCIS HOPKINSON, a very entertaining allegory of the Old Farm and the New Farm, of a Nobleman and his Children, of the Nobleman's Steward (the king's ministers) and the Nobleman's Wife (Parliament), and how the wicked Steward got a tax laid upon Water Gruel (tea), and in many other ways vexed the Nobleman's Children upon the New Farm.[1] Some time between the adjournment of Congress and the outbreak of war, there came out **A Cure for the Spleen*, an essay in the form of a dramatic conversation, setting forth the Tory view of the situation with so much liveliness, humor, and keenness that it may still be read with a good deal of pleasure. Far removed (until near their close) from all this political hurly-burly are the **Letters from an American Farmer* (1782), by J. HECTOR ST. JOHN CREVECŒUR, a Frenchman by birth, which are really pictorial essays upon life in America. They describe with delicate sentiment and poetic idealism the happy life of the "American Farmer"; sketch vividly the inhabitants of Nantucket, their simple customs and dangerous occupations; draw a powerful picture of the harsher side of slavery as seen in South Carolina; give some most interesting facts about birds and snakes in the New World;

[1] It has been thought that Hopkinson took for his model Arbuthnot's *History of John Bull.*

and conclude with the distress brought upon the peace-loving Pennsylvania "Farmer" by the American Revolution. Refinement and literary grace pervade the book, which has real charm, although its exaggerated sensibility, and distress at suffering even in a great cause, give it a certain effeminacy like that of the contemporary literature of sentiment in Germany, France, and England.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN began to write long before the Revolution, but an account of his work has been deferred until now that it might be presented as a whole. His wonderful career, from a poor printer's boy to a world-famous man of science and an ambassador at the courts of kings, is too familiar to need emphasis here.[1] Franklin's versatility was marvellous. He was an epitome of his century; its shrewd common-sense, its scientific spirit, its literary talent within a certain range, its limited spirituality, its moral coarseness, are all in high degree exemplified in him. His services as a statesman would alone have made him famous, and so would his contributions to science. His literary fame, although great, is secondary, resting chiefly upon a few writings which are

[1] Franklin was born in Boston in 1706; removed to Philadelphia in 1723, where he soon began to prosper as printer and publisher and rapidly rose to great influence in the colony, founding the American Philosophical Society and the University of Pennsylvania; in 1752, by his famous kite experiment, demonstrated that lightning is electricity; 1753–1774, was deputy postmaster-general for British America; 1757–1762, 1764–1775, acted as agent for Pennsylvania (and a part of the time for Georgia, New Jersey, and Massachusetts also) at the British court; was elected to Congress in 1775, and helped to draft the Declaration of Independence; 1776–1785, resided in France as ambassador, playing a prominent part in winning French aid and in making a favorable peace treaty with England; 1785–1788, was president of Pennsylvania; sat in the Constitutional Convention of 1787; died in Philadelphia in 1790.

the embodiment of practical wisdom; of the higher imagination, as of the higher spirituality, Franklin knew nothing. His writings fill many volumes, but the bulk consists of scientific papers, political papers, and letters. The style of the scientific articles is admirable for its purpose — lucid, precise, and compact. In his political writings Franklin struck many a good blow for his country, effectively combining plain truth and powerful satire with urbanity, humor, and wit. His *Examination* before the House of Commons in 1766, which he printed as a pamphlet, did much to secure the repeal of the Stamp Act. His *Rules for Reducing a Great Empire to a Small One* and *An Edict by the King of Prussia*, which were published in England in 1773, made a great hit and were widely read. Franklin was the best letter-writer of his day in America. In comparison with Washington's uniform epistolary style, Franklin's is striking for its flexibility — dignified in weighty matters, in familiar letters playful as a kitten, frequently witty and fanciful, pleasing always by clearness, naturalness, and ease. He also tried his hand at the literary essay and sketch. In early years he published, in Philadelphia periodicals, the *Busy-Body* papers and other Addisonian essays, which are comparatively commonplace. Many years after, while living in France, he threw off, for the amusement of some of his new friends, several "bagatelles," such as *The Ephemera* and *The Whistle*, delightful for their French lightness of touch and their good-natured but sage philosophy of life. Franklin's literary fame rests chiefly, however, upon his *Poor Richard's Almanac* (1733–1758) and his *Autobiography*.[1] He was not the first to make almanacs the vehicle of enter-

[1] The first five chapters were written in 1771; the rest, in 1784–1789.

tainment and moral instruction; but he so far outdid his rivals that they are nearly forgotten, while he still lives in the sayings of Poor Richard. He did not invent all his proverbs; but whether adapting or creating he had an unsurpassed gift for putting bits of practical wisdom in a pithy and striking way, being in this respect a prose-cousin to his great contemporary, Pope.[1] The *Autobiography* is one of the most interesting books ever written, holding the attention by the triple cord of its limpid, racy style, magnificent common-sense, and self-revelation of a great man. Franklin was the first great American to dwell in Europe, and he did an immense deal to remove the Old World illusion that the "provincials" were necessarily an inferior race. For in the plain old philosopher, whom it was quite impossible to muddle, outwit, browbeat, patronize, or ignore, the European recognized an equal, and yet was conscious of an indefinable something that was new: the stock was pure English, but the sap, sucked up from a strange soil, was pure Yankee; yet the tree was not two trees but one, and it bore goodly fruit.

The **Poetry** of the Revolutionary period was abundant and varied. The stirring political and martial events of the times naturally called forth many * POPULAR SONGS AND BALLADS, most of which were crude in form and extravagant in tone, full of partisan abuse and brag. But the very number and heat of these productions, which were largely anonymous, show how deeply the country was stirred; and the Muse of History may therefore shelter bantlings which the Lyric Muse must disown.

[1] For Franklin's indebtedness to *Poor Robin*, an English comic almanac, and to Ray's *A Collection of English Proverbs*, see McMaster's life of Franklin (American Men of Letters series), pp. 101, 112.

But verses on other themes were plenty enough. *The Pennsylvania Magazine*, for instance, in the very year of Lexington and Bunker Hill, abounded in poems about "Delia" and "Strephon," odes on Solitude, wails of "Hopeless Love," sprightly fables, and solemn "Thoughts on the Universe."

Let a few of the minor poets stand for their whole choir. PHILLIS WHEATLEY,[1] a negro slave brought from Africa to Boston in 1761 at the age of seven or eight, under the care of an indulgent mistress developed remarkable aptitude for letters, and in a few years wrote very respectable verse in the conventional manner of the day. In 1773 a volume of her poems was published in London; the following lines, upon the effect of Homer's poetry, are a favorable specimen: —

> Great Sire of verse, before my mortal eyes,
> The lightnings blaze across the vaulted skies,
> And, as the thunder shakes the heav'nly plains,
> A deep-felt horror thrills through all my veins.[2]

PETER MARKOE'S *Miscellaneous Poems* (1787) are commonplace; odes to Faith, Hope, Penn, Shakspere, etc., show the influence of Gray and Collins, two fables were perhaps inspired by Gay, while several poems in the pentameter couplet have Pope for godfather. The following quatrain, *On a Beautiful Lady with a Loud Voice*, is probably the best thing in the book: —

> That Chloe should surprise our hearts,
> And quickly lose them — where's the wonder?
> Jove's lightning from her eyes she darts,
> And from her tongue she rolls his thunder.[3]

[1] She finally married a Mr. Peters, and is sometimes referred to as Phillis Wheatley Peters.

[2] *Poems*, p. 10, ed. 1773. [3] *Miscellaneous Poems*, p. 22, ed. 1787.

The poetry of JOSEPH B. LADD (1786) shows some promise, being occasionally rather pretty and light, and making several attempts to use distinctively American material. His poems, like many others of the period, by their enthusiasm for "Ossian" also show that the tendency in English poetry toward Romanticism was beginning to affect American poetry too. In the works of DAVID HUMPHREYS, military aide to Washington, and afterward minister to Spain, the influence of Pope and Goldsmith is, however, still predominant. But Humphreys wrote the pentameter couplet with some grace and a good deal of strength, and his poetry has a certain originality. The subjects of all his principal poems are American;[1] he praises the vastness of nature in the New World; sketches Indian life, though briefly and as a dark background; draws pretty pictures of American crops growing, and of winter pleasures; and describes with much spirit the American whale fishery.

The most notable poets of the period, however, were John Trumbull, Timothy Dwight, Joel Barlow, and Philip Freneau. The first three, residents of Connecticut and graduates of Yale College, remind us that literary preeminence had passed, for a time, from Boston and Philadelphia to New Haven and Hartford;[2] and with Freneau

[1] Such as *The Armies of the United States* (1780), *The Happiness of America* (1786), *The Industry of the United States* (1794), etc.

[2] Hartford was for a while the residence of Trumbull, Barlow, Humphreys, Lemuel Hopkins, and other so-called "Hartford Wits." The four named wrote *The Anarchiad*, a keen and amusing satire upon Shays's Rebellion, depreciated paper money in Rhode Island, and other dangerous symptoms of the times in the chaotic period between the end of the Revolution and the adoption of the Constitution. The poem appeared first in *The New Haven Gazette*, in 1786–1787, was reprinted in other newspapers, and contributed its part to the growing conviction that a stronger central government was necessary.

they mark the growth of a more purely literary cult than had before appeared in America.

JOHN TRUMBULL (1750–1831), lawyer and judge, was almost incredibly precocious, learning to read at two and a half years, composing verses at four, and at seven passing the examination for admission to Yale College, which he entered at thirteen. His first considerable poem, **The Progress of Dulness* (1772 and 1773), in vivacious octosyllabic couplets, satirizes college education, fops, and coquettes by sketching with much vigor and wit the careers of Tom Brainless, Dick Hairbrain, and Miss Harriet Simper.[1] But the war was soon to draw the young poet's talents into its vortex. In 1774 the Boston Port-Bill called forth from him *An Elegy on the Times;* and in the next year he flung himself headlong into the welter with the first half of his most powerful poem, **M'Fingal*, a mock-epic satire on the Tories. In this first part, Squire M'Fingal, a Tory, stoutly harangues a town-meeting, which grows more and more turbulent. In the second half (appearing in 1782) M'Fingal is tarred and feathered and paraded about the town in a cart; that night, safe in his cellar, he wofully describes to his assembled Tory friends a vision in which there has been revealed to him the complete triumph of the Revolution. *M'Fingal* was immensely popular in its day, and has been many times reprinted since. It has perhaps been overpraised. A good deal of the interest in a contemporary political satire is necessarily

[1] Trumbull's odes, elegies, and fables of the same period, in which the influence of Gray, Collins, Goldsmith, and Gay is manifest, are comparatively commonplace and feeble. His series of essays, *The Meddler* and *The Correspondent*, published in Boston and New Haven newspapers in 1769–1770, are sprightly.

transient; furthermore, the poem contains many mediocre passages, and the whole is prolix. Yet it has many passages of keen wit, broad humor, or crushing satire, and there is an enjoyable rush and vigor throughout. It has also a refreshing smack of originality, in spite of its manifest indebtedness in verse, style, and general method, to Butler's *Hudibras* and the satires of Churchill.

Timothy Dwight (1752–1817), president of Yale College from 1795 till his death, published in 1785 **The Conquest of Canaan*, an epic in eleven books. The Bible narrative of Joshua's wars is greatly amplified by imaginary details, and a love story of Irad and Selima is added. Several digressions comparing sundry characters in the poem to heroes of the American Revolution, and the considerable space given to America in Book Tenth (where an angel reveals the future to Joshua), are examples of the way in which contemporary events and the growing sense of national greatness touched all sorts of literature during the Revolutionary period. *The Conquest of Canaan* is an honest, respectable piece of work, but of genius or even of high talent it has not a glimmer. The worst defect of the poem, next to its hopeless mediocrity, is the incongruity between the early, rude times depicted and the conventional eighteenth-century manner throughout; the Gibeonites sing a hymn to the sun in the style of the *Essay on Man*, and the damsel who instructs them in the true faith is made to talk thus: —

> "Far other God," replied the fair, "demands
> My vocal transports, and my suppliant hands."[1]

One of the best features of Dwight's would-be epic, its occasional pretty pictures of quiet scenes in nature, is

[1] *The Conquest of Canaan*, II., 121, 122, ed. 1785.

found also in his other principal poem, *Greenfield Hill* (1794), which is frankly in imitation of the manner of Spenser, Thomson, Goldsmith, and other English poets. It contains some distinctively American touches in its description of a New England village and in its pride in the United States as the happiest land; nearly half a century before Emerson, in *The American Scholar*, struck more successfully the same note, Timothy Dwight had written,

> Ah then, thou favour'd land, thyself revere!
> Look not to Europe, for examples just
> Of order, manners, customs, doctrines, laws,
> Of happiness, or virtue.[1]

Joel Barlow (1754–1812) was a politician as well as poet, and served as minister to France in 1811–1812. His interest in public affairs appears also in his poems. *The Prospect of Peace* (1778) glows with enthusiasm for America as the future leader of the world. *A Poem spoken at Commencement at Yale College*, in 1781, deals largely with American affairs; and a prefatory note says that passages in it are "taken from a larger work which the author has by him unfinished." The work referred to, *The Vision of Columbus* (1787), was therefore a poem of slow growth, and it was still further expanded into the bulky **Columbiad* of 1807. Barlow's epic was thus a great and serious labor, into which he put his life-thought; but unfortunately it is a serious labor for the reader too. The first book is a rhymed geography, describing in detail the whole continent; the subsequent books contain the conquest of Mexico and Peru, the settlement of North

[1] *Greenfield Hill*, I. 233–236, ed. 1794.

America, the French and Indian War, the Revolution, a retrospective view of the progress of the world from Creation, and a vision of the future, in which Tennyson's "Parliament of Man" is anticipated. The style is heavy, stiff with Latin derivatives,[1] and often bombastic. The pentameter couplets are mechanically correct, but have little real melody. In brief, *The Columbiad* is a stage-coach epic, lumbering and slow. It is valuable chiefly as a courageous attempt at greater things in American literature; and it failed, not because its author had no talent (for he had a great deal), but because epics demand genius. Much more successful is his lively little poem **The Hasty-Pudding* (1793), which describes very prettily the growing Indian corn and the husking-bees, and tells with mock-solemn precision just how the pudding should be eaten.

PHILIP FRENEAU (1752–1832), of Huguenot stock, a graduate of the college of New Jersey, a sea-captain and editor, like Trumbull was soon diverted from pure literature into political satire. His satires have less imagination than Trumbull's, and more abuse and bitterness. In *The British Prison-Ship*, containing vigorous though repulsive description, occur the lines,

> Some miscreant Tory, puff'd with upstart pride,
> Led on by hell to take the royal side.[2]

And elsewhere Cornwallis is called "reptile," "swine," "Satan's first-born son"; his army, a "host of Beelzebubs"; England, "the vengeful dragon's den." In

[1] In the description of Washington crossing the Delaware (VI. 156–169) occur the phrases, "muriat flakes," "nitrous form," "petrific sky," and "waves conglaciate."

[2] *Poems*, p. 197, ed. 1786.

more genial moods Freneau sometimes mingled humor with satire, as in *The Political Balance*, where Jove, using two moons as spectacles, sees Great Britain as "a blot on the Ball."[1] The non-political satires, as *The Village Merchant*, *The Sabbath-Day Chase*, and *A Journey from Philadelphia to New York*, abound in humor and are often very lively. In the satiric and didactic poems the influence of Pope and Churchill is apparent. But much of Freneau's poetry is of other kinds, and shows other influences. His commonplace poems of moralizing sentiment about nature and human life are modelled on Gray's *Elegy*. *The Hermit of Saba* and *Pictures of Columbus*, dramatic in form, have lines in which one hears echoes of the Elizabethan dramatists, as in these words of the dying Columbus: —

> The winds blow high: one other world remains;
> Once more without a guide I find the way; . . .
> To shadowy forms, and ghosts, and sleepy things,
> Columbus, now with dauntless heart repair.[2]

Milton's early poems affected his graceful and musical *The Power of Fancy;* and the playful-sad philosophy of life in the poems of Herrick and the Cavalier poets reappears in *The Parting Glass*, *On a Honey Bee*, and **The Wild Honeysuckle*. **The House of Night*, a work of really powerful though somewhat crude imagination, is all compact of the same gruesome Romanticism which had been recently coming into English poetry and prose fiction. But Freneau was no slavish imitator. On the contrary, in poems of fancy and imagination he was the most original and truly poetical poet in America before

[1] *Poems*, p. 261, ed. 1786.
[2] *Miscellaneous Works*, pp. 29, 30, ed. 1788.

the nineteenth century. His gift for phrasing is illustrated by the fact that two excellent English poets have borrowed from him.[1] In Campbell's *O'Connor's Child* (1810), the line,

> The hunter and the deer a shade![2]

is taken without change from Freneau's most successful poem on Indian subjects, *The Indian Burying Ground:*

> By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
> In vestments for the chace array'd,
> The hunter still the deer pursues,
> The hunter and the deer — a shade.[3]

And a line in *Marmion* (1808),[4]

> And snatched the spear, but left the shield![5]

changes but slightly a line in the American poet's verses to the memory of the soldiers who fell at Eutaw Springs:

> They saw their injur'd country's woe;
> The flaming town, the wasted field;
> Then rush'd to meet the insulting foe;
> They took the spear — but left the shield.[6]

The Wild Honeysuckle is the high-water mark of American poetry of the eighteenth century, in delicacy of feeling and felicity of expression being at least the equal of Bryant's *To the Fringed Gentian*. When such lines were possible in the very infancy of the national life, there was no reason to despair for the future of American literature.

[1] Professor Tyler was the first, so far as I know, to point out this fact.
[2] *Poetical Works*, p. 59, Aldine ed., 1891.
[3] *Miscellaneous Works*, p. 189, ed. 1788.
[4] Introduction to Canto III.
[5] Scott's *Poetical Works*, p. 77, Globe ed., 1890.
[6] *Poems*, p. 229, ed. 1786.

Of the Tory satirists JONATHAN ODELL (1737–1818), an Episcopalian clergyman of old Massachusetts stock, was by far the best. His satires, upon the model of Dryden, Pope, and Churchill, are polished, keen, and powerful. They reveal intense party bias and venom, but are manifestly sincere in their opposition to a war which the writer regarded as needless, treasonable, cruel, and hopeless. His pen-portraits of the Revolutionary leaders, though unjust, are strong. Of Congress he says, —

> . . . . since Creation's dawn,
> Earth never yet produc'd so vile a spawn; [1]

of John Jay, —

> . . . . to him these characters belong;
> Sure sense of right, with fix'd pursuit of wrong;
> An outside keen, where malice makes abode,
> Voice of a lark and venom of a toad; [2]

of General Mifflin, —

> Fierce Mifflin foremost in the ranks was found:
> Ask you the cause? He owed ten thousand pound; [3]

and of Washington, —

> Was it ambition, vanity, or spite,
> That prompted thee with Congress to unite?
> Or did all three within thy bosom roll,
> "Thou heart of hero with a traitor's soul?"
> Go, wretched author of thy country's grief,
> Patron of villainy, of villains chief. [4]

One more literary species, the **Drama**, began to develop in America during the Revolutionary period. [5] *Pon-*

[1] *The Word of Congress*, in *The Loyalist Poetry of the Revolution*, p. 50, ed. 1857.

[2] *The American Times*, Part I., p. 4, ed. 1780.

[3] *The Word of Congress*, in *The Loyalist Poetry of the Revolution*, p. 44, ed. 1857.

[4] *The American Times*, Part I., p. 12, ed. 1780.

[5] English plays had been acted in New York in 1732. In 1749–1852

teach : or the Savages of America (1766), supposedly by ROBERT ROGERS, an American officer in the French and Indian War, portrays with much realism the deceit and cruelty of the whites in their dealings with the red men ; but the Indians themselves are not at all true to life, Pontiac talking and acting like a European statesman, and his son Philip being a sort of Edmund-Iago. *The Disappointment; or the Force of Credulity* (1767), by ANDREW BARTON, is a rollicking comedy about buried treasure, and contains real though sometimes coarse humor. MERCY WARREN'S *The Adulateur* (1773) deals, under a thin disguise, with the Boston Massacre. Her comedy *The Group* (1775) makes scornful fun of the leading New England Loyalists. She also wrote two commonplace historical plays, *The Sack of Rome* and *The Ladies of Castile ;* they have some strength of style, but are often bombastic, and the blank verse is wooden. *The Fall of British Tyranny* (1776), of uncertain authorship, recounts in prose the events of the struggle thus far, and satirizes the Tories and British with considerable

the plays of Shakspere, Dryden, Otway, and others were performed in Philadelphia, New York, and Annapolis, by a company consisting in part of professionals. Hallam's London company played in Williamsburg, Va., in 1752–1753; in New York, in 1753–1754; in Philadelphia, in 1754. Reorganized, it acted in New York in 1758, 1761–1766; in Philadelphia, 1759; in Annapolis, 1760; in Newport, 1761; in Providence, 1762. A permanent theatre was built in Philadelphia in 1766; in New York, 1767; in Annapolis, 1771; in Charleston, S. C., 1773. During the occupation of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia by British troops, plays were given by the officers. Congress, by recommendations to the states in 1774 and 1778, did all it could to close the theatre elsewhere; in 1774 the American company left Philadelphia for Jamaica; but in 1781 the first playhouse in Baltimore was erected. After the Revolution professional players cautiously resumed operations — in Philadelphia, in 1784; in New York and Savannah, in 1785; in Maryland and Virginia, in 1786.

rude vigor. Of much more literary merit are **The Battle of Bunker's-Hill* (1776) and *The Death of General Montgomery* (1777), by HUGH H. BRACKENRIDGE; both are reading dramas only, consisting of long speeches in rather stiff blank verse, but they show considerable literary culture and are inspired by an ardent and noble patriotism. *The Blockheads* (1776), making coarse fun of the fright of the British officers in Boston after the battle of Bunker Hill; *The Battle of Brooklyn* (1776), by some Tory or British hand, portraying the American soldiers and generals as cowards and grossly immoral; *The Motley Assembly* (1779), a few loosely connected scenes of small force, directed against Tories and Whig turncoats; and *The Blockheads* (1782), an opera, expressing the Loyalist dislike of the French alliance as dangerous to liberty, and pining for friendship once more with "dear Albion" — all deserve mention merely as mirrors of the strife and passion of the times. In *The Patriot Chief* (1784), said to be by PETER MARKOE, we return to the realm of pure literature. The scene is Lydia; the main characters are Otanes, Araspes, Ismene, and the Lydian king; the plot is the conventional one of political ambition, love, and mistaken identity; and the style is in general high-flying and stagey. The Drama in England itself was now in a bad way, and had been for long; it was not to be expected that plays of high merit could yet be written in the New World. The first rich harvests of American literature were to be reaped in other fields; and after two centuries of preparation the reaping-time was now not far distant.

THE PERIOD OF THE REPUBLIC

FOREWORDS.

The great task of Colonial and Revolutionary America was to settle the Atlantic seaboard, establish provincial governments, and achieve independence and national union. The great task of the Republic has been to extend the national domain to Mexico and the Pacific Ocean, carve out new states from this territory and bring them into the Union, throttle secession, rid the nation of the incubus of slavery, furnish an asylum for the poor and oppressed of the Old World, and play a leading part in the development of modern industrial civilization. We have already seen how slight and crude American literature was during the first two centuries. Even the literature of the Republic is still a minor product in comparison with the nation's achievements in other fields. The United States is even yet too young, too crass, too much absorbed in the struggle with physical nature, it has not even yet enough of the mellowing that comes with time, of the enriching and beautifying of the national life that wait upon venerable historic associations, ancient legend, and the noble leisure of an old civilization, to produce the greatest art. American literature at its best is still much below English and Italian and Greek literatures at their best. As a whole it is inferior even to English literature of the nineteenth century. No false patriotism or personal affection for a favorite author should blind us to these facts. Tennyson, Carlyle, Thackeray, Shelley, Wordsworth,

Scott, — what six American poets and prose-writers shall we place on an equality with these men? And how puny are our greatest compared with the giants of the ages — Goethe, Milton, Shakspere, Dante, Virgil, Sophocles, Homer. But we may, nevertheless, justly be proud of the literature of the Republic. The day of Wigglesworth and Barlow has forever gone. The day of Irving, Poe, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Lowell, and Emerson has come; and in them and their fellows we have given beautiful gifts unto men.

Even within the period of the Republic, however, the years of literary bloom have been all too few. Since the War of the Revolution four generations have come upon the scene. In the first generation, ending approximately with the War of 1812, American literature shared in the general weakness and crudeness of the young nation's life, although it shared likewise in the promise of coming strength. In the second and third generations, ending approximately with the Civil War, lived and wrote most of the authors who first lifted our literature out of the dust, and gave it an honorable though subordinate place among the literatures of the world. In the fourth generation, ending with the century, American literature has been characterized by fresh beginnings and a new spirit rather than by great achievement. Our literature, like our country, seems to be standing upon the threshold of a new era. Just what that era will be, no man can say; but there is reason for the faith that it will not be unworthy of the maturing life of a great people.

III. THE PERIOD OF THE REPUBLIC.

(1789–1900.)

1. THE LITERATURE OF THE TIME OF NATIONAL BEGINNINGS (1789–1815).

HISTORICAL EVENTS.

Washington's administrations, 1789–1797.
Outbreak of the French Revolution, 1789.
First tariff, 1789.
Funding the national debt, 1790.
Indian wars, 1790–1794, 1811.
Invention of the cotton-gin, 1793.
Whiskey Insurrection suppressed, 1794.
Jay's treaty with Great Britain, 1794.
Adams's administration, 1797–1801.
Preparations for war with France, 1798.
Kentucky nullification resolutions, 1799.
Death of Washington, 1799.
Washington City becomes the capital, 1800.
Jefferson's administrations, 1801–1809.
War with Tripoli, 1801–1805.
Louisiana Purchase, 1803.
Lewis and Clarke's expedition to Pacific, 1804–1806.
Fulton's steamboat on the Hudson, 1807.
The Embargo, 1807–1809.
Importation of slaves forbidden, 1808.
Madison's administrations, 1809–1817.
First steamboat on the Ohio and the Mississippi, 1811.
War with England, 1812–1815.
Hartford Convention, 1814.

LITERATURE IN ENGLAND.

Burns's poems, 1786–1802.
Ann Radcliffe's romances, 1789–1797.
Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*, 1790.
Blake's later poems, 1791–1794.
Roger's *Pleasures of Memory*, 1792.
Godwin's *Political Justice*, 1793; *Caleb Williams*, 1794.
Poems by Southey, 1794–1814.
Lewis's romances and tales, 1795–1808.
Wordsworth and Coleridge's *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798.
Landor's *Gebir*, 1798.
Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*, 1799; *Gertrude of Wyoming*, 1809.

Poems by Moore, 1800–1812.
Narrative poems by Scott, 1805–1813.
Crabbe's *Parish Register*, 1807; *Borough*, 1810.
Poems by Wordsworth, 1807; *Excursion*, 1814.
Jane Austen's novels, 1811–1818.
Byron's *Childe Harold*, I. and II., 1812; Eastern tales in verse, 1813–1814.

During the first quarter-century of its existence the young Republic was beset with peculiar dangers, but the character of the men at the head of affairs ensured a successful issue. Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Madison as Presidents, Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury, Marshall as Chief Justice, and others in various positions of power were master workmen in statecraft. They manifested a large wisdom in interpreting and administering the fundamental law of the land amid perplexing new problems; asserted the authority of the national government in the face of tendencies to insurrection and secession in South and North alike; avoided useless entanglements abroad during the fever of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars; when it became necessary to strike a foreign foe, struck hard; established the tottering national credit upon a bed of rock; by tariffs secured ample revenues, and incidentally encouraged the development of the country's magnificent resources for mining and manufactures; set up territorial governments in the West; and brought five new states into the Union. All this was a task for giants, but there were giants for the task. By the end of the War of 1812 the new ship of state had "found herself" and was ready for a longer voyage over stormier seas.

In population, settlement of old territory, and acquisition of new the advance was also great. The census of 1810 showed a population of more than seven millions.

or nearly double that of 1790; the frontier line was pushed steadily back toward the Mississippi; and the Louisiana purchase threw open the immense tract between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. This rapid growth in numbers and territory involved a like growth in wealth and industry. The North raised and exported large quantities of cereals. At the South, rice and sugar-cane were proving valuable products; and since the invention of the cotton-gin, cotton "was king already, . . . the crop exported in 1810 being worth over fifteen million dollars." [1] Cotton and woollen manufactures steadily increased, although they were still in their infancy. Manufactures of wood and leather prospered. Mining and metal industries were yet in a backward state, but in common with all manufactures they were feeling the stimulus of the tariff, the embargo, and the war with England. The ocean commerce of neutral America flourished mightily during the long-continued European wars. The coasting trade was also growing, and the great rivers and lakes bore steadily increasing freights even before the introduction of the steamboat. But traffic by land was still difficult and costly; "to haul a ton from Philadelphia to Pittsburg . . . cost a hundred and twenty-five dollars;" [2] the construction of turnpikes and canals therefore received much attention, until the coming of the locomotive revolutionized overland traffic.

Social, intellectual, and moral conditions differed widely in different sections. New England was still the home

[1] Schouler's *History of the United States*, Vol. II., p. 215.

[2] McMaster's *A History of the People of the United States*, Vol. III., p. 463.

Mary Mellish
Archibald
Memorial

of independent religion and sober morals, of solid intellect, universal education, and careful industry, although the Puritan grimness had moderated and dwindled into a rather prim propriety. The Middle States were still the seat of a mixed population, New York in particular, a city of many tongues, having already something of a cosmopolitan character; Albany was a staid half-Dutch town; Philadelphia retained its reputation for quiet intelligence; Baltimore and Washington were gay society centres; while throughout the rural districts might be found the honest and industrious if rather dull Swedish, German, and Dutch farmers. In the South the growth of slavery was confirming the aristocratic division of society into masters, slaves, and "poor whites." The South was also still deficient in schools and cities, although Charleston remained a centre of intelligence and gayety, and Savannah, Raleigh, and Richmond were rising into some prominence. But the old hospitality of the Southern gentleman had only refined with time; honor between man and man, and chivalry toward woman, ennobled Southern society; and plantation life, with its habits of self-reliance and command, continued to be a training-school for leaders in national affairs. Our new possessions in the Southwest, including the old city of New Orleans, had brought into the Union the new elements of French gayety and grace, of grave Spanish courtesy and romance, elements destined to furnish rich subject-matter for our literature in future years. On the Father of Waters and his giant tributaries was fast developing a peculiar and picturesque type of life, which, however, would have to wait two generations or more for adequate expression in letters; while along the Western frontier

and in the far West, the squatter, the hunter, the explorer, and the Indian were making material for the literature which they could not write.

From this brief survey it will be seen that the conditions in the United States as a whole were still unfavorable for literature and the fine arts. The energies of the people were largely absorbed with the problems of physical or political existence; and the great majority of the population lived in the country, away from the stimulus and culture of cities.[1] Nevertheless, in portions of New England and the Middle States the conditions were better than they had ever been before. Cities of considerable size now existed. In 1810 the population of Boston was 33,250; of Philadelphia, 57,488; of New York, 96,373; and in these and other centres a good measure of wealth and leisure, of social gayety and refinement, of culture, knowledge, and literary intelligence, was common. Old colleges were growing, new colleges were springing up, newspapers and magazines abounded more and more.[2] Yet even in the cities great libraries, art collections, circles of artists and men of letters, and the general atmosphere helpful to the literary and artistic life were largely or altogether lacking. American schools of painting, sculpture, and music did not exist,[3] and

[1] In 1810 only five per cent of the population lived in cities of 8000 or more inhabitants. Furthermore, the exodus of Tories after the Revolution had robbed city and country alike of many of the most cultured citizens.

[2] In 1810 there were 359 newspapers, including 27 dailies. Among the magazines were *The Port Folio*, Philadelphia, 1801–1827; *The Monthly Register*, Charleston, S. C., 1805; and *The Analectic Magazine*, Philadelphia, 1813–1820.

[3] Benjamin West (1738–1820), John S. Copley (1737–1815), Gilbert Stuart (1755–1828), Charles R. Leslie (1794–1859), and other American

American literature as a whole was still sadly deficient in originality, beauty, and power. And yet the literature of this time of beginnings has significance and promise, and cannot be passed by carelessly if one would understand the historical development of American literature. It was closely linked with the immediate past; in some ways it prophesied and prepared for the better future; and parts of it had considerable intrinsic merit. Between the literature of the Revolutionary period and that of the second generation under the Republic how great the difference. The literature of the intervening generation affords a partial explanation of the change, not so much by its achievement as by its tendencies and attempts.

In Revolutionary days America was already a land of **Orators,** and under the Republic the brood naturally multiplied apace. Contemporary English oratory was the model for American, solidity of thought and stateliness of manner rather than brilliance or vivacity being conspicuous features, although the tendencies of the more nervous American temperament had already begun to manifest themselves. In these days flourished the Fourth of July oration, too often compact of patriotic bombast and cheap self-glorification. In Congress were many effective speakers and a few real orators, among whom FISHER AMES of Massachusetts and JOHN RANDOLPH of Virginia were prominent. Ames, a man of fine mind and high character, hating exaggeration and rant, had an oratorical style that was nervous, tastefully ornate, and intense with restrained passion. Randolph, a de-

painters studied and lived chiefly or wholly abroad, and their style of painting was essentially English. Of American sculptors and musicians there were none worthy of mention.

scendant of Pocahontas, excelled in sarcasm; his oratory had little grace, but it bit like an acid and was often brilliant though erratic. Among the **Biographies,** JOHN MARSHALL'S *Life of Washington* (1804–1807) and WILLIAM WIRT'S *Life and Character of Patrick Henry* (1817) hold places of honor. **Essays,** political, scientific, philosophical, religious, moral, and literary, appeared from time to time, but were for the most part of no great merit. THOMAS PAINE'S *Rights of Man* (1791–1792), in reply to Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution,* is a lucid and spirited, if somewhat shallow, exposition of the new political philosophy. His *Age of Reason* (1794–1795), much read and more feared in its day, although it anticipated some of the conclusions of modern Biblical scholarship, is often carping and flippant, and its racy style has not sufficed to keep it alive. The essays of NOAH WEBSTER,[1] Count RUMFORD, and BENJAMIN RUSH can be only mentioned in passing. WIRT'S *Letters of the British Spy* (1803) in neat and graceful style draws pictures of men and manners in Virginia, including the once famous sketch of the Blind Preacher, in which the self-conscious "sensibility" of Sterne, Mackenzie, and the rest of the sentimental school, lingers still. The best and most celebrated literary essays of the time, the *Salmagundi* papers by Irving and Paulding, will be more conveniently described on a later page.

In the above classes of prose works was nothing particularly promising or new. But in **Poetry** the Romanticism of Wordsworth, Scott, and Byron quickly made itself felt, so that later, when the greater American poets

[1] Webster's *Speller* (dating from 1783), which supplanted *The New England Primer,* is almost literature by reason of its admirable fables.

took up the lyre, it was already vibrating with the richer melodies of the new poesie. In addition, in a few instances distinctively American material was handled with greater success than ever before, and emancipation from provincial dependence in literature thereby advanced a step, though a short one. But the intrinsic worth of most of the poetry is small, perhaps even less than in the preceding period. Of Religious, Moral, and other Didactic Verse, chiefly upon the model of Akenside, Rogers, and Campbell, there was no lack. Most of it is as dull as it is pious, virtuous, and learned; it points toward happiness, but affords the reader little on the way, although the verse and style have usually some finish. As representative may be mentioned *The Power of Solitude* (1804), by JOSEPH STORY, and *The Pains of Memory* (1808), by an anonymous author. Of much higher merit are the didactic poems of ROBERT TREAT PAINE (1773–1811), a man of versatile and brilliant parts but dissipated character. His lyrics, orations, and dramatic criticisms all show ability. But his best work is *The Ruling Passion*, a poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard in 1797, frankly on the model of Pope, but so witty, vigorous, and pointed that it does honor to its original. Fops he calls

> . . . sweet elves, whose rival graces vie,
> To wield the snuff-box, or enact a sigh.

The miser

> Still clings to life, of every joy bereft;
> His god is gold, and his religion theft!

The pedant,

> Wrinkled in Latin, and in Greek fourscore,
> With toil incessant, thumbs the ancient page,
> Now blots a hero, now turns down a sage.

Poems of Fancy, Sentiment, Humor, Wit, and Satire may be loosely grouped together as a second class. The poems of fancy and sentiment are often pretty, although many are stale; some of the humorous and witty verses are still enjoyable; and the satires occasionally hit hard with keen weapons. *Miscellaneous Poems* (1804), by SUSANNA H. ROWSON, are slight but show facility, especially in the songs. *The Breechiad* (1807), by "Theresa," in lively pentameter couplets, tells women how to rule their husbands. The anonymous author of *Boston* (1803), a satire of considerable force and knack at phrasing, makes fun of the literary affectations of that ever literary city: —

> Long odes to monkies, squirrel elligies,
> Lines and acrostics on dead butterflies; . . .
> Elegiac lays such taste and truth combine,
> The lap-dog lives and barks in every line.

Some of the lyrics in WILLIAM CLIFFTON'S *Poems* (1800) have a good deal of fancy, flow, and feeling for poetic words; *The Group*, a satire, is forcible and finished. *The Country Lovers* in *Original Poems* (1804), by THOMAS G. FESSENDEN, anticipates Lowell's *The Courtin'* and is a good sample of the broadly humorous verse: —

> "Miss Sal, I 's going to say, as how,
> We 'll spark it here to night,
> I kind of love you, Sal — I vow,
> And mother said I might. . . .
> My father has a nice bull calf,
> Which shall be your's, my sweet one,
> 'T will weigh two hundred and a half," —
> Says Sal, "Well, that 's a neat one.

Your father 's full of fun, d' ye see,
And faith, I likes his sporting,
To send his fav'rite calf to me,
His nice bull-calf a courting."

Fessenden's *Terrible Tractoration* (1803), a Hudibrastic satire concerning medical squabbles, had a great run in America and England, but is now unreadable in spite of its rough vigor. By far the best poem of fancy is *The Sylphs of the Seasons* (1813), by WASHINGTON ALLSTON, the artist,[1] containing such delicate work as this: —

Now, in the passing beetle's hum
The Elfin army's goblin drum
To pygmy battle sound;
And now, where dripping dew-drops plash
On waving grass, their bucklers clash,
And now their quivering lances flash,
Wide-dealing death around. . . .

Or seen at dawn of eastern light
The frosty toil of Fays by night
On pane of casement clear,
Where bright the mimic glaciers shine,
And Alps, with many a mountain pine,
And armed knights from Palestine
In winding march appear.

In the third class — Romantic Tales and Ballads — the spirit of the new English poetry blows full upon us. Stories of adventure and love in distant ages and climes,

[1] Allston (1779–1843) was a native of South Carolina, a graduate of Harvard, and had studied art abroad, where he was resident in 1813; but R. H. Dana says (*The North American Review*, 1817) that *The Sylphs* was written in this country, he having seen it in manuscript. After 1818 Allston lived in Boston and Cambridge; his lectures on art were published in 1850.

ballads in which distressed maidens, hermits with a mysterious past, interesting and pathetic lunatics, and sundry phases of the supernatural are utilized for poetic purposes, show that in America as in England the dynasty of Pope, Young, and Goldsmith was fast giving place to that of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, and Byron. In conception and execution these poems, like all imitations, have no lasting value. But it meant a good deal for the future of American poetry that it should be liberated thus early from the limitations of eighteenth-century verse. *Ouâbi, an Indian Tale* (1790), by Sarah Morton, has occasionally some good lines, such as these describing a wounded Indian: —

> A ghastly figure issued from the wood,
> Writhing with anguish, like the wounded fawn,
> Cover'd with darts, and stain'd with clotted blood.

In John B. Linn's *Valerian* (1805), narrating the adventures of a Roman noble shipwrecked on the shores of the Caspian Sea, lines like the following show the new freedom of style and fresh feeling for nature: —

> Some mossy trees bent over his rude cot,
> And swinging to the winds their giant arms,
> Made music like the dashing of the sea.

The account of a boar-hunt is spirited, and a part of the description of the boar is capital: —

> . . . he champed the foam
> Which dropped down roping from his crooked tusks.

Hubert and Ellen (1812), by Lucius M. Sargent, a story of love, sorrow, and madness, in its too-conscious simplicity reminds one of Wordsworth's poorer style, and the whole poem is a sort of diluted *Ruth*. In Joseph

HUTTON'S *Leisure Hours* (1812), the romantic tendency appears strongly in ballads on Crazy Jane, the Saracen, and the Maid of Savoy, and in a paraphrase of a scene from Lewis's *The Castle Spectre*. *The Broken Harp* (1815), by HENRY C. KNIGHT, contains a ballad, *Poor Margaret Dwy*, much like Wordsworth's *Ruth* in subject and manner: —

> Poor thing! she knows not what she will;
> She 'll feel the cold, and not complain;
> She 'll beat her bosom blue and chill,
> And love the pleasure of the pain.

Some of the Poems on Nature and Common Life — the fourth class — show a trend toward the realism of Wordsworth and Crabbe. In ALEXANDER WILSON'S *The Foresters* (1809), the humble home of a Pennsylvania Dutch farmer is pictured with courageous truth of detail: —

> There washed our boots, and, entering took our seat,
> Stript to the trowsers in the glowing heat.
> The mindful matron spread her table near,
> Smoking with meat, and filled with plenteous cheer. . . .
> The wheel, the cards, by fire-light buzzing go;
> The careful mother kneads her massy dough;
> Even little Mary at her needle sits,
> And while she nurses pussy, nicely knits.

In its neat perspective this sketch of a landscape as seen from a mountain-top resembles passages from Cowper: —

> Below, at dreadful depth, the river lay,
> Shrunk to a brook 'midst little fields of hay;
> From right to left, where'er the prospect led,
> The reddening forest like a carpet spread;
> Beyond, immense, to the horizon's close,
> Huge amphitheatres of mountains rose.

The following description of Niagara, however crude, has the merit of keeping its eye on the object: —

> Saw its white torrents undulating pour
> From heaven to earth with deafening, crashing roar;
> Dashed in the wild and torn abyss below,
> 'Midst dazzling foam and whirling storms of snow,
> While the whole monstrous mass, and country round,
> Shook as with horror at the o'erwhelming sound!
> Within this concave, vast, dark, frowning, deep,
> Eternal rains and howling whirlwinds sweep.

Other of the nature poems combine the new accuracy of observation with poetic beauty and often with fancy. The eye of the painter is manifest in this stanza from Allston's *The Sylphs of the Seasons*, already mentioned: —

> Or lur'd thee to some beetling steep
> To mark the deep and quiet sleep
> That wrapt the tarn below;
> And mountain blue and forest green
> Inverted on its plane serene,
> Dim gleaming through the filmy sheen
> That glaz'd the painted show.

Henry C. Knight, whose *The Broken Harp* has been referred to above, in *The Caterpillar* (contained in *Poems*, 1821), addresses the "cousin reptile" as

> . . . a frozen fellow thou,
> This sultry day, whole bedded in a muff.

And *A Summer's Day* in the same volume has several pretty lines: —

> Soft murmur pebbly rills at stilly dawn;
> The nestling breezes plume their dew-bent wings. . . .
> Gray mists now drizzle from the smoky rocks. . . .

> Tottering on tripods, milkmaids soothe the kine,
> While rains a white shower in the foaming pail. . . .
> Mourning the sun, blue-bells have shut their cup;
> The bat wheels round and round on leathern wing;
> Reynard creeps out, on pilfer'd eggs to sup;
> And chiming frogs their shrilly concert sing.

It may be said, and truly, that these last lines are echoes of Warton and Collins and other pioneers in Romanticism rather than of Wordsworth. And, in general, American poets in the years now under consideration curiously combine the old, the newer, and the newest within a few pages. In neighboring poems if not in the same poem, Pope jostles Gray, and Gray jostles Wordsworth, the poet meanwhile seeming quite unconscious that divers children struggle within him for mastery. So it had been in English literature not long before.

Much of the verse of the time falls into the fifth and last class — Political and Patriotic Poems. It was a period of intense and bitter party-strife between Federalists and Democrats. Satire in verse was of course pressed into service, and many and stout were the blows dealt on either side. There is more abuse than wit in the mouths of most of these pugnacious children of the Muse Militant, and we need not tarry with them long. *The Democratiad* (1795) and *The Guillotina* (1796), anonymous Federalist satires on the Democrats for their opposition to Jay's treaty, are keen, bitter, and intensely partisan. A few lines from the first will give a sufficient taste of the better class of political satire of the day: —

> Far to the south, where on her oozy bed,
> Like some sick sea-nymph Charleston bows her head,

Her languid sons collect in solemn state,
To join their sages in the grand debate.
There like the vision in the sacred book,
Old Gadsden's dry bones in a whirlwind shook,
But o'er the rest chief justice Rutledge stands,
Stamps with his feet, and boxes with his hands,
And 'mid the applauses of the gather'd crowd,
Shews what a judge can do by bawling loud.

Among other of the more celebrated satires of the day were *The Political Green-House*, by RICHARD ALSOP, LEMUEL HOPKINS, and TIMOTHY DWIGHT, a review of the year 1798, rapping the Democrats, with much liveliness and some wit, for their sympathy with the French Revolution; *The Porcupiniad* (1799), by MATHEW CAREY, a coarse but powerful attack upon William Cobbett, an Englishman, the editor of *Porcupine's Gazette* and an extreme Federalist, who, like many Federalists, was suspected of wishing to set up monarchy in the United States; and *Olio* (1801), a collection of satires on the Federalists, particularly Cobbett and Alexander Hamilton, the latter being raked severely for his confessed personal immorality. Poems on the Embargo, including one by the boy Bryant, were numerous.

Another division of poems of the fifth class consists of patriotic songs, odes, elegies, etc. Washington's death was doubly a calamity by reason of the flood of dull poems which it occasioned. Fourth of July was the inspiration of many noisy odes, only less dreadful than the modern cannon-cracker as a means of celebrating the day. There was, furthermore, a permanent fund of swelling patriotic pride, which on sundry occasions exploded in more or less metrical dithyrambs, crammed

with much silly stuff, such as these lines from JONATHAN M. SEWALL'S *Miscellaneous Poems* (1801) : —

> Sage Adams for wisdom, with Pallas may vie,
> And Washington equals a Jove!

To this time, however, belong two songs which, although their poetic merit is small, still hold a place in the nation's memory. *Hail Columbia*, by JOSEPH HOPKINSON, was first sung at the Chestnut Street theatre in Philadelphia, in 1798, when war with France was threatening. *The Star-Spangled Banner*, by FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, was written after the bombardment of Fort McHenry in 1814.

The War of 1812 called forth several narrative poems, in which the patriotism is usually more abundant than the poetry. *The Field of Orleans* (1816), however, by JOSEPH HUTTON, has some spirit and local color : —

> Though rifles rattle, peal on peal,
> And skies resound with crash of steel,
> Fair Orleans, thou art safe; for, lo!
> Jackson prepared to meet the foe.
> His darting eye-beams brightly sweep
> Around his trench of cotton heap. . . .
> "Haste, Morgan, haste! that stream be cross'd,
> And thence the iron death be tossed!
> Remember how in times retired,
> What rage that other chief inspired,
> When stern upon the field he stood,
> Like the roused lion lapped in blood;
> And let each boasting Tarleton see,
> Great Morgan's soul renewed in thee!"

A more remarkable poem is *The Battle of Niagara* (1818), by JOHN NEAL (1793–1876), who was to have a long and creditable though rather erratic career as a

dramatist, novelist, and writer for the magazines. *The Battle of Niagara* is evidently the work of a young man. It contains many crude lines; as a whole is obscure, tumultuous, and incoherent; and the influence of Byron, Moore, and Hunt is too apparent in diction, verse, and general manner. But in spite of crudeness and lack of high originality, the thing is nevertheless a genuine poem, full of energy, vision, and sensuous beauty. Amidst the tame commonplaces of the time it rises up like a brilliant though imperfect flower. How much of the large, savage beauty of the virgin American solitudes is in these lines: —

> Peace to thy bosom, dark Ontario!
> Forever thus, may thy free waters flow,
> In their rude loveliness! Thy lonely shore
> Forever echo to the sullen roar
> Of thine own deep! Thy cliffs forever ring
> With calling wild men, in their journeying—
> The savage chant — the panther's smothered cry —
> That from her airy height, goes thrilling by!

Is there not something of Shelley's delicacy and of Keats's fresh and luxurious sense for beauty in this description of a summer night?

> It is that hour of quiet ecstacy,
> When every ruffling wind, that passes by
> The sleeping leaf, makes busiest minstrelsy: . . .
> When dry leaves rustle, and the whistling song
> Of keen-tuned grass, comes piercingly along:
> When windy pipes are heard — and many a lute,
> Is touched amid the skies, and then is mute: . . .
> When all the garlands of the precipice,
> Shedding their blossoms, in their moonlight bliss,
> Are floating loosely on the eddying air,
> And breathing out their fragrant spirits there:

> And all their braided tresses in their height,
> Are talking faintly to the evening light.

For rush and vividness the following account of a night attack by a troop of American horse equals almost anything in Scott or Byron: —

> 'T is a helmeted band! from the hills they descend
> Like the monarchs of storm, when the forest trees bend.
> No scimitars swing as they gallop along:
> No clattering hoof falls sudden and strong:
> No trumpet is filled, and no bugle is blown:
> No banners abroad on the wind are thrown: . . .
> But they speed like coursers whose hoofs are shod,
> With a silent shoe from the loosen'd sod. . . .
> Away they have gone! — and their path is all red,
> Hedged in by two lines of the dying and dead;
> By bosoms that burst unrevenged in the strife —
> By swords that yet shake in the passing of life —
> For so swift had that pageant of darkness sped —
> So like a trooping of cloud-mounted dead —
> That the flashing reply, of the foe that was cleft,
> But fell on the shadows those troopers had left.

Interest in the **Drama** rapidly developed with the growth of cities. Many plays were written or adapted by American playwrights, and acted in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, and Boston — for even in Puritan Massachusetts the law against theatres was repealed in 1793.[1] The first American play performed in public by a company of professional actors was *The Contrast*, by ROYALL TYLER (1757–1826), which was acted in New York in April, 1787. It is a prose comedy, showing the superiority of the honest man to

[1] Plays had been given in Boston shortly before, but they were advertised as "Moral Lectures."

the brilliant rake; it introduces successfully the Yankee as a stage-character; and the dialogue is often bright and lively. Tyler's *May Day* was acted in 1787; and *A Good Spec., or Land in the Moon*, in 1797. A more prolific playwright was WILLIAM DUNLAP (1766–1839). His *The Father of an Only Child*, acted in New York in 1789, was followed by many other plays, some on American subjects and others based on or translated from English, French, and German romances and plays.[1] His *Leicester*, acted in 1794, was (he says) the first American tragedy produced upon the stage. Dunlap had genuine humor, and in both comedy and tragedy was a clever playwright; but his comedies lack literary finish, and even the tragedies have little poetical elevation. Other writers for the stage need not be disturbed in their well-earned repose. Dramas intended for the closet only, including several on subjects from American history or life, were numerous; most of them, however, are scarcely better adapted for reading than for acting, and even to enumerate their titles and authors would be an unprofitable weariness to the flesh.

The most interesting and in some respects the most significant part of the literature of the time was the **Prose Fiction.** A tendency toward this species of composition had begun to show itself in the Revolutionary period. The transition from true narrative to fictitious, from the descriptive and narrative essay to the moral or allegorical tale, is an easy one, although in America the step was delayed by the Puritanic distrust of novels, which were supposed by many to be one of the pleasant devices

[1] Kotzebue was a favorite storehouse for American playwrights at this time.

of Satan. It has already been seen that early in Revolutionary days the fable or tale was used as a political engine. The same line was continued after the war in *The Foresters*, by JEREMY BELKNAP, which narrates the colonizing of America and the revolt of the colonies, under the guise of a story about John Bull, his forest, and the foresters who cleared and settled it; the whole is carried through with much spirit and ingenuity, and the style is light.[1] Our novel-hating ancestors did not object to thrilling narrative, if only it were true; and the harrowing experiences of Mary Rowlandson, John Williams, and others were well known in the homes of colonial New England. The same readers would have seen little difference, as to truth, in *The History of Maria Kittle*, by ANN E. BLEECKER,[2] which is in the form of a letter and purports to be true, although much of it is evidently fictitious. It narrates with no little vividness the calamities of the heroine at the hands of savages during the French and Indian War. Although the subject is thus entirely American, the style shows in many places the influence of the contemporary European school of sentiment: —

"Dear Mrs. Willis, shall we not be interested likewise in your misfortunes?" "Ah! do, (added Mademoiselle V.) my heart is now sweetly tuned to melancholy. I love to indulge these divine sensibilities." . . . Mrs. Willis bowed. She dropt a few tears; but assuming a composed look, she began: — "I am the daughter of a poor clergyman."

[1] *The Foresters* was running in *The Columbian Magazine* in 1788. In 1792 it appeared in book form. The second edition, 1796, brings the narrative down to Jay's Treaty. Some of the names are ingenious and amusing: John Codline = Massachusetts; Walter Pipeweed = Virginia (with a reference at first to Raleigh).

[2] It is contained in her *Posthumous Works*, 1793; she died in 1783.

The Puritan reader might still have felt safe over the pages of Mrs. Bleecker's *The Story of Henry and Anne* (which tells of the love and misfortunes of German peasants who finally find a paradise in America), for the reader is assured that it is "founded on fact." JOHN B. LINN'S *History of Elvira* and *Augustus and Aurelia* (in his *Miscellaneous Works*, 1795) are short tales of love and "sensibility" with some moral instruction thrown in. More virile and amusing is HUGH H. BRACKENRIDGE'S *Modern Chivalry: containing the Adventures of a Captain, and Teague O'Regan, his Servant* (1792–1806), a vigorous satire on American life, upon the model (says the author) of Cervantes, Rabelais, Le Sage, and "especially Swift." The first volume has more narrative than the other three, and is still entertaining; the satire and humor are broad (Teague is about to be elected to the state legislature and to membership in a philosophical society, and is at last made a judge), but vigorous and genuine. The portrait of Teague as an emotional, superstitious, quick-witted, impudent Irishman is very lifelike, although the Irish brogue is poorly imitated. On the same border-line of pure fiction stand ROYALL TYLER'S Smollett-like *The Algerine Captive* (1799) and *The Yankee in London* (1809), and Irving's *A History of New York;* the last will be spoken of more at length on a later page.

But novels pure and simple were also written in America before the end of the century, although there was a tendency at first to announce them as "founded upon fact." SUSANNA H. ROWSON wrote her first novel, *Victoria* (1786), and *Charlotte Temple* (1790), her most famous work, in England; but *Trials of the*

Human Heart (1795), *Reuben and Rachel* (1798), *Sarah* (1802), and others were composed in America. *Charlotte Temple, a Tale of Truth*,[1] a story of innocence, love, betrayal, desertion, and death, although often marred by sentimentality and "fine writing," is vivid and truly pathetic. *The Coquette; or, the History of Eliza Wharton, a Novel Founded on Fact* (1797), by HANNAH W. FOSTER, the wife of a Massachusetts clergyman, was also very popular for a generation or more; its moral is similar to that of *Charlotte Temple*, the style is old-fashioned and formal, and the whole is closely modelled upon Richardson, but it has, nevertheless, considerable animation and genuine pathos. *Female Quixotism* (1808), a satirical novel by TABITHA G. TENNEY, wife of a New Hampshire physician, was popular for some years.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, a spirit of another sort and a mightier, the first American who adopted letters as his sole profession, was born in Philadelphia, January 17, 1771, of Quaker parentage. He studied law, but could not bring himself to the practice of it, and for several years lived a desultory life, much of the time in New York, where, among the members of "The Friendly Club," he found congenial society. *Wieland*, his first published romance, came out in 1798, and was followed by five others within the next six years.[2] His life was

[1] It is said that the heroine was Charlotte Stanley, daughter of an English clergyman; her betrayer, Colonel John Montressor of the British army; and that she now lies buried in the graveyard of Trinity Church, New York.

[2] *Ormond*, 1799; *Arthur Mervyn*, Part I., 1799, Part II., 1800; *Edgar Huntly*, 1799; *Clara Howard*, 1801; *Jane Talbot*, 1804. An unfinished romance had preceded *Wieland*; long extracts from it are published in Dunlap's life of Brown. A second novel, *Sky Walk*, was in press in 1798, when the death of the publisher stopped further progress; por-

henceforth a busy one. He edited two magazines and an annual register,[1] published three political pamphlets,[2] and labored upon a great geographical and an historical work,[3] besides writing many other pieces in verse and prose.[4] In 1804 he married, and had a happy home-life. But his health had always been delicate, consumption seized him, and he died on February 22, 1810.

Brown had a speculative, analytic mind; his temperament was gloomy, if not morbid; he wrote at a time when the school of mystery and terror was dominant in English fiction; and he early fell under the influence of William Godwin, the author of *Political Justice*, a book of radical and powerful abstract reasoning, and of *Caleb Williams*, a novel of exciting incident and keen analysis of abnormal mental states. These qualities and influences, together with his American environment and his own genius, determined the nature of his novels. They are all studies in morbid psychology, with frequently a background of bold speculation upon moral and religious problems; the best of them contain thrilling events, sometimes seemingly supernatural but (in harmony with Brown's rationalistic temper) finally explained by natural causes; they are given an American setting; and they all

tions of the novel, says Dunlap, were utilized in *Edgar Huntly*. Brown's first publication was *Alcuin, a Dialogue on the Rights of Women*, 1797.

[1] *The Monthly Magazine and American Review*, New York, 1799–1800. *The Literary Magazine and American Register*, Philadelphia, 1803–1808. *The American Register*, Philadelphia, 1806–1810.

[2] Pamphlets in favor of the Louisiana purchase (1803), in favor of a treaty with England which President Jefferson had just rejected (1807 ?), and against the Embargo (1809).

[3] *General Geography* and *Rome during the Age of the Antonines*.

[4] *A History of Carsol*, apparently a Utopian sketch. *Memoirs of Carwin*. *Memoirs of Stephen Calvert*. *Thessalonica, a Roman Story*. These writings, with others, are printed in Dunlap's life of Brown.

leave the impression of mingled crudeness and power. They are, however, of very unequal merit. A brief outline of the main plot will give some idea of the merits and defects of each. In *Clara Howard*, the title-character and Philip Stanley, lovers, struggle with their sense of duty to Mary Wilmot, to whom Philip was formerly betrothed although he did not love her; she has mysteriously disappeared, and, urged on by Clara, he sets out to find her; the lovers suffer many vacillations of mind; the Gordian knot is finally cut by the marriage of the superfluous Mary to another. In *Jane Talbot*, Jane, a widow, loves Henry Colden; but her foster-mother, the rich Mrs. Fielding, objects to the marriage because of Colden's heresy and former immorality; Jane now gives her lover up and now calls him back; he finally goes away to avoid beggaring her; is shipwrecked; returns, conveniently cured of his scepticism, finds Mrs. Fielding conveniently dead, and marries Jane. *Ormond* has more action, and the title-character is a more interesting study, although he is too obviously modelled upon Falkland in *Caleb Williams*. Constantia Dudley, reduced to dire poverty, is aided by Ormond, a man of vast wealth, powerful mind, and immoral principles (although at first he seems a miracle of benevolence), who has mysterious means of learning the secrets of others and executing his purposes; he seeks Constantia in love but not in marriage; finding her invincible, assaults her in a lonely house, and is slain by her hand. In the First Part of *Arthur Mervyn*, the hero is secretary to Welbeck, a weaker Ormond; Welbeck kills Watson (whose sister he has wronged) in a duel in Welbeck's house, and Mervyn helps him bury the body in the cellar; Welbeck then flees, and Mervyn finds

work on a farm near Philadelphia; the yellow fever breaks out in the city; Mervyn, venturing in to rescue a friend, catches the disease, and goes to Welbeck's deserted house to escape the horrible hospital; there he finds Welbeck, who quarrels with him over a large sum of stolen money, and, baffled and furious, leaves him to die. The Second Part is largely filled with the love-affairs of Mervyn, who, forsaking a young girl devotedly attached to him, marries a Jewish widow, six years his senior; the whole is bizarre. *Edgar Huntly* is a study of sleep-walking and madness; the scene is western Pennsylvania. Huntly's friend Waldegrave has been murdered, and Huntly accuses Clithero, a newly come farm-hand; Clithero denies the charge, and explains his strange actions by his remorse for having slain his benefactress, Mrs. Lorimer, in temporary madness, a deed which had compelled him to flee to America; he then retreats to a neighboring mountainous tract, whither Huntly takes him food. One of the irrelevant episodes which often mar Brown's plots is here introduced: a young man suddenly appears, and by a long tale makes out a good claim to the small fortune which Waldegrave, to the surprise of all, had been found to have to his credit in the bank; the young man goes away for the present, and nothing comes of the incident.[1] The most exciting part of the story now begins. Huntly, who (unknown to himself) is a sleep-walker, wakes up one night to find himself lying at the bottom of a pit in a cave, covered with bruises and half-famished; climbing out of the pit, he sees the eyes of a cougar glaring through the pitchy darkness; he hurls his tomahawk, splits the cougar's

[1] The same situation is used again in *Clara Howard*.

skull, and devours its flesh and blood; crawling toward the mouth of the cave, he discovers there five Indians (four of whom are sleeping around a fire) and a captive white girl; he brains the sentinel, and escapes with the captive to a log hut; here, finding firearms, he fights and slays the three savages who pursued. On his way home he meets with Sarsefield, his former teacher, who informs him that Mrs. Lorimer is not dead; Huntly tells Clithero, thinking to cure his remorse; but the latter, who is a confirmed madman, again attempts her life, is captured, and on the way to confinement leaps overboard and is drowned. *Wieland* is a study of inherited religious mania induced by ventriloquism. Wieland's father, a religious eccentric, had died mysteriously of what seems to be electricity or spontaneous combustion; with the advent of the mysterious and powerful Carwin, voices are heard in the air giving commands and warnings, which Wieland takes to be supernatural and broods over; finally he hears a heavenly voice commanding him to sacrifice to God his wife and children; this he does, and, raving mad but exalted by a sense of moral sublimity, is fettered in a maniac's cell; from this he escapes, and is about to kill his sister also, when Carwin undeceives him by again exercising his ventriloquial power, and the poor deluded man dies of spiritual collapse.

Even from these imperfect outlines it can be seen that Brown's plots are, at their best, unique and powerful. But the total effect is injured by irrelevant episodes and blind alleys, by stories within stories to confusion and lessening of interest, by the improbabilities and clumsy devices upon which the action often turns, and by dawdling conclusions after a striking climax. Some of these defects

were due to haste, it being Brown's custom to begin to print before he had finished writing or had even thought his story through. His device of telling the story by letters, or by a long narrative written by one of the characters to a friend, although it is easily accounted for by the example of some of his predecessors in English fiction, is nevertheless a clumsy method in tales of exciting incident. His characters are boldly and clearly conceived in their main outlines but are not always adequately motived; Carwin, for instance, has no sufficient motive for his reckless deeds, and there is no apparent cause for the sudden madness of Clithero. Furthermore, Brown's study of mind and motive is not subtle or curious or natural enough to arouse much interest apart from exciting action: this is the cause of the inferiority of *Jane Talbot* and *Clara Howard* — the mental situation is uninteresting and the action is feeble; but even in his study of more remarkable minds, as Ormond's or Carwin's, the interest is chiefly in the horrible resultant events. Brown's habit, borrowed from *Caleb Williams*, of making the narrator explain his mental movements minutely becomes tiresome, particularly as the thoughts and counter-thoughts detailed are often of the most obvious sort. The style, also, is a combination of crudeness and power. It is often stiff and sometimes ludicrously stilted;[1] but everywhere it has strength; and in passages of exciting description and narration it rises to a very high degree of power. In these scenes of horror — the maniac Wie-

[1] In *Edgar Huntly* occur these expressions within a few pages: "The channel [of the river] . . . was encumbered with asperities;" "the vociferation of a savage;" "this action [the levelling of a gun at his head] was sufficiently conformable to my prognostics." Brown's plentiful logic and scant sense of humor sometimes led him, in his

land about to kill his sister; Huntly groping about in the black pit; the midnight burial of Watson in the cellar; Ormond's deliberate and gloating assault upon his trembling victim in the lonely house; the loathsome scenes in the pestilence-stricken city — Brown is in his element, and by them he has made a permanent contribution to the literature of terror. Inferior to Hawthorne in subtle spiritual suggestiveness, to Poe in brilliancy, intensity, and enveloping atmosphere of poetic gloom, he is perhaps superior to them and to the whole contemporary English school of terror in Defoe-like sense of reality and in sheer mass of overwhelming horror.[1] How far his work is distinctively American is a question of minor consequence. In his characters is nothing essentially American; and although the main action is always in this country, the setting is usually very faint. The pictures of yellow-fever scenes in *Arthur Mervyn* and *Ormond* form indeed a powerful background and are drawn from personal knowledge;[2] but yellow fever,

analysis of mental movements, to announce the most obvious facts with pompous solemnity; thus the beautiful Constantia Dudley, thinking if she can't make a little money by sewing, is made to affirm as a logical preliminary, "Clothing is one of the necessaries of human existence." But in the later novels the style is somewhat simpler and more fluent; and *Thessalonica, a Roman Tale*, apparently a late work, shows marked improvement in structure also, having excellent unity, proportions, and climax, and suggests that if Brown had lived he might have become a brilliant writer of historical fiction of the spectacular sort.

[1] Brown's fiction found some readers in England. Several of his novels were republished there, and *Jane Talbot* was published there first. "Brown's [best] four novels," says Peacock, "Schiller's *Robbers*, and Goethe's *Faust*, were, of all the works with which he was familiar, those which took the deepest root in Shelley's mind." — Dowden's life of Shelley, Vol. I., p. 472.

[2] Brown was in New York while the fever raged there in 1798; one of his dearest friends, a physician, died of it; and the novelist himself experienced the earlier stages of the disease.

fortunately, is not a permanent and essential feature of American life. The one instance in which Brown has emphasized material essentially American is in *Edgar Huntly*, where the descriptions of Indian warfare are at least equal to Cooper's in vividness, and superior to them in ugly realism. But the novel of mystery and terror, unlike the novel of character or manners, does not much depend for its peculiar effects upon the characteristics of the time and place where it is brought forth; it moves in a semi-supernatural world of its own, gathering its materials wherever it can find them; and the novels of Brown are quite as much American as *The Castle of Otranto*, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, and *The Monk* are English.

2. THE GOLDEN AGE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE (1815–1870).

HISTORICAL EVENTS.

Monroe's administration, 1817–1825.
Wars with Seminole Indians, 1817, 1835.
First steamboat crosses the Atlantic, 1819.
Acquisition of Florida, 1819.
Missouri Compromise, 1820.
Monroe Doctrine announced, 1823.
Higher protective tariff, 1824.
Erie Canal finished, 1825.
J. Q. Adams's administration, 1825–1829.
Temperance reform begun, 1826.
Jackson's administrations, 1829–1837.
First steam railroad in America, 1830.
Garrison starts *The Liberator* (Abolitionist), 1831.
South Carolina nullifies the new tariff, 1832.
McCormick's reaper invented, 1834.
Formation of Whig party, 1834.
Use of hard coal becomes common, 1835.
Van Buren's administration, 1837–1841.
Business panic, 1837.
Harrison and Tyler's administration, 1841–1845.
Ashburton Treaty settles northeastern boundary, 1842.
First electric telegraph in America, 1844.

Annexation of Texas, 1845.
Polk's administration, 1845–1849.
Northwestern boundary settled by treaty, 1846.
War with Mexico, 1846–1847.
Discovery of gold in California, 1848.
Mormons settle in Utah, 1848.
Taylor and Fillmore's administration, 1849–1853.
Fugitive Slave Law, 1850.
Pierce's administration, 1853–1857.
Acquisition of Arizona and New Mexico, 1848–1853.
Kansas-Nebraska Bill, 1854.
Formation of Republican party, 1854.
Buchanan's administration, 1857–1861.
Business panic, 1857.
First Atlantic cable, 1858.
Lincoln's administration, 1861–1865.
Civil War, 1861–1865.
Lincoln assassinated, 1865.
Johnson's administration, 1865–1869.
Pacific Railroad completed, 1869.
Reconstruction of Southern States, 1865–1870.

LITERATURE IN ENGLAND.

Shelley's poems, 1813–1824.
Scott's novels, 1814–1831.
Byron's later poems, 1816–1824.
Coleridge's later prose and poetry, 1816–1840.
Moore's later poems, 1817–1828.
Keats's poems, 1817–1820.
Hazlitt's essays, 1817–1825.
Hallam's *Middle Ages*, 1818.
Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall*, 1819.
Wordsworth's later poems, 1819–1850.
Lamb's essays, 1820–1833.
De Quincey's works, 1821–1861.
Landor's prose and later poetry, 1824–1853.
Carlyle's works, 1824–1881.
Macaulay's works, 1825–1860.
Mrs. Browning's poems, 1826–1862.
Poems by Tennyson, 1827–1869.
J. S. Mill's works, 1829–1874.
Poems by Robert Browning, 1833–1868.
Newman's works, 1833–1870.
Dickens's works, 1834–1870.
Thackeray's works, 1837–1867.
Works by Ruskin, 1839–1870.
"George Eliot's" works, 1846–1883.
Grote's *History of Greece*, 1846–1856.
Arnold's poems, 1848–1858; essays, 1861–1888.
Merivale's *History of the Romans*, 1850–1862.
Froude's *History of England*, 1856–1869.
William Morris's poems, 1858–1887.
Darwin's *Origin of Species*, 1859.
Poems by Swinburne, 1861–1870.
Spencer's *First Principles*, 1862.
Essays by Huxley, 1863–1870.
Gardiner's *History of England*, 1863–1882.
Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest*, 1867–1876.

The half-century from the close of the second war with England to the end of the Civil War and the reconstruction of the seceding states, was the most momentous period in the history of the Union. During these years the Young Republic became the Great Republic, the Giant of the West. It was a time of marvellous national growth, of intellectual and moral quickening, of mighty conflicts in the forum and on the field of battle; and it was also the Golden Age of American literature.

The increase in territory and population was very great, and, in its effects upon American life, very significant. The seven millions of 1810 had become twenty-three millions in 1850 and thirty-eight millions in 1870. By the admission of Texas, and the war with Mexico, the vast Southwest was added to the national domain, which now embraced three million square miles, an area equal to more than three-fourths of all Europe; while the steady westward progress of the long wagon-trains of the pioneer increased the settled area from 407,945 square miles in 1810 to 1,194,754 in 1860. The poor of the Old World flocked to this New World refuge in rapidly augmenting numbers, more than five millions coming between the years 1820 and 1860. This great increase in the total population was accompanied by a like increase in town and city life. In 1800 the dwellers in cities of 8000 or more inhabitants were only four per cent of the whole population, and in 1820 only five per cent; but in 1850 the percentage had risen to twelve, and in 1860 to sixteen.

But alongside this unparalleled national growth there loomed up, bigger and blacker with every decade, a terrible danger. Slavery in the North, having proved unprofitable, had gradually died out, and the Northern conscience

thereupon began to wax tender about the moral wrongs of that system of labor. In the South, on the contrary, where the evils of slavery had once been freely acknowledged, a change of sentiment set in. The growing of cotton, rice, and sugar-cane had become the great industries;[1] slave-labor was deemed essential in them; and so there developed a jealous regard for "the peculiar institution." In particular, the South naturally resented all outside interference with what it regarded as wholly its own affair, this feeling being shared even by Southerners who earnestly desired reform. The question of the extension of slavery into the new states gave rise to a prolonged and bitter struggle; the abolitionists poured oil on the flames by demanding the abolition of slavery in the states where it already existed; compromise after compromise only delayed "the irrepressible conflict"; until at last four years of bloody fratricidal war bought emancipation and national unity at a fearful cost, especially to the torn and bleeding South, with whose sufferings, not yet wholly past, the younger generation at the North can sympathize as their fathers in the stress of battle and the flush of victory could not. The war was a baptism of fire unto a higher life for the whole nation; but the immediate effect was hostile to literature and the fine arts, which have always flourished best in the soil of peace. The fierce political agitation that preceded the war was also unfavorable to the development of literature except in the one domain of oratory, which on the platform and in

[1] In 1850 the cotton crop was valued at $105,600,000; sugar at $12,396,150; rice at $3,000,000. The slave population, which in 1790 was only 697,681 for the whole country, in 1820 had risen to 1,538,022, and in 1850 to 3,204,313.

Congress equalled and in some respects surpassed the oratory of the Revolutionary period.

The other great fact of the times — the rapid national growth — likewise retarded the progress of art in America. The enormous task of settling the great West absorbed energy and talent which might otherwise have gone to the enriching of culture in regions already settled. As it was, the necessarily crude civilization in the new states and territories lowered the level of refinement in the country as a whole and by its effect upon the national ideal reacted unfavorably even upon life in the older states. The case was made worse by wholesale immigration. Europe poured into us her ignorance and poverty, and then sneered at our lack of culture. The hard-handed millions that came to America from many lands earned a welcome by their laborious toil in helping to develop the physical resources of a new continent, but on the whole they were a drag upon the intellectual, moral, and æsthetic life of the nation. Furthermore, the rapid growth of the country, a growth too rapid for perfect health, favored the development of a cheap and vulgar national pride. All foreign critics of American life at this period note the prevalence of an ill-bred boastfulness which swallowed greedily the grossest flattery and showed undue sensitiveness to European and especially to English censure. The almost universal absorption in the pursuit of wealth was still another hinderance to the finer spirituality. Such materialism was natural enough, it was even necessary, in the stage which the country had then reached. Freedom, equality of rights, opportunities open to him who had the vigor to enter, all stimulated individual enterprise; in a land without privi-

leged classes or fixed social castes, wealth was a key not only to comfort but to social and often to political distinction; and a new and rapidly growing country, in which business was brisk and the powerful agencies of modern civilization could be applied on a large scale, afforded tempting chances for the making of fortunes both small and great. In the East, under the stimulus of higher tariffs, manufactures developed rapidly and were very profitable; on river and lake and prairie, cities sprang up like mushrooms; the discovery of gold and other metals in the West begot a frenzy in many brains; the locomotive tunnelled the mountain or scaled its side, blazed a path through vast woods still the haunt of deer, flashed across endless plains where roamed the Indian and the buffalo, and returned bringing great wealth to the hands that sent it forth.[1] It was no wonder that America was fascinated with the game of Mammon, and on the whole it was well that it should be for a time. "Great, intelligent, sensual, and avaricious America," wrote Emerson in 1841.[2] But it was sensual and avaricious largely because it was physically great; and it was to be spiritually great in coming years partly because it was sensual and avaricious for the present, laying with passionate energy the material foundations of a colossal nation. Yet the immediate effect was to keep the national fibre comparatively coarse and to delay the time when the genius of America should find adequate expression in terms of beauty.

[1] In 1840 Chicago was a village of 4479 inhabitants; in 1860 it had a population of 112,172. In 1830 there were 23 miles of railroad in the United States; in 1860 there were 30,600 miles, only 1547 less than in all Europe.

[2] Letter to Carlyle, July 31.

But the picture has a brighter side. Many tendencies of the time were conducive to a much higher development of literature and art than had before been possible in the New World. The consciousness of national unity and greatness was immensely furthered by the struggle against secession, by the building of railroads binding East to West, and North to South, and by the enormous increase in population and wealth, although the full literary fruit from the ever-fruitful tree of a just and noble national pride is yet to be gathered. The mass of the people impressed European travellers as being in a high degree religious, moral, and intelligent — qualities favorable to literary greatness as to greatness of any kind. In the South, education for white children was on the mend; and the settlers of the West carried with them Bible and Spelling-book. Innumerable newspapers cultivated the habit of reading, and disseminated a widespread if superficial intelligence.[1] Magazines, some of high intellectual and literary merit, were now numerous.[2] The lyceum and the popular lecture promoted a genuine if rather provincial intellectual quickening. Colleges were multiplying, and the older ones were becoming cen-

[1] In 1840 there were 1631 newspapers, with an annual issue of 195,838,671 copies; in 1860 there were 4501, with an annual issue of 927,951,548 copies.

[2] Some of the most noteworthy were these: *The North American Review*, 1815–; *The New York Mirror*, 1823–1842; *The Southern Literary Gazette*, 1825; *The American Quarterly Review*, Philadelphia, 1827–1837; *The Southern Review*, 1828–1832; *The Western Review*, 1828–1830; *The New England Magazine*, 1831–1835; *The Knickerbocker*, 1833–1860; *The Western Monthly Magazine*, 1833–1836; *The Southern Literary Messenger*, Richmond, 1834–1864; *Graham's Magazine*, Philadelphia, 1840–1850; *The Southern Quarterly Review*, 1842–1852; *Harper's Monthly*, 1850–; *Putnam's Monthly*, New York, 1853–1857, 1867–1869; *The Atlantic Monthly*, 1857–.

tres of a riper scholarship and a richer culture. Public libraries and museums of art were founded. Wealth, with its attendant leisure and foreign travel, favored the growth of a love for beauty and the things of the intellect. A distinctively American school of landscape-painting began with Cole, Doughty, and others, who handled successfully the scenery of the Hudson and our brilliant autumnal effects;[1] and Trumbull's pictures in the Capitol, on subjects from American history, were at least a respectable beginning in a difficult branch of the painter's art. American sculpture of high merit came from the chisels of Greenough, Powers, Story, and others. The appreciation of music, if not the creation of it, grew in the United States with the century. Societies for the rendering of oratorios were early organized in most of the principal cities, and the Boston Academy of Music was established in 1833; English opera companies found a welcome in New Orleans in 1820, in New York in 1821; an Italian opera was first given in 1825, in the latter city; and Jenny Lind, in her tour a generation later, was everywhere received with rapturous enthusiasm.

In short, the conditions of American life in New England, the Middle States, and parts of the South, were now more favorable than ever before for the production of a large body of good literature; and such a literature was forthcoming. In addition to the general factors already touched upon, there were special reasons why American writers were now better able to clothe their thoughts in that perfection of form upon which so much of the pleasure and even of the value of literature depends. For

[1] The school arose about the year 1825, and hence was nearly contemporary with the new nature poetry of Bryant.

one thing, the increase in the size of the reading public, with the attendant increase in the number and circulation of periodicals and the opportunity for large sales of books, now made it possible for an author to live by his pen, with the natural result that men of talent and genius were able to devote themselves to the art of literature and to attain greater skill in the practice of it.[1] Again, not only was there more culture at home, but the packet and the steamship, by making ocean travel quicker and more comfortable, brought the culture of the Old World nearer to the New; so that, in place of slavish imitation of the letter of foreign models, an intelligent absorption and free reproduction of their spirit was easily possible to the American writer of verse or prose, a more genuine culture and a more genuine independence going hand in hand. With the widening of American scholarship there came, furthermore, a broadening of the literary forces which played upon our literature. The thought and literature of England had been for long the great external influence upon the thought and literature of America; but in the years now under review there was a healthful broadening of knowledge, and the life and literatures of Germany, Italy, Spain, and the north of Europe brought new treasure into the coffers of the American historian, essayist, novelist, and poet.

American writers now also had some advantage over their predecessors in the matter of subjects adapted for imaginative treatment. The new feeling for nature — for

[1] The profits of authorship were, of course, still meagre for many years; and the lack of an international copyright law, by allowing American publishers to steal the labor of English authors, instead of paying for home talent, tended to keep them meagre.

its beauty and sublimity, its mystery and spiritual significance — was aroused in the New World even more easily than in the Old, and proved in fact the source of our earliest poetry of high merit. Indian life was to American writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a frequent subject for history and description, but it lay too near their everyday walk and conversation to lend itself readily to poetic treatment or to imaginative handling in prose; while to Cooper and Longfellow the red man of the forest was sufficiently removed in time to be idealized without difficulty into a pathetic, noble, and romantic figure. American history of the seventeenth century and even of the eighteenth — the personal incidents and the fireside legends, at least, which hang upon the fringe of the greater and too well-known events — had taken on in the nineteenth century something of the poetry of the Past, the more because men of the present age have drawn away so rapidly from the modes of life of their grandsires. The witchcraft in which Cotton Mather believed had a peculiar interest and a high literary value for the unbelieving generation of Hawthorne; and the manners and customs of Revolutionary days acquired in half a century some of the charm of the obsolete.

American authors of the nineteenth century in comparison with their forerunners were thus rich in literary material, but in comparison with their brother craftsmen of Europe they were poor. They lived in a land settled but recently and by a race which had outlived the age of chivalry and poetic superstition. The Puritans brought with them a few valuable devils, but no fairies, brownies, water-kelpies, or dragons to haunt the woods and streams of the New World. American history has been great in

its ideas and in its influence upon the progress of mankind; but it has been deficient in the spectacular, the picturesque, the romantic, the dramatic — in nearly all the elements which the poet and romancer most successfully build up into forms of art. Nature in America is indeed beautiful and magnificent, but it is largely destitute of the heightened charm exerted over most minds by the union of natural beauty with historic association and poetic legend. No ruined castles,

> Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time,

rise along our rivers, to remind the traveller of bygone centuries when there were

> Banners on high, and battles passed below.

No venerable and massive cathedrals stand in our noisy cities, silent memorials of the mellow beauty and religion in the lives of generations long dead. Even the present in America, with its democratic level and monotony, its lack of those poetic and dramatic contrasts of inherited conditions which make society in the Old World more interesting to the artist if also less conducive to the happiness and development of the common people, is comparatively poor in material for literature of the type which has hitherto best held the attention of mankind. These handicaps of the American author in choice of subjects, together with the crudeness of life in much of the country and the practical and moral rather than artistic temper of the mass of the people, may serve to warn us once more that in the field we are about to traverse, rich as it is compared with the tracts already passed, we must not look for literature supremely great. Nor, even within this field, will it be wise to confine our

attention wholly to the best. In the half-century with which we now have to do, some dozen American authors attained to such relative preëminence that it is easy to forget that their writings constitute only a part of the literature of their times; and it is one of the functions of a history of literature to remind the reader that mountains imply foot-hills and a plain, and to help him to see the literary landscape in its entirety. For this reason the work of representative minor writers will be sketched-in as a setting for the greater, that the latter may thereby be taken out of the literary vacuum in which they might otherwise seem to stand.

The **Poets, Essayists,** and **Writers of Prose Fiction** may for convenience be loosely grouped into schools according to the section of the country in which they lived. The New York, or "Knickerbocker," School had precedence in time. Its great names are Irving, Cooper, and Bryant; but it includes several other writers of no mean ability, who, like other minor authors of the period, have a claim upon our gratitude for their part in creating that better literary atmosphere without which their more famous brethren could not have "waxed so great." It is not strange that New York City early developed into somewhat of a literary centre. The mixture of many nationalities in its population encouraged breadth of ideas and a cosmopolitan spirit, at the same time that it afforded some striking contrasts in character and mode of life, the old Dutch element in particular furnishing materials both amusing and picturesque. The beautiful and impressive scenery of the Hudson was another feature of evident literary value. The great drawback, then as now, was the excess of the commercial

spirit over the intellectual and artistic. But the New York even of the years 1820 to 1840 was far from devoid of the finer culture. At the earlier date its population was 123,706, at the later 312,710; and the causes and consequents of the higher civilization in large cities — wealth, leisure, and refinement; churches, schools, colleges, and libraries; the theatre, the opera, the newspaper, and the magazine — were present in more and more abundance.

Among the minor authors who grew up amid these conditions, James K. Paulding (1778–1860), Irving's lifelong friend, and Secretary of the Navy under Van Buren, has an honorable place. He wrote some verse, including *The Lay of the Scotch Fiddle* (1813) — a clever parody on Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, full of honest contempt for the British navy, — and *The Backwoodsman* (1818), a tale of frontier life, in rather prosaic style. But his best work was in prose. He assisted Irving in the *Salmagundi* papers, unaided brought out a second series in 1819–1820, and wrote several tales and novels besides much miscellaneous matter. His best novel, *The Dutchman's Fireside* (1831), combines some of the most attractive features of Cooper's and Irving's work, containing exciting incidents of Indian warfare, delicate pen-pictures of Hudson scenery, and amusing sketches of Dutch life and character. A more brilliant man was Joseph Rodman Drake (1795–1820), a physician, by whose early death American literature suffered a severe loss. *The Culprit Fay*, written in 1819, handles the time-worn material of fairy-lore with a fresh and delicate touch and a fancy that is in places exquisite. Drake's part in the *Croaker* poems, published anonymously in

The Evening Post in 1819, shows his gift for light satiric and society verse; and his poem, *The American Flag*, in the same series, beginning,

> When Freedom, from her mountain height,

unites patriotic fervor with poetic beauty. The name of FITZ-GREENE HALLECK (1790–1867), a bank clerk, is always associated with Drake's because of the close and beautiful friendship between the two men. Halleck was Drake's associate in the popular *Croaker* sallies; and a few of his later poems — *Marco Bozzaris* (1825), a spirited martial lyric on the Greeks' struggle for freedom from the Turks; *Alnwick Castle* (1827), beginning with romantic revery and ending in a vein of humorous satire; *Burns* (1827), of which Burns's sister said, in 1855, "nothing finer has been written about Robert"; and *Red Jacket* (1828), a humorous but sympathetic portrait of the famous Indian chief, who,

> With look like patient Job's eschewing evil;
> With motions graceful as a bird's in air;

was yet

> . . . in sober truth, the veriest devil
> That e'er clinched fingers in a captive's hair!

— won deserved fame in their day, and are not yet wholly forgotten. Most of Halleck's other work is on a lower plane, although *Fanny* (1819), a rather lame attempt to follow in the footsteps of Byron in *Beppo* and *Don Juan*, was popular for several years. JOHN HOWARD PAYNE (1791–1852), actor, playwright, journalist, and United States consul at Tunis, a friend of Irving, Coleridge, and Lamb, is now remembered chiefly by his song of *Home, Sweet Home* (in his drama, *Clari*, 1823); but in his life-

time he had considerable fame as a clever dramatist, *Brutus* (1818) being one of his most successful plays. The more pretentious poems of SAMUEL WOODWORTH (1785–1842) have gone down into oblivion, but he still sips immortality from *The Old Oaken Bucket* (1826). GEORGE P. MORRIS (1802–1864), who with Woodworth founded *The New York Mirror* in 1823, pleased the taste of the times by his short and easy poems of commonplace sentiment—*Woodman, Spare That Tree; My Mother's Bible; The Main Truck;* etc. CHARLES F. HOFFMAN (1806–1884), whose literary life was cut short by insanity in 1849, founded *The Knickerbocker* magazine in 1833, edited several other periodicals, and was a versatile and voluminous author, writing sketches of Western life, two novels (*Vanderlyn* and *Greyslaer*), and many poems; of the poems those on love, nature, and Indian life have some originality, although the influence of Byron and Moore upon them is often apparent. A more considerable figure in the literary world of his day, though he has since sadly dwindled, was NATHANIEL P. WILLIS (1806–1867). It is the fashion nowadays to sneer at Willis's "milk-and-water" paraphrases of Scripture stories, and in truth they are better fitted for babes than for men. But it should be remembered that in these poems of diluted pathos and effeminate sensibility Willis was merely doing with a good deal of literary grace what many other poets of the time were doing with none; and, in particular, that this sickly stuff constituted only a small part of his literary output. Some of his poems have a pretty fancy. His two plays, *Bianca Visconti* (1837) and *Tortesa the Usurer* (acted in New York, 1838; in London, 1839), are written in

manly style, and the lighter scenes show literary deftness and lively wit. His prose writings were varied and entertaining, his sketches of notables whom he met abroad having some permanent interest. And he did much to further general literary culture at home by his labors as founder or editor of several magazines.[1] ALFRED B. STREET (1811–1881), state librarian of New York, in *Frontenac* (1849) made an ambitious but not very successful attempt to handle Indian and frontier life in Scott's narrative manner; his nature poems are full of fine observation, and have some beauty of mood and expression, although they are far inferior to Bryant's in depth and strength; *The Gray Forest-Eagle* (in *Poems*, 1845), his best-known poem, has sweep of pinion, but is more rhetorical than poetical. Let it suffice, in passing to the great trio of the New York group, to mention ROBERT C. SANDS (1799–1832), WILLIAM LEGGETT (1802–1839), RALPH HOYT (1806–1878), PARK BENJAMIN (1809–1864), and HENRY T. TUCKERMAN (1813–1871), who, with "many more whose names on earth are dark," contributed their share to the literature of the Empire State.

WASHINGTON IRVING,[2] the first American man of letters

[1] Some of his works are these: *Sketches* (poems), 1827; *Melanie and Other Poems*, 1835; *Pencillings by the Way*, 1835, 1844; *Letters from under a Bridge*, 1840; *Poems of Passion*, 1843; *Lady Jane and Humorous Poems*, 1844; *Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil*, 1845; *Hurrygraphs*, 1851; *Paul Fane* (novel), 1857; *The Convalescent*, 1859. Willis's father founded *The Youth's Companion* in 1827. The poet established *The American Monthly Magazine* in 1829, which in 1831 was merged in *The New York Mirror*, with which he was connected for many years; in 1839 he started *The Corsair*, to which Thackeray contributed; in 1840, with Morris, he founded *The Home Journal* and was one of its editors for the rest of his life.

[2] LIFE. Born in New York City, April 3, 1783. Father, Scotch

to win the ear of Europe and take the sting of truth out of Sydney Smith's contemptuous question, "Who reads an American book?"[1] was only in part the product of

tradesman; mother, English. Began study of law, 1799. First trip to Europe, 1804–1806. Admitted to New York bar, 1806. Death of Matilda Hoffman, his betrothed, 1809. Became a silent partner in his brothers' cutlery business, 1810. Appointed military aide to Governor Tompkins, 1814. Second residence abroad, 1815–1832: in Great Britain, 1815–1820; in Germany, Austria, France, with two visits to England, 1820–1826; in Spain, 1826–1829; in England, as secretary of United States Legation, 1829–1831. Received medal from Royal Society of Literature, and degree of LL.D. from Oxford, 1830. Return to America, and tour through the Southwest, 1832. Residence at Sunnyside, 1836–1842. Third residence abroad, as minister to Spain, 1842–1846. Last years at Sunnyside, 1846–1859. Died at Sunnyside, Nov. 28, 1859. An Episcopalian.

WORKS. Jonathan Oldstyle letters in *The Morning Chronicle* (owned by Irving's brother Peter), 1802. Salmagundi, Jan. 24, 1807–Jan. 25, 1808, twenty numbers at irregular intervals. The Literary Picture Gallery ("seven numbers of a . . . bagatelle in prose and verse," in which Irving probably "had a hand."—Warner's life of Irving, p. 51), 1808. A History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker, 1809. Articles in *Select Reviews* (afterwards called *The Analectic Magazine*), of which Irving was editor, 1812–1815; Traits of Indian Character and Philip of Pokanoket were reprinted in the English edition of The Sketch Book, and in subsequent American editions. The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. (published in seven parts), 1819–1820. Bracebridge Hall, 1822. Tales of a Traveller, 1824. The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus, 1828; abridged edition, 1829. A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada, 1829. Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus, 1831. The Alhambra, 1832. The Crayon Miscellany: I., A Tour on the Prairies, 1835; II., Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey, 1835; III., Legends of the Conquest of Spain, 1836. Astoria, 1836. Adventures of Captain Bonneville, 1837. Contributions to *The Knickerbocker* magazine, 1839–1841; republished, with some other matter, as Wolfert's Roost, 1855. A Biography of Margaret Davidson, 1841. Oliver Goldsmith: a Biography, 1849. Mahomet and his Successors, 1849–1850. The Life of George Washington, 1855–1859. Collected and revised edition of works, 1848–1850. Most of Irving's writings were published simultaneously in America and England.

[1] "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or

American influences. His parents were natives of Great Britain; he owed most of his culture to prolonged residence abroad; and the larger number of his subjects were taken from the life and history of England and Spain. His youth was not remarkably precocious, although at the age of twelve he contributed poems and essays to a local newspaper, and at thirteen wrote a play, which was acted at a friend's house. He was already devoted to the theatre, hurrying home at nine to attend family prayers, and then climbing out the window to return to the play. A boy of his fun-loving temperament could not be expected to devote himself very seriously, at sixteen, to the study of the law, and in truth Irving was never a hard student of that abstruse subject. Of more value to the future author of *Rip Van Winkle* were the days spent with his gun in Sleepy Hollow in 1798, and a voyage up the Hudson two years later, where (he says) the "Kaatskill Mountains had the most witching effect on my boyish imagination." Upon his coming of age the delicate state of his health induced his brothers to send him abroad; he spent a delightful year and a half in France, Italy, and England, frequenting theatres and art galleries, meeting distinguished men, and by his gentlemanly charm finding easy entrance everywhere into the best society. On his return his life continued for many years to be rather an idle one. He belonged to a circle of convivial spirits, and the delights of society in New York, Albany, Baltimore, and Washington consumed much of his time. Two pieces of literary work —

statue?" — *The Edinburgh Review*, January, 1820. "The courteous and ingenious stranger [Irving] whom we are ambitious of introducing to the notice of our readers." — *The Edinburgh Review*, August, 1820.

Salmagundi and *A History of New York* — gave promise, however, of his future career. It was at this period, also, that the death of his betrothed, a lovely girl of eighteen, brought to Irving the great and lasting sorrow of his life.[1] Partly to divert his mind he resumed the interrupted *History of New York*, and with an aching heart wrote what was to set the world on laughter. This task completed, however, he sank back again into graceful indolence.

During the first years of his second residence abroad, Irving made the acquaintance of Campbell, Scott, and other famous men, and gained that familiarity with English life which appears in the pages of *The Sketch Book*. But it was not till his brothers' bankruptcy, in 1818, that he resolutely gave himself to literature as a profession. His first venture, *The Sketch Book*, at once became popular on both sides of the water, and brought in considerable sums.[2] From this time Irving's life was one of continuous literary labor, interrupted only by travelling and by the duties of public office. His researches into the fascinating history of Spain prolonged his foreign residence far beyond his first intention. But his heart and imagination still clung to the scenes of his youth; and when he returned to America, after an absence of seventeen years, his most cherished ambition was to make for himself "a nest" on the banks of the Hudson, and there

[1] "I cannot tell you," he wrote years afterward, "what a horrid state of mind I was in for a long time. I seemed to care for nothing; the world was a blank to me. . . . I was naturally susceptible, and tried to form other attachments, but my heart would not hold on." – P. M. Irving's life of Irving, Vol. I., pp. 226, 227.

[2] Before his death Irving had earned by his pen $205,383.

spend the remainder of his days. His wish was gratified. In the old Dutch cottage near Tarrytown, overgrown with ivy from Melrose Abbey, he lived for many years, happy in his work and in the companionship of the relatives and friends with whom he loved to fill his bachelor home. Only once did he suffer himself to be drawn away for long,— when he represented his country at the court of Spain; he discharged the duties of his high office with dignity and tact, but was glad to return to his beloved Sunnyside and to his interrupted literary tasks. There his days gently declined, full of cheerful labor almost to the last, and there he died at a ripe old age, lamented by millions at home and abroad.

Of Irving's personal appearance a relative writes: "He had dark gray eyes, a handsome straight nose, . . . a broad, high, full forehead, and a small mouth. . . . His smile was exceedingly genial, lighting up his whole face and rendering it very attractive."[1] George William Curtis says: "There was a chirping, cheery, old-school air in his appearance which was undeniably Dutch. . . . He seemed, indeed, to have stepped out of his own books; and the cordial grace and humor of his address, if he stopped for a passing chat, were delightfully characteristic. He was then our most famous man of letters, but he was simply free from all self-consciousness and assumption and dogmatism."[2] "His usual hours for literary work," says one reporting an interview with him in his last days, "were from morning till noon. . . . He had always been subject to moods and caprices, and

[1] C. D. Warner's life of Irving (American Men of Letters series), p. 48.

[2] *Easy Chair.*

could never tell, when he took up the pen, how many hours would pass before he would lay it down. 'But,' said he, 'these capricious periods of the heat and glow of composition have been the happiest hours of my life. I have never found in anything outside of the four walls of my study any enjoyment equal to sitting at my writing-desk, with a clean page, a new theme, and a mind wide awake. . . . When I was in Spain, . . . and engaged on the Life of Columbus, I often wrote fourteen or fifteen hours out of the twenty-four.' He said that whenever he had forced his mind unwillingly to work, the product was worthless, and he invariably threw it away."[1]

Irving's works fall into three groups: essays, sketches, and tales; descriptions of life in the West; biographies and histories The first group contains most of the writings by which he will be longest known. The Addisonian *Oldstyle* letters are merely promising performances for a youth of nineteen.[2] The *Salmagundi* essays also take their cue from *The Spectator*, but exceed it in frolicsomeness and youthful dash. "Our intention," say the writers[3] in their first number, "is simply to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age." The town took kindly to such good-natured and amusing correction, and the publication was, for the times, a great success.[4] *Salmagundi*

[1] P. M. Irving's life of Irving, Vol. IV., pp. 319–321.

[2] They were, however, generally copied into the newspapers of the day, and procured the young author a visit from C. B. Brown, who invited him to contribute to *The Literary Magazine.*

[3] J. K. Paulding and Irving's brother William were associated with him. William wrote the poems by "Pindar Cockloft." For Paulding's share, see P. M. Irving's life of Irving, Vol. I., pp. 176–178.

[4] It was reprinted in London in 1811; and in *The Monthly Review* was reviewed "much more favorably," says Irving, "than I had expected."

can still be read with considerable pleasure, although the fun is often beaten out too thin and most of it is the effervescence of youth rather than really penetrating humor or wit. The papers contain, however, the germ of much of Irving's subsequent work.[1] *A History of New York* had for its main object "to embody the traditions" of that city "in an amusing form; . . . to clothe home scenes and places and familiar names with those imaginative and whimsical associations so seldom met with in our new country, but which live like charms and spells about the cities of the Old World."[2] A few descendants of old Dutch families, having more pedigree than humor, took the thing in a huff; but in general it was recognized as a humorous extravaganza, and met with a hearty welcome. It found some appreciative readers abroad. Scott declared that his sides were "sore with laughing" over it; and Dickens wrote, "Diedrich Knickerbocker I have worn to death in my pocket." The book has faults enough. It is tediously prolix; the humor is too elaborate, and is sometimes indelicate; and from beginning to end is heard a blare of trumpets

[1] "A chapter of 'The Chronicles of the renowned and ancient city of Gotham' . . . anticipates the humor of Knickerbocker; there are traits of tenderness and pathos suggestive of the plaintive sentiment of the Sketch Book; and the kindly humors of the Cockloft mansion are an American Bracebridge Hall." — E. A. Duyckinck, as quoted in P. M. Irving's life of Irving, Vol. I., p. 211.

[2] *The Author's Apology*, written in 1848, as a preface to the new edition. He says, also, referring to the period of the Dutch domination: "This, then, broke upon me as the poetic age of our city; poetic from its very obscurity; and open . . . to all the embellishments of heroic fiction. I hailed my native city as fortunate above all other American cities, in having an antiquity thus extending back into the regions of doubt and fable." Compare what was said on pages 109–111, about subjects for American literature.

announcing that of course the whole thing is tremendously funny. There is in it, nevertheless, a large body of hearty and genuine laughter, and it improves as it goes on, the mock-heroic capture of Fort Christina being as breezy a passage as any in Fielding. Irving was to do more finished work than Knickerbocker's *New York*, but he would never again do anything quite so free-limbed and robust. *The Sketch Book*, as a whole, has perhaps been commonly rated too high, chiefly because it was the work by which the author first became widely known. "Rip Van Winkle," "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," "Westminster Abbey," "Stratford-on-Avon," "Little Britain," and two or three delightful pictures of English country life are about all the sketches that have really lived. One who nowadays reads the book through finds much of the thought and observation superficial, and the sentiment often overdone. The writer too consciously cherishes his emotions with a lively sense of their preciousness; and in "Rural Funerals," and elsewhere, he seems, like the author of *A Sentimental Journey*, to be smacking his lips delicately over the honey of tears. "Rip Van Winkle," however, is a masterpiece; the dreamy beauty of the Catskills, a poetic old legend, the quaintness of old Dutch life, and the bustle of small politics under a republic are all combined and harmonized with wonderful skill; and there is no finer character-sketch in our literature than the lovable old vagabond, Rip, as he goes slouching through the village, his arms full of children, a troop of dogs at his heels, and the shrill pursuing voice of Dame Winkle dying away in the distance. In *Bracebridge Hall*, which, in its main conception, is an expansion of cer-

tain parts of *The Sketch Book*, the author seems to be making the most of his material, dealing it out in small quantities well diluted. Partly to offset the resulting languor, several tales are introduced, rather flimsily connected with life at Bracebridge Hall but the best part of the book. "The Stout Gentleman" is one of Irving's most life-like, acute, and suggestive sketches. "Dolph Heyliger" returns to Dutch life on the Hudson, where the creator of Diedrich Knickerbocker is always in happy mood. "The Student of Salamanca," with its pleasing union of love and adventure, points forward to the author's subsequent wanderings over the enchanted ground of Spanish history and romance.[1] In *Tales of a Traveller*, placid description now becomes merely a framework for lively narrative. "Strange Stories by a Nervous Gentleman" are sometimes a little broad, and the one about the Young Italian is sentimental, romantic, and morbid in a way now gone out of fashion. In "The Italian Banditti" the story of the Young Robber, by its repulsive tragedy, jars unpleasantly upon the holiday atmosphere of the rest of the section. "The Money-Diggers" describes Dutch life in New York without the diffuseness of Knickerbocker's *History*, but with less wealth of humor. "Buckthorne and His Friends" is the most enjoyable part of the book, containing some capital satire upon the trade of authorship, and, in its pictures of the experiences of a strolling player and literary adventurer, having much of the careless charm of Smollett and Goldsmith. In *The Alhambra*, Irving

[1] Irving's continued indebtedness to *The Spectator* is obvious. Squire Bracebridge is Sir Roger at his country-seat, and the Busy Man is Will Wimble put under a microscope.

had a congenial theme, his dreamy luxuriance and innocent voluptuousness finding their appropriate food in the skies, ruins, and legends of sunny, romantic Spain. The book has a unique value for the practical Anglo-Saxon mind, helping it to catch something of the dreamy romance of life in old Granada.

The second and third groups may be passed over lightly. The books on life in the West, of which *Astoria* is the best, contain many interesting incidents and scenes; but the descriptions were mostly done from notes furnished by others, and, furthermore, Irving was not quite the man to paint adequately the vast panorama of the settling of the West. The biographies and histories have great charm of style, although as historical writings their rank is in the second class. The *Life of Goldsmith* is at once delightful, and true to the spirit of that lovable, garret-haunting Bohemian. The *Life of Columbus*, also, reproduces finely the atmosphere of large romance in the days of the great admiral.

Washington Irving was not a great writer, but he was a very pleasing one. He lacked great passion, great imagination, great thought. His creative power was soon exhausted, and he turned to history for material. He did not see very deeply into human life. His satire, though kindly, is keen; but it is never great. His style sacrifices power to melody and grace; it can soothe and charm, but it cannot electrify; he could say in it all that he had to say, but *King Lear* or *Sartor Resartus* could not be said in it. His humor never goes deep into human nature, and is often extravagant and sometimes strained, although in his later works it is frequently spontaneous and delicate. His sentiment and pathos

are old-fashioned in manner, modern taste preferring a more dramatic or incidental handling of those dangerous elements. But although Irving will never again enjoy the same degree of fame which was his during the first half of the century, his position as an American classic is secure. He did two great services to American literature. He first revealed the romance of the Hudson and of old Dutch life, and he steeped his pages in the sunny tranquillity and placid beauty of his own spirit. American life has always lacked repose, never more so than now; and the modern reader may find wholesome refreshing in the pages of Washington Irving, forgetting there for a time "the weariness, the fever, and the fret" of an electric civilization.

A very different man and a more powerful writer was JAMES FENIMORE COOPER,[1] burly, irascible, pugnacious, hearty in his loves and in his hates, the creator of the

[1] LIFE. Born at Burlington, N. J., Sept. 15, 1789. Father, of Quaker descent and a congressman; mother, of Swedish descent. Family settled in Cooperstown, N.Y., 1790, where Mr. Cooper owned much land. Attended the village school; then became the private pupil of an Albany rector; entered Yale, 1802; dismissed for participation in a frolic, 1805. Served before the mast in a merchant vessel, 1806–1807; served as midshipman in the navy, part of the time on Lakes Ontario and Champlain, 1807–1811. Married Miss DeLancey, 1811; five daughters and two sons were born to him. Resided at Mamaroneck, 1811–1814; Cooperstown, 1814–1817; Scarsdale, 1817–1822; New York, 1822–1826. Lived in Europe, chiefly in France and Italy, 1826–1833; consul at Lyons, 1826–1829. Returned to America, 1833; lived by turns at New York and at Cooperstown. Died at Cooperstown, Sept. 14, 1851; wife died four months later. An Episcopalian.

WORKS. Precaution, 1820. The Spy, 1821. The Pioneers, 1823. The Pilot, 1824 (imprint, 1823). Lionel Lincoln, 1825. The Last of the Mohicans, 1826. The Prairie, 1827. The Red Rover, 1828. The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish (= The Borderers), 1829. The Water-Witch, 1830. The Bravo, 1831. The Heidenmauer, 1832. The Headsman, 1833. The Monikins, 1835. Homeward Bound, 1838. Home as

American novel of adventure. His early life was an excellent preparation for his subsequent career as an author. His childhood was passed on the shores of the beautiful Otsego lake, at the edge of the primeval forest, where the grandeur and wild beauty of nature in the New World could sink their impressions deep into his youthful imagination. He made the acquaintance of trappers and old Indian-fighters, from whom he heard many a thrilling tale and gained some knowledge of woodcraft. He knew the sailor's life on the ocean and the Great Lakes by experience as a common seaman and as an officer in the navy. He was thus unwittingly acquiring a store of material of great literary value; and his three years at college, although they were rather idle ones, must have given him some literary culture. But for a long time the thought of commencing author seems never to have occurred to him. He married young; resigned from the navy at his wife's request; and, having inherited a comfortable property, settled down contentedly to the management of it and to the joys of family

Found (= Eve Effingham), 1838. The History of the Navy of the United States of America, 1839; abridged edition, 1841. The Pathfinder, 1840. Mercedes of Castile, 1840. The Deerslayer, 1841. The Two Admirals, 1842. The Wing-and-Wing (= The Jack o' Lantern), 1842. Wyandotte, 1843. Ned Meyers [the life of one of Cooper's shipmates], 1843. Afloat and Ashore, 1844. Miles Wallingford (= Lucy Hardinge) [sequel to Afloat and Ashore], 1844. Satanstoe, 1845. The Chainbearer, 1846. Lives of Distinguished American Naval Officers, 1846. The Redskins (= Ravensnest), 1846. The Islets of the Gulf, 1846–1848 in *Graham's Magazine;* 1848 in book form, as Jack Tier (= Captain Spike). The Crater (= Mark's Reef), 1847. The Oak Openings (= The Bee Hunter), 1848. The Sea Lions, 1849. The Ways of the Hour, 1850. The titles of the English editions, when they differed from the American, are given in parentheses. Cooper also wrote several tales for *Graham's Magazine*, ten volumes of travels, and a good deal of controversial matter.

life. He was thirty years old before he wrote his first novel, and even then his plunge into the literary life was the result of accident and caprice. One day, while reading an English novel to his wife, he suddenly stopped and said, "I believe I could write a better story myself." A challenge to do so aroused him to the attempt, and the result was *Precaution*, a dull novel of English life, teaching the need of care in entering upon matrimony. The book was a failure, and deserved to be. Still, it showed some promise, and his friends urged him to try again. They counselled well, for *The Spy* was an immense success, and made its author famous at home and abroad.

Cooper now removed to New York City, where he became a prominent figure and founded a club, to which Bryant, Halleck, Verplanck, Chancellor Kent, and other brilliant men belonged. The novels which he put forth with a rapidity rivalling Scott's raised his reputation higher and higher.[1] The income from their sale repaired his somewhat damaged fortune, and enabled him to take an extended European tour with his family. In Paris he received the most flattering attentions from the leaders of society; Scott in his diary for November 6, 1826, speaking of a gathering at the Princess Galitzin's, says, "Cooper was there, so the Scotch and American lions took the field together." Cooper was charmed with French society, and the skies and scenery of Italy he passionately loved. But he was the same sturdy patriot

[1] "I dined yesterday . . . in a company of authors. . . . Mr. Cooper engrossed the whole conversation, and seems a little giddy with the great success his works have met with." — Letter by Bryant, April 24, 1824, in his life by Godwin, Vol. I., p. 189.

as before. European, and especially English, criticism of the United States, often ignorant, prejudiced, or condescending, aroused all the fighter in him, and in works of fiction[1] and public letters he took up cudgels for his country. He soon got himself cordially hated, and even some American newspapers censured him severely for "flouting his Americanism throughout Europe." Thus wounded in the house of his friends while fighting their battles, Cooper returned to America after seven years' absence, aggrieved and irritated. Contrasting the United States with the older civilization of Europe, he found much that needed correction, and he went at the work with his favorite blunt-headed weapon. He speedily had a hornets' nest about his ears; but it was not in him to run. For years the lion-hearted fellow — would that he had also had the wisdom of the serpent! — did battle almost single-handed with the press of America, even carrying the matter into the courts, where he won suit after suit for libel. It was a ruffling and fruitless quarrel. But although it embittered Cooper's later years and absorbed much of his vast energy, it did not prevent him from doing a deal of other work, including two of his best novels. His last days he spent almost wholly in the beautiful region of his childhood, busy with labors and projects, and blessed in the domestic love which, like oil on troubled waters, spread a circle of calm around the old sailor and fighter even when his voyage was stormiest. The end came somewhat suddenly at last, his vigorous constitution breaking down at several points simul-

[1] *Notions of the Americans* (1828), *The Bravo*, *The Heidenmauer*, *The Headsman*.

taneously; but in his sixty-two years he had lived much and well.

Of Cooper's thirty-two novels not more than half have ever been much read, and eight are far superior to all the rest. The reasons for the inferiority of the poorer works are obvious. There was a brilliant story-teller in Cooper, but there was also a prosy moralist and reformer; and when circumstances called the latter to the front, it went hard with the story-teller. Thus in *The Heidenmauer*, *The Monikins*, and *The Redskins*, three of the worst novels, the narrative is insufferably tedious, while the satire is heavy and the ideas uninteresting. The same preaching tendency is responsible for those interminable reflections and conversations which come between scenes of thrilling action in *Wing-and-Wing*, *Afloat and Ashore*, *Homeward Bound*, and other novels with a good story. Furthermore, Cooper's inability to get under way quickly, to make love affairs interesting, and to handle humorous characters successfully — limitations which injure even his best novels — are simply fatal to those in which the compensating merits are few or altogether wanting.

Of the eight novels which by common consent are much the best, *The Pilot* and *The Red Rover* are stories of the sea. Cooper's originality here is not substantially lessened by the fact that it was Scott's *The Pirate* which, by its defects, set him to writing *The Pilot;* for the American sailor not only used sea-lingo more accurately and fully than the Scotch landsman had, but he also made the plot turn and the interest depend chiefly upon the events at sea. In this very true sense Cooper was the creator of the sea-novel; and he is never more in

his element than when once fairly afloat with a good ship under him, a storm brewing on the horizon, a corvette or a wicked but interesting pirate coming up rapidly on the weather-bow, an old tar drawing the long-bow in the forecastle, and the weather-beaten captain or mysterious pilot preparing to execute some manœuvre which shall outwit elements and enemy alike. In scenes of storm and of battle Cooper is nothing less than great. He has an apparently inexhaustible store of incidents, for his marine adventures are as varied as they are interesting. He describes nautical movements with enough precision and detail to give the landsman an agreeable sense of novelty and a comfortable assurance that the thing was properly done, yet avoids that excess of technical language which only perplexes and fatigues. And he succeeds in making one realize something of the true sailor's love for the sea and for his vessel; we groan with Long Tom as the *Ariel* drives to her death on a lea shore. But his best sea-characters are not interesting merely because they are sailors. They are also real and true men. The lank Yankee tar, with a hitch to his trousers and a crotchet in his head, as good at spinning a yarn or criticising the tactics of his superior as at splicing a rope or coolly manning a gun in the heat of action; the rough sailing-master, who maybe swears too much, but takes tender care of his old mother on shore and dies with his thoughts divided between her and his duties; the bluff captain, cheerily concealing his anxiety, in time of peril, from the delicate women committed to his care; the gallant young naval officer, American or English, who manfully risks life and love in his country's cause, — these and other sea-types live vividly in Cooper's

pages; and the reader is braver and more generous-hearted for knowing them.

The Spy stands somewhat by itself, being more strictly a historical novel than any other of the best eight.[1] Its portrait of Washington is hardly recognizable; but its sympathetic pictures of the embarrassing position of a mild Tory,[2] and of the lawless border-warfare, are true to the times. The chief interest of the book, however, centres in Harvey Birch, the spy, who is one of the author's best portraitures for the pathos of his situation and the moral dignity of his character.[3] But Cooper's most distinctive work is his Leatherstocking tales.[4] He was the creator of the novel of Indian adventure, and his followers are not his rivals. He was fortunate in being near enough to the life of Indian and trapper without being too near; in consequence, he could make his scenes and actors at once lifelike and ideal. He was also fortunate in his temperament. There was a vein of large poetry in him, which enabled him to paint

[1] The story of the spy himself is founded upon fact, Cooper getting it from John Jay. Of the poorer novels, *Satanstoe* gives a faithful picture of colonial life in New York at the middle of the eighteenth century, and describes scenes connected with Abercrombie's defeat on Lake George in 1758; *Mercedes* deals with the first voyage of Columbus.

[2] Cooper's wife came of a Tory family.

[3] *The Spy* was soon translated into all the principal languages of Europe. It is on record that a distinguished French spy under Louis Philippe drew his inspiration from the example of Birch. In a book on Nicaragua, published the year after Cooper's death, the author says that *The Spy* "seems to be better known in Spanish America than any other work in the English language; I found it everywhere." See Lounsbury's life of Cooper, pp. 37, 38.

[4] *The Deerslayer*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Pioneers*, *The Prairie*. This order, which is the chronological one with reference to the life of Leatherstocking, is easily remembered by the fact that the titles follow the order of the alphabet.

nature in the New World with a powerful brush — the beauty of the wood-encircled lake, the grandeur and solitude of the unpeopled forest, the oceanlike expanse of the prairie. He was also, like his great contemporary Scott, a natural fighter, and flung himself with robust joy into descriptions of deadly peril and hairbreadth escapes. It is the abundance of thrilling incident in these novels that gives them their absorbing interest, and criticisms upon their faults in other respects consequently fall to the ground. We forgive the young men for their insipid love-making, because they fight so well. We forgive the "females" for their lovely helplessness, since they exist merely to be rescued. We perhaps ought to forgive Leatherstocking for his ill-timed garrulity, — although most of us probably do not, — seeing that it is our interest in his daring, coolness, and skill which makes us impatient of his philosophy. But it would be unjust to Cooper to imply that none of his land-characters are interesting in themselves. Chingachgook and Uncas awake admiration for their noble qualities; *The Last of the Mohicans* is made really tragic by the pathetic death of the young chief. Cooper's good Indians may never have existed outside his pages; but as ideal figures they are certainly interesting inside his pages, and for a romancer that is the main thing.[1] Leatherstocking is the greatest of the author's creations.

[1] There is no need to renew the controversy about the truthfulness of Cooper's delineation of Indian character; the topic is already as bald as if the Big Serpent had passed his knife around the head of it. But the reader may at least be reminded that Cooper knew and studied Indians, and that he represented most of them as drunken, cruel, and treacherous; if therefore he endowed a few with qualities not in fact possessed by any, he doubtless did it deliberately as a legitimate device of the romancer's art.

Not the least of his merits as a figure in the novels is the deep and poetic harmony which exists between his nature and the vast solitudes in which he lives. He is a middle term between civilization and nature; the buckskin hamadryad of the New World; an American Pan, with a Christian soul instead of heathen hoofs. The consistency with which his character is maintained is surprising, especially when one remembers that the last novel in which he appears was written eighteen years after the first. The difficulty was further increased by the fact that he was first conceived as an old man, and his youth described last of all, while the other periods of his life were filled-in in very erratic order. Yet he is fundamentally the same man from beginning to end, the secondary differences caused by differences in age and situation making the portrayal only the more deeply consistent. *The Pioneers* is the poorest of the series; for Cooper's interest in the scenes of his youth led him into too much description at the start, and the subsequent action is comparatively tame. *The Pathfinder* suffers a good deal from the clumsy humor, the tedious dialogues on love and religion, and Pathfinder's unnatural rôle as a lover; but the running the gauntlet into the fort and the scenes on the island are superb. "Its interest is tremendous," said Balzac. *The Last of the Mohicans* will probably always be the favorite with the majority of readers, for its almost uninterrupted rush of thrilling incident. But *The Deerslayer* has an unrivalled freshness in its pictures of nature and of the young hunter and the young brave; and in *The Prairie* the account of the squatter's grim justice and of the quickening of his own conscience contains a moral

depth and a stern strength not elsewhere seen, while the tranquil death of the aged hunter has an autumnal beauty.

Cooper is the only American author who has been widely read on the continent of Europe, and he is a worthy representative of the largeness and primitive vigor of life in the New World. The romance of the American forest and prairie, of the American Indian, hunter, scout, and pioneer, allures cultured and uncultured alike through his pages; and in the successive removes of Leatherstocking, as he retreats before the westward-setting tide of civilization, may be read the New World's epic of action in the conquest of a continent. But the culture, the deeper thought, the humor, and many other phases of American life are poorly, or not at all, represented in Cooper's writings. His workmanship is careless. His style at its best has rapid motion and rich color — the two qualities most needed in the semi-historical novel of action; but it is unpolished, and often slipshod, heavy, and diffuse. In the conduct of the story he shows much skill, especially in single scenes, excelling in the art of prolonged and breathless suspense.[1] His character-drawing is primitive in method and narrow in range. A few

[1] A favorite method with him is to open with a series of exciting events, which have a certain unity by themselves; a short lull follows, after which the main action begins. The method allows of variety and length of action without fatigue, and the first series of incidents also serves to make the reader acquainted with the characters, so that in the main action they have an added interest as old and well-tried friends. In *The Pathfinder* the preliminary action ends with the entrance into the fort; in *The Prairie*, with the squatter's gaining possession of the rock; in *The Pilot*, with the ship's escape from the breakers; in *The Red Rover*, with the shipwreck of the hero and heroine and their rescue by the Rover.

simple and noble types he could depict admirably; for the rest, he resorted to pasteboard and the shears, or set a wooden manikin to capering stiff-jointedly in most doleful-merry fashion.[1] He has been often compared to Scott. The points of likeness are obvious. But the two men were, after all, very different, and the American novelist is on the whole decidedly inferior. He is the equal of the Scotchman, if not his superior, in feeling for the large aspects of nature, in pictures of sea-life, and in rapid, intense action. But the Wizard of the North is superior in style, in humor, in pathos, in command of the uncanny and supernatural, in character-portrayal, and in power and sweep of imagination. Nevertheless, Cooper in his own more limited field is great; and his genius is more distinctively American than that of either of his two immediate predecessors in prose fiction.

William Cullen Bryant[2] came of the purest New

[1] One phase of his careless workmanship is his suddenly thrusting some mannerism of speech into the mouth of a character and making him thenceforth use it continually; thus Cap, in *The Pathfinder*, is presented with the word "circumstances" in Chapter XIII., and thenceforth harps upon it continually to the end of the book. Consistency of character is sometimes sacrificed to the needs of the plot, as when Sergeant Dunham and Cap, in the same novel, are suddenly made hyper-suspicious of Jasper Western, because the action required that he should be deprived of his command.

[2] Life. Born in Cummington, Mass., Nov. 3, 1794. Attended district school; studied Latin and Greek with two clergymen; spent seven months at Williams College as a sophomore, 1810–1811; studied law at Worthington and Bridgewater, 1811–1815. Adjutant in militia, 1816–1817. Practised law at Plainfield, 1816; at Great Barrington, 1816–1825. Married Frances Fairchild, 1821; two daughters were born to him. Editor of *The New York Review*, 1825–1826; an editor and part owner of *The United States Review*, 1826–1827; assistant editor of the New York *Evening Post*, 1826–1829; editor-in-chief, with partial ownership, 1829–1878. Visited Illinois, 1832, 1841, 1846;

England stock, one of his paternal ancestors having settled in Massachusetts about 1632, and his mother being a descendant of John Alden. The poet spent the first thirty years of his life in Massachusetts, where he wrote many of his best poems; but for half a century he lived in New

the South, 1843, 1873; Europe, 1834–1836, 1845, 1849, 1857–1858, 1866–1867; Cuba, 1849; Europe and the Orient, 1852–1853; West Indies and Mexico, 1872. Bought estate near Roslyn, Long Island, 1843; the old homestead at Cummington, 1865. Wife died, 1865. Gave public library to Cummington, 1872. Died in New York City, June 12, 1878; buried at Roslyn. A Unitarian.

WORKS. The Embargo, 1808; second edition, 1809, with "The Spanish Revolution" and other poems. Poems, 1821 — "The Ages," "To a Waterfowl," "Fragment from Simonides," "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," "The Yellow Violet," "Song" (Soon as the glazed, etc.), "Green River," "Thanatopsis." Poems, 1832 — included eighty-two new poems: "Forest Hymn," "The Rivulet," "The Massacre at Scio," "Monument Mountain," "Song of Marion's Men," "The Hurricane," "Summer Wind," "A Winter Piece," "Oh Fairest of the Rural Maids," "June," "To the Fringed Gentian," "To a Cloud," "After a Tempest," "Lines on Revisiting the Country," "The Death of the Flowers," etc.; reprinted, London, 1832. "Medfield" and "The Skeleton's Cave," in Tales of the Glauber Spa, 1832. Poems, 1834 — included four new poems: "The Prairie," etc. Poems, 1836 — included twelve new poems: "The Living Lost," "Earth," "The Hunter of the Prairies," etc. The Fountain and Other Poems, 1842 — consisted of fifteen new poems: "The Green Mountain Boys," "An Evening Reverie," "The Painted Cup," "The Antiquity of Freedom," etc. The White-Footed Deer and Other Poems, 1844 — consisted of ten new poems: "Noon," "The Crowded Street," "A Summer Ramble," "A Hymn of the Sea," etc.; reprinted, with the previous poems, as The Poetical Works, London, 1844. Poems, 1847 — included two new poems. Letters of a Traveller, 1850; second series, 1859. Poems, 1854 — included ten new poems: "The Unknown Way," "Oh Mother of a Mighty Race," "The Land of Dreams," "The Snow-Shower," "A Rain Dream," "Robert of Lincoln," etc. Thirty Poems, 1863 (imprint, 1864) — included twenty-seven new poems: "The Planting of the Apple Tree," "The Wind and Stream," "The Song of the Sower," "The Cloud on the Way," "The Tides," "A Day Dream," "Waiting by the Gate," "Sella," "The Little People of the Snow," etc. Letters from the East, 1869. Translation of the Iliad, 1870. Translation of the Odyssey, 1871–1872. Orations and Addresses, 1873.

York, and may therefore most conveniently be classed with the Knickerbocker school. His early surroundings were favorable for the development of a poet of nature. In natural beauty western Massachusetts resembles the English lake district,— streams, lakes, valleys, and mountains combining into a whole of singular variety and charm; it is no wonder that the boy was from "earliest years a delighted observer of external nature."[1] Nor was the stimulus of books wanting. Bryant's father, a physician and a state legislator, was a man of literary tastes, writing respectable verse himself, and his library was pretty well stocked with the best English writers. The poet was precocious, knowing his letters at sixteen months and writing verses at eight years, while *The Embargo* was an astonishing performance for a green country lad of thirteen.[2] He was an ardent student. Greek fascinated him, and he made rapid progress in it. His father's circumstances not allowing him, however, to complete a college course, he gave himself with fidelity to the study of the law. But nature and poetry were his deepest love, and he could not forego them altogether. It was just as he was about to begin his law studies that he wrote *Thanatopsis*, in the autumn of 1811; and four years later, climbing the hills at sunset to his first place of trial as a practitioner of the law, he saw a waterfowl "darkly painted on the crimson sky," and his law career began with an immortal poem written that very night. An unfortunate love affair threw a dark cloud over him

[1] Autobiography, in Godwin's life of Bryant, Vol. I., p. 25.

[2] In early years he was accustomed, he says, to pray to God "with great fervor" that he "might receive the gift of poetic genius, and write verses that might endure." — Autobiography, in Godwin's life of Bryant, Vol. I., p. 26.

for awhile during his legal studies; but it passed away, and a letter written in 1814 shows that the author of *Thanatopsis* was not above enjoying balls and sailing-parties. The War of 1812 meantime was becoming more and more unpopular in New England, and talk of secession was not uncommon. The future editor of *The Evening Post* and author of *Not Yet* was a rather warm secessionist in those days, joining the militia "for the defence of the state" in case it should be necessary to resist the central government.[1] But the muse, and not Bellona, was about to bring him fame. Doctor Bryant had discovered the manuscript of *Thanatopsis* and of a few other poems, hidden in the pigeon-holes of a desk; and when his friend Phillips, one of the editors of *The North American Review*, asked him for a contribution from his talented son, he sent *Thanatopsis* and the *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood.* Both poems appeared in the *Review* for September, 1817, and were recognized by the judicious as the best poetry that had yet been published in America.[2] Bryant now became an occasional contributor in verse and prose to *The North American Review* and to Dana's *The Idle Man;* and in 1825 he threw up the law altogether, although he was now getting some reputation in it,[3] and, removing

[1] "The force now to be organized may not be altogether employed against a foreign enemy; it may become necessary to wield it against an intestine foe." "It will be time enough [next June] to tell the world that the original compact between the States is dissolved [*i.e.*, if it should then be necessary]." — Bryant's letters in 1814 and 1815, in Godwin's life of him, Vol. I., pp. 129, 135.

[2] When R. H. Dana heard *Thanatopsis* read from manuscript, he said, "Phillips, you have been imposed upon; no one on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such verses." — Godwin's life of Bryant, Vol. I., p. 150.

[3] He was called to argue cases at New Haven and before the Supreme Court at Boston.

to New York, began that long editorial career which was to end only with his life. It is not necessary to follow it in detail. As editor of the *Post*, which he conducted with great ability and high principle, he wielded a steadily increasing influence. He became in time the foremost citizen of New York, universally respected and in his old age revered. The increasing prosperity of his newspaper enabled him to take those many foreign trips which broadened his view without in the least diminishing his deep and intelligent Americanism. It also surrounded him and his loved ones with abundant comforts in declining years, and helped to prolong his days, in moderate toil, to an age reached in such vigor by very few among the sons of men. And when at last he fell, he fell as the granite column falls, smitten from without, but sound within.[1]

Bryant's hale old age was due in part to heredity, his ancestors being famous for longevity and strength.[2] But in youth he was puny, and throughout most of his life he subjected himself to a careful regimen in food, drink, and exercise.[3] Mr. Godwin gives this picture of him at

[1] On May 29 the wonderful old man, then in his eighty-fourth year, made an address in Central Park at the raising of a statue to Mazzini, the Italian patriot. His uncovered head was for a time exposed to the full glare of the sun. Shortly after, while entering a house, he fell backward, striking his head upon the stone steps; concussion of the brain and paralysis resulted.

[2] The poet says of his father, "He would take up a barrel of cider and lift it into a cart over the wheel." — Godwin's life of Bryant, Vol. I., p. 3.

[3] He thus described his manner of life at seventy-seven: "I rise early, . . . about half-past five; in summer half an hour, or even an hour, earlier. Immediately, . . . I begin a series of exercises. . . . These are performed with dumb-bells, . . . with a pole, and a light chair swung round my head. After a full hour . . . passed in this manner, I bathe from head to foot. . . . Animal food I never take at

middle age: "He was of . . . medium height, spare in figure, with a clean-shaven face, unusually large head, bright eyes, and a wearied, severe, almost saturnine expression of countenance. One, however, remarked at once the exceeding gentleness of his manner, and a rare sweetness in the tone of his voice, as well as an extraordinary purity in his selection and pronunciation of English."[1] In old age he had the look of a Hebrew prophet. With a reference to this majesty of appearance and the yet greater majesty of his high soul, George William Curtis said: "We saw in his life the simple dignity which we associate with the old republics. So Lycurgus may have ruled in Sparta, so Cato may have walked in Rome — an uncrowned regality in that venerable head."[2] Yet with all his great qualities, Bryant has been accused of being cold. Hawthorne found him so.[3] Even as a young man he had a certain reserve, which allowed of no familiarities. He did not wear his heart on his sleeve, and he could not tolerate gush. But those who knew him intimately found "hidden depths of feeling" under his "calm and unimpassioned manner";[4]

breakfast. Tea and coffee I never touch at any time. . . . After breakfast I occupy myself for a while with my studies; and when in town I walk down to the office of the 'Evening Post,' nearly three miles distant, and after about three hours return, always walking, whatever be the weather or the state of the streets. . . . In the country I dine early, . . . making my dinner mostly of vegetables. . . My drink is water, yet I sometimes, though rarely, take a glass of wine." — Godwin's life of Bryant, Vol. II., pp. 297–298.

[1] Life of Bryant, Vol. I., p. 334.

[2] Commemorative address on Bryant, in *Orations and Addresses*, Vol. III., p. 360.

[3] "A very pleasant man to associate with, but rather cold, I should imagine, if one should seek to touch his heart with one's own." — *French and Italian Note-Books*, May 22, 1858.

[4] Godwin's life of Bryant, Vol. II., p. 309.

his home life was beautiful; and his friendships, though few, were strong and lasting.[1] Yet intellect and abstract principle were a large part of his nature, and Hawthorne's amended phrase states the case well: "He is not eminently an affectionate man."[2]

Bryant wrote excellent prose. His letters of travel, full of keen observation, are written in delightful English. He developed a peculiar talent for commemorative addresses, the one on Washington Irving being perhaps the most notable. His tales were less successful, as he had not much narrative gift. He is famous chiefly as a poet of nature. Yet other elements appear frequently in his verse — the Indians; freedom, slavery, and war; love; the fanciful and the supernatural; meditations on life and death. In a few poems he attempted humor, but his Mayflower ancestry laid heavy hands upon it.[3] His treatment of love, also, is slight and incidental. Of the lines suggested by slavery, freedom, and war, only the *Song of Marion's Men* allures to many re-readings; in that one hears the very gallop of those light-heeled troopers, making half a holiday of their

[1] His intimacy with R. H. Dana was lifelong. Upon first going to New York, he became one of the little circle of literati and artists who soon formed themselves into "The Sketch Club," successor to Cooper's "Bread and Cheese Lunch" and forerunner of "The Century Club." Yet Mr. Godwin says that when he first became acquainted with the poet, in 1836, he "was surprised to observe how few habitual visitors he seemed to have," and that "this seclusion was due partly to choice," but that in later years "he began to feel more and more the need of intimate associations," and in old age his friends observed "how he had mellowed with time, the irritabilities of his earlier days had been wholly overcome, his reluctance to mingle with men was quite gone." — Life of Bryant, Vol. I., pp. 335, 336, 408, Vol. II., p. 390.

[2] *French and Italian Note-Books*, June 9, 1858.

[3] About the year 1823, Bryant even wrote a farce, *The Heroes*, in ridicule of duelling, and tried in vain to get it staged in New York.

plucky and picturesque fight for freedom. The Indian poems are not very successful. It is difficult to realize the woes of an Indian who says "methinks" and describes the white man's coach-and-four in the manner of a Queen Anne poetaster: —

> And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
> Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.[1]

Bryant succeeds better when he uses Indian customs and beliefs as a setting for universal human passion, as in *The Indian Girl's Lament* and *Monument Mountain;* or merely describes the Indian without attempting to make him talk, as in *The Disinterred Warrior.*

Nearly all of Bryant's best poetry has to do with nature, life and death, or creations of the fancy. The nature poetry and the meditations on life and death are often combined in the same poem. His favorite method was to begin by describing some natural object — a river, a prairie, a breeze, — and then imagine the various phases of human life that had been or would be associated with it; a commonplace and rather cheap device, that does not improve with repetition. The same love of broad surveys appears also in poems wholly meditative, as *The Ages*, *The Crowded Street*, and *The Flood of Years*, which represent his early, middle, and later work, and show how persistent was this tendency of his reflective, non-dramatic temperament. None of his purely meditative poems is remarkable.[2] In fact, Bryant

[1] *An Indian at the Burial-Place of his Fathers.*

[2] *The Ages* has been much over-praised; its handling of the Spenserian stanza is stiff, and its review of history crude. *The Crowded Street* and *Waiting by the Gate* rise little above the level of the better class of newspaper poetry. *The Flood of Years* is dignified commonplace.

loses the better part of his strength when he loses contact with the earth. *Thanatopsis* is his greatest reflective poem largely because its central thought rises so directly out of the contemplation of a sublime fact of nature, and is practically one with it. As the youthful poet gazed upon the face of nature at the fall of the leaf, and, sending his thought over the earth, back into the past, and onward into the future, beheld death everywhere as a great natural fact, something of the large steadfastness and solemn calm of the All-Mother came into his soul and gave birth to this poem: since death is natural and universal, it must be well; the sublimity of the eternal process stills the spirit's petty flutterings, and brings a high, stern calm. R. H. Stoddard has said that *Thanatopsis* is "the greatest poem ever written by so young a man." "What renders it more remarkable," adds Mr. Godwin, "is the suddenness with which it breaks away from everything he had hitherto attempted." Up to this time his verses had been conventional though clever echoes of English poetry of the eighteenth century. But here was a poem which "came out of the heart of our primeval woods,"[1] and has a style and a music of its own — stately but not pompous, solemn but not heavy, combining the richness of the organ with the freedom of the swaying woods and the rolling sea.[2]

[1] Godwin's life of Bryant, Vol. I., p. 99.

[2] Just before writing *Thanatopsis* he had been reading Henry Kirke White's poems, much taken with their "melancholy tone," Blair's *Grave*, Porteus on *Death*, Southey's shorter poems, and Cowper's *The Task*. The germ of the thought, as Mr. Godwin points out, is in these lines by Blair: —

> What is this world?
> What but a spacious burial-field unwalled,
> Strewed with death's spoils, the spoils of animals

In other of the nature poems reflection sinks to a subordinate place or is omitted altogether. The *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood* breathes the very essence of woodland life — the calm shade, the cool breeze, the barky moisture, the glad animal and insect life, the mossy antiquity, the warm sunshine striking in through the swaying treetops, the green wildness and freedom of it all. It smells of the moist earth more than anything in Wordsworth, is a step nearer to the essence of primitive nature. In *A Forest Hymn* there is the same breath of the fresh woods, with more elevation of thought; Bryant's sense of the presence of God in nature is as immediate and real as Wordsworth's, but is not so deep and large, and in style the poem nowhere approaches the sublimity of parts of *Tintern Abbey*. But Bryant is again superior to Wordsworth in the larger and sterner phases of the elemental feeling for nature. *The Hurricane* has no parallel in the poems of the English poet for its imaginative abandon to the

> Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
> The very turf on which we tread once lived,
> And we that live must lend our carcasses
> To cover our own offspring; in their turns
> They, too, must cover theirs.

Godwin continues, in a passage which deserves transcription: "The versification may, perhaps, bear traces of Cowper and Southey, although it is more terse, compact, energetic, and harmonious than either of them; its pauses, cadences, rhythms are different, and it has a movement of its own, a deep organ-like roll, which corresponds to the sombre nature of the theme. A lingering memory of the sublime lamentations of Job, an impression from the Greeks of that ineffable sadness which moans through even their lightest music, and his recent readings, may all have conspired to influence its tone; but the real inspiration of it came from the infinite solitudes of our forests, stretching interminably inland over the silent work of death ever going on within their depths." — Life of Bryant, Vol. I., p. 99.

delirium of storm. In *Summer Wind*, "fierce sunshine," "dazzling light," "bright clouds," and "brazen sky" are depicted with Greek-like severity and radiance; and in *After a Tempest* and *June* the sense of sunshine lying rich and golden along the earth is conveyed powerfully with a few words. In *The Prairie* earth and sky are felt in their elemental simplicity and largeness. Yet the lighter, prettier, more delicate phases of nature are handled with joyousness and grace in *Green River*, *The Yellow Violet*, *To the Fringed Gentian*, *Robert of Lincoln*, and other poems; while the poet's minute and loving knowledge of nature is shown almost everywhere.[1] Bryant moralizes nature too much. In *To a Waterfowl* the lesson springs naturally from his poetic feeling of fellowship with the bird — both are creatures of the Great God, "lone wandering, but not lost"; it therefore deepens the spiritual significance, without injury to the poetry, although it might have been introduced with less formality. But in several other poems the moral is obtruded, and nature seems to be degraded into a text. Bryant is most like Wordsworth in the poems which speak of the calming and elevating influence of nature upon man.[2] The two poets are also alike in having written little upon mountains or the sea. But in gen-

[1] There is special delicacy and beauty of observation in *The Death of the Flowers*, *The Snow-Shower*, *A Rain-Dream*. Bryant's friends speak of the range and accuracy of the knowledge of natural objects which he would incidentally reveal in the course of a walk. He was a skilled botanist.

[2] In *Oh Fairest of the Rural Maids* the similarity to *Three Years She Grew* is too close to be accidental. *A Summer Ramble* reminds one of *To My Sister*. *The Yellow Violet* suggests *To the Daisy*. *Lines on Revisiting the Country*, *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood*, *A Forest Hymn*, and other poems, have striking points of resemblance to *Tintern Abbey*.

eral Bryant is as original as Wordsworth. The English poet had a powerful effect upon him, but it was by unlocking the treasures in his own soul, not by setting him models for imitation.[1]

It has usually been said that Bryant had no poetic development, but this is not wholly true. His fancy was a late flower; and the poet who in youth wrote poems for old men, in age wrote charming verses for children. This new emphasis upon the fanciful appeared first in a few nature poems, as *To a Cloud*, *The Painted Cup*, and *The Wind and Stream*. It was accompanied by an unsuccessful attempt to handle the weird supernatural, in *Catterskill Falls* and *The Strange Lady*. But in later years the beautiful supernatural received delicate treatment in *Sella* and *The Little People of the Snow*.[2] Bryant's translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* shows somewhat the fatigue of age; it also fails to reproduce the rapidity and sustained poetical elevation of the

[1] Bryant first read the *Lyrical Ballads* in 1810. "He said that, upon opening the book, a thousand springs seemed to gush up at once in his heart, and the face of Nature, of a sudden, to change into a strange freshness and life." — R. H. Dana, as quoted in Godwin's life of Bryant, Vol. I., p. 104.

[2] Bryant's workmanship, too, shows development in these poems. The blank verse is not the blank verse of *Thanatopsis*; it is lighter, more rapid, as befits a story-poem, and, like the delicately sensuous style, seems to show the influence of Tennyson: —

> . . . The bride
> Stood in the blush that from her burning cheek
> Glowed down the alabaster neck, as morn
> Crimsons the pearly heaven half-way to the west.
> At once the harpers struck their chords; a gush
> Of music broke upon the air; the youths
> All started to the dance. Among them moved
> The queenly Sella with a grace that seemed
> Caught from the swaying of the summer sea.

original; yet on the whole it is probably the best rendering of Homer into English verse.

Bryant's range was narrow, and even within it his really good work is small in amount. But his best poems have enduring value. His style is pure, terse, and strong. His verse has little elasticity and no magic, but is always correct and sometimes richly musical. His imagination was a bird of strong wing for short flights. He had no dramatic sense, little humor, and no intensity or warmth of passion. There was in him a good deal of the Puritan sternness and inflexibility; he lacked imaginative mobility and the grace of sympathy. But he had the Puritan virtues, too, for they were in his blood and had been nourished by the moral and religious atmosphere of a typical New England home.[1] Truth, justice, purity, reverence were the air in which his spirit lived, without which it would stifle; and these high qualities pervade his poetry and make it tonic. The wind that blows through it, though cold, is bracing. And his sternness is the sternness of granite — good to build upon. His name will endure as that of the poet who first gave large utterance to the voice of Nature in the New World.

Several minor writers resident in the city or state of New York, belonging to a somewhat later day than those already mentioned, must be spoken of briefly before taking leave of the New York group. HERMAN MELVILLE

[1] Speaking of his mother, Bryant says: "If in the discussion of public questions, I have . . . endeavored to keep in view the great rule of right without much regard to persons, it has been owing in a good degree to the force of her example, which taught me never to countenance a wrong because others did." — Godwin's life of Bryant, Vol. I., p. 4.

(1819–1891) wrote *Typee* (1846), a narrative of his life among cannibals in the South Seas; *Moby Dick* (1851), and other novels; *The Piazza Tales* (1856); *Battle-Pieces* (1866) and other poems and prose works; all showing much strength and talent. The *Poems* (1845) of WILLIAM W. LORD (1819–) have facility and sweetness, the influence of Coleridge and Keats being apparent in them; *Christ in Hades* (1851), in Miltonic blank verse, is heavy and obscure; but *André* (1856), a tragedy, has much nobility of tone. WILLIAM R. WALLACE (1819–1881), whose earlier poems — *The Battle of Tippecanoe* (1837), *Alban the Pirate* (1848) — were modelled upon Scott and Byron, while his later — *Meditations in America* (1851), etc. — are often Tennysonian, is now remembered only by his song, *The Sword of Bunker Hill* (1861). JOHN G. SAXE (1816–1887) was Hood's worthy successor in the knack of punning in verse; his humorous poems, as *The Proud Miss Macbride* (in *Poems*, 1850), and *The Masquerade* (1866), often have a moral under the fun; his more serious poems — *Progress* (1846), a satire; *The Money-King* (1854); *Clever Stories of Many Nations* (1865); *Leisure-Day Rhymes* (1875), etc. — are bright and clever; but all his work is superficial, greatly inferior to that of Holmes in penetrating sparkle. WILLIAM A. BUTLER (1825–1902) published novels and *Poems* (1871), but his literary wardrobe is now practically reduced to *Nothing to Wear* (1857), an amusing satire on women of fashion. ALICE CARY (1820–1871) was born in Ohio, but with her sister PHŒBE, whose gifts were much more commonplace, removed to New York in 1852.[1] She lives chiefly by her poems of personal

[1] The sisters jointly published *Poems*, 1850. Alice published *Clover-*

feeling, which at their best are sweetly lyrical, full of bright fancy, beautiful diction, and delicate observation of nature, resembling the verse of Keats and Tennyson. Her ballads and other verses for children, though often moral in intent, are playful. Her religious poems are at once devout and beautiful. Alice Cary's poetical vein was slender, but it was pure gold.

The continued literary sterility of the South is at first sight surprising. Intellect was not lacking — a glance at the history of the country is enough to prove that. Education and a certain sort of literary culture were not wanting among the upper class; there were good private schools, and the eldest sons of the rich planters commonly received a university education at the North or in England. Poetic passion and sense for beauty are native to the Southern blood and the Southern sky; while the existence of a leisure class and of a picturesque social order directly favored literary productiveness. If this were the whole picture, it might naturally have been expected that the sunny South, settled by the song-loving Cavalier, would have become the cradle of American art, the Italy of the New World. But it was not so. Great generals, wise statesmen, brilliant orators she has given us, but our most famous poets and romancers have nearly all been natives of the North. The explanation, after all, lies on the surface. Down to the time of the Civil War the Southern people, to use the words of a recent Southern writer,[1] "were living a primitive life, a life full of

nook, 1852–1853, two series of prose sketches; *Hagar*, 1852, a story; *Pictures of Country Life*, 1859; *Ballads, Lyrics, and Hymns*, 1866; *A Lover's Diary*, 1867, a poem; etc.

[1] W. P. Trent, in his life of W. G. Simms, p. 31.

survivals." They were "descendants, in the main, of that 'portion of the English people who . . . had been least modernized, who still retained a large element of the feudal notions.' . . . Slavery helped feudalism, and feudalism helped slavery; and the Southern people were largely the outcome of the interaction of these two formative principles." Similarly, another Southern writer[1] says: "The South changed far less after its separation from Great Britain than did the North. . . . Assuming provincialism to be . . . 'localism, or being on one side and apart from the general movement of contemporary life,' the South was provincial. . . . The world was moving with quicker strides than the Southern planter knew, and slavery was banishing from his land all the elements of that life which was keeping stride with progress without." The literary life lagged behind with the rest. The Southern feudal aristocrat took naturally to hunting, horse-racing, law, and politics. Literature he looked upon "as the choice recreation of gentlemen, as something fair and good, to be courted in a dainty, amateur fashion";[2] but as for making a profession of it, the average Southern gentleman before the war would have endorsed the advice given to a promising Southern poet by one of his neighbors: "I wouldn't waste time on a —— thing like poetry; you might make yourself, with all your sense and judgment, a useful man in settling neighborhood disputes and difficulties."[3] The upper class was thus not of the temper to foster the growth of

[1] Thomas Nelson Page, in *The Old South*, pp. 24, 25.

[2] Paul H. Hayne, the Southern poet, as quoted in Trent's life of Simms, p. 25.

[3] *The Old South*, p. 71. The poet was Philip P. Cooke, who had just become known as the author of that beautiful lyric, *Florence Vane*.

a native literature, and there was no other that could do it. The Southern aristocrat's "power as a landed and slave proprietor drove out the small yeoman, cowed the tradesman and the mechanic, and deprived the South of that most necessary factor in the development of national greatness, a thrifty middle class."[1] The consequent lack of great centres of population, the fewness and poorness of the common schools, the absence of a large reading public — social phenomena all traceable ultimately to the South's inherited curses of feudal conservatism and African slavery — tended powerfully to prevent the development of a literary class by making it almost impossible for men of letters to gain a hearing or a living.

But the literature of the Southern School, although scant in amount, is, at its best, of fine quality; and the writers have more in common than those of New York. The cavalier blood, the aristocratic structure of society, the semi-tropical climate, all tell in the literature, which has more local pride, more passion and color, more love of beauty for its own sake. William Crafts (1787–1826), of South Carolina, a graduate of Harvard, a state legislator and eminent lawyer, had during his lifetime a reputation for brilliancy as orator, essayist, and poet; his *Miscellaneous Writings* (1828) do not bear it out, but he is an interesting figure as a literary pioneer. Richard H. Wilde (1789–1847), a Georgia congressman and state attorney-general, is known chiefly by his song, *My Life is Like the Summer Rose;* but he was also a good Italian scholar; and his *Hesperia* (1867), a poem much in the manner of *Childe Harold*, describes American scenes with a good deal of vigor

[1] W. P. Trent, in his life of Simms, p. 39.

and poetic glamour. The *Poems* (1825) of EDWARD C. PINKNEY (1802–1828), of Maryland, contain some graceful lyrics in the manner of Moore; *The Indian's Bride* idealizes Indian life in the conventional way but rather prettily; *Rodolph* shows the influence of Scott and Byron. GEORGE H. CALVERT (1803–1889), great-grandson of the founder of Maryland, wrote much — too much — in verse of varied kinds but uniform quality. PHILIP P. COOKE (1816–1850), of Virginia, in *Froissart Ballads and Other Poems* (1847) shows much freshness and brightness; the ballads reproduce well the spirit of the old days of chivalry, and have something of Chaucer's naïve blitheness; the nature poems are refreshing by their breezy atmosphere and manly love of outdoor sports; his best-known poem, the Tennysonian lyric, *Florence Vane*, is delicate and sad. *Orta-Undis, and Other Poems* (1848), by JAMES M. LEGARÉ (1823–1859), of South Carolina, has French lightness of touch and grace of sentiment. The South Carolinian, HENRY B. TIMROD (1829–1867), a poet of what Mr. Stedman calls "the artistic and cosmopolitan type," wrote pretty sonnets, and, in general, his *Poems* (1860) contains finished and delicate work. Of the same type were the poems, never collected, of JOHN R. THOMPSON (1823–1873), a Virginian, for twelve years editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger*. PAUL H. HAYNE (1830–1886), of South Carolina, showed his artistic temperament and warm Southern blood in his sensuous poems and sonorous odes; *The Temptation of Venus* (in *Poems*, 1855) has passages of voluptuous beauty, and *The Island in the South* (in *Avolio, with Poems*, 1859) expresses a love for the natural, passionate life; later works are

Legends and Lyrics (1872) and *The Mountain of the Lovers* (1875). JOHN P. KENNEDY (1795–1870), congressman from Maryland, and Secretary of the Navy in 1852–1853, wrote novels that were once popular. *Horse-Shoe Robinson* (1835), his best work, a story of the Revolution, contains much exciting action, ending with the battle of King's Mountain; the picture of Marion's swamp-camp at night is graphic; but the original, shrewd character of "Horse-Shoe" and the narrative of his daring exploits are the best part of the book.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS (1806–1870), of South Carolina, was a versatile and prolific author,[1] and, after Poe, the most considerable man of letters in the South. He experienced to the full the obstacles which Southern

[1] Lyrical and Other Poems, 1827. Early Lays, 1827. The Vision of Cortes, Cain, and Other Poems, 1829. Atalantis, 1832. Martin Faber, 1833. The Book of My Lady, 1833. Guy Rivers, 1834. The Yemassee, 1835. The Partisan, 1835. Mellichampe, 1836. Pelayo, 1838. Richard Hurdis, 1838. Carl Werner, 1838. Southern Passages and Pictures, 1839. The Damsel of Darien, 1839. Border Beagles, 1840. The History of South Carolina, 1840. The Kinsmen, 1841. Confession, 1841. Beauchampe, 1842. Donna Florida, 1843. Castle Dismal, 1845. The Life of Francis Marion, 1845. Helen Halsey, 1845. Count Julian, 1845. Grouped Thoughts, a Collection of Sonnets, 1845. Views and Reviews, 1846 (imprint, 1845). The Wigwam and the Cabin, 1845–1846. Areytos; or, Songs of the South, 1846. The Life of Captain John Smith, 1846. The Life of Chevalier Bayard, 1847. Lays of the Palmetto, 1848. Atalantis (containing also The Eye and the Wing), 1848. The Life of Nathaniel Greene, 1849. Father Abbot, 1849. Sabbath Lyrics, 1849. The Cassique of Accabee, with other Pieces, 1849. The City of the Silent, 1850. The Lily and the Totem, 1850. Norman Maurice, 1851. Katharine Walton, 1851. Michael Bonham (drama), 1852. The Sword and the Distaff, 1852. Marie de Bernière, 1853. Poems (2 vols.), 1853. Vasconselos, 1854. The Forayers, 1855. Eutaw, 1856. Charlemont, 1856. The Cassique of Kiawah, 1859. Benedict Arnold, a Dramatic Essay, 1863. Etc., etc.

society at that time opposed to the literary life; but his strong natural bent toward letters[1] and the resolution of his character (at maturity he had the look of a lion) triumphed over all the difficulties which could be conquered by individual effort. Belonging to the poorer class, he had scant and wretched school instruction. The Charleston library, however, was open to him; and his grandmother, with whom he lived for many years, fired his boyish imagination with old tales of superstition and stories of the Revolution. When his father returned from several years' residence in the wilds of Mississippi, he increased the future romancer's stock in trade by thrilling descriptions of rough border life and of Indian warfare. Simms early began to write and publish; meeting with some success, he boldly gave himself to literature, pouring forth poems, novels, histories, and biographies with amazing rapidity, editing the Charleston *Gazette*, and struggling heroically at various times to keep several ill-starred magazines afloat. His poetry displays much talent and facility. The earlier volumes, consisting mostly of poems on love, nature, and Indian life, and imitative of Byron and Moore, are inferior. *Atalantis*, an ambitious poem of fancy, in dramatic form, the main elements apparently suggested by *The Tempest*, *Comus*, and *Prometheus Unbound*, is written in light blank verse, and some of the songs are pretty. *Donna Florida*, an avowed attempt to imitate the wit of *Don Juan* without its indecency, amusingly pictures the aged Ponce de Leon's courtship

[1] To hide the light from his vigilant grandmother, who did not approve of late hours, the boy would read in his room with candle and head inside a box.

of a saucy young beauty;[1] the description of the fight with the Florida Indians is spirited. *Songs and Ballads* have music, warmth, local color, and love for the "sunny South." *The Cassique of Accabee* is an interesting and pathetic tale of an Indian chief's love for a white girl. *Norman Maurice* is a bold attempt to write a tragedy on a subject from contemporary American life. The scene is Philadelphia and Missouri; Maurice, a young lawyer and senator-elect, is in danger of ruin by the plots of his enemy; his wife stabs the plotter, to get the seemingly incriminating papers, and is killed by the shock to her moral nature. The style is rather oratorical, and the general effect crude. Much of Simms's best poetry is in the collection of 1853; the tales make interesting and poetic use of local traditions and scenery; *The Shaded Water* is a quietly beautiful nature poem; *Summer in the South* has flush; in *Bertram* and *The Death of Cleopatra*, which were perhaps influenced by Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, are excellent style and some true dramatic feeling; several versified Bible stories reflect, like Willis's languidly pious wares, the taste of the times. Simms's poetry, as a whole, lacks concentration and perfection of form. His novels have been more widely read, but they also bear marks of haste. His models were Scott and Cooper, and occasionally Godwin

[1] Leonora's song to her tedious wooer is tricksy: —

Old men young maids pursuing,
How little do they guess,
That every hour of wooing,
But makes their chances less. . . .
Love hath no long discourses,
A single smile, a sigh,
These are the sovereign forces,
That give him victory.

— *Canto* II., after stanza 35.

and Brown; but the subject-matter was fresh. In the so-called "border romances," the crudest of his stories, rough life in the Southwestern states is described with much vigor and rush. His best novels, as *The Partisan*, *The Kinsmen*, and *Katharine Walton*, handle themes from Southern history in the stirring times of the Revolution; and the pictures of Southern life and society, and the narratives of historical or semi-historical events, are still interesting. Like Cooper, however, Simms often loiters by the way to talk when he should be in the saddle; his humor is sometimes tedious; his love scenes are comparatively insipid; and his heroes and heroines are, in general, less individual and interesting than the characters from common life, although he succeeds in giving rather vivid impressions of the beauty and spirit of high-bred Southern women. But in scenes of action, as in the attack upon the Middleton mansion in *The Kinsmen*, the narrative is often rapid and powerful, holding the attention and stirring the blood. Simms had talent and industry enough. What he needed, in order to reach that slightly higher level which ensures permanence of fame, was brilliancy, a severer standard of workmanship, and a more favorable literary environment.[1]

John Esten Cooke (1830–1886), of Virginia, wrote several novels[2] of much the same general character as

[1] In the years 1835–1846 seven of the novels were reprinted in England; and *The Wigwam and Cabin*, a collection of tales, was translated into German in 1846.

[2] Leather Stocking and Silk, a Story of the Valley of Virginia, 1854. The Virginia Comedians; or, Days in the Old Dominion, 1854. Henry St. John, Gentleman, a Tale of 1774–1775, 1859. Surrey of Eagle's Nest, 1866. Fairfax, 1868. Hilt to Hilt, 1869. Hammer and Rapier, 1870. The Virginia Bohemians, 1880. My Lady Pokahontas, 1885.

those by Simms. His analysis of character was much keener and deeper, however, and his gift of humor greater, and there is more passion and poetry in his style. He reminds one of Thackeray, at times, by his easy familiarity with good society and by a suggestion of reserve power. *The Virginia Comedians*, perhaps his best novel, gives vivid and brilliantly colored pictures of life in the Old Dominion in 1763 and 1765; but the attempt to introduce Patrick Henry is a flat failure, leading to nothing but tiresome political conversations and sophomoric declamation.

The life of EDGAR ALLAN POE[1] is the saddest in

[1] LIFE. Born in Boston, Jan. 19, 1809. Father an actor; mother an English actress. After his mother's death in 1811, adopted by John Allan of Richmond; 1815–1820, at Manor House School, near London; 1820–1825, at school in Richmond; Feb. 14, 1826, matriculated in University of Virginia; because of gambling debts, withdrawn in December and placed in his guardian's counting-room. Wandered to Boston; served in the army, 1827–1829; admitted to West Point, July 1, 1830; Mar. 6, 1831, discharged. In Baltimore, writing for magazines, 1831–1835. In Richmond, editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, 1835–1837; probably married secretly to his cousin, Virginia Clemm, thirteen years old, at Baltimore, 1835; publicly married, 1836. In New York, writing, 1837–1838. In Philadelphia, 1838–1844: associate editor of *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, 1839–1840; editor of *Graham's Magazine*, 1841–1842. In New York, 1844–1849 (living at Fordham, in the environs, after 1845): "paragraphist" for *The Evening Mirror*, 1844–1845; co-editor, editor, and owner of *The Broadway Journal*, 1845; wife died, Jan. 30, 1847; conditionally accepted by Mrs. Sarah Whitman, November, 1848; rejected for intemperance, December, 1848. To Richmond, July, 1849; apparently engaged to Mrs. Sarah Skelton in September; died in Baltimore, Oct. 7, 1849.

WORKS. Tamerlane and Other Poems, 1827. Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems, 1829. Poems, 1831. The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, 1838. Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque, 1840. Tales, 1845. The Raven, in the New York *Evening Mirror*, Jan. 29, 1845. The Raven and Other Poems, 1845. Eureka: a Prose Poem, 1848. Annabel Lee, in *The New York Tribune* soon after Poe's death. The Bells, in *Sartain's Magazine*, November, 1849. On Critics and Criticism, in *Graham's Magazine*, January, 1850. The Poetic Principle,

the annals of American men of letters. His father seems to have been rather a worthless fellow; but his grandfather, General David Poe of Baltimore, was a man of high character. From his mother, an actress of some ability and the daughter of a talented actress, Poe inherited his artistic temperament. The beautiful, precocious boy soon became a pet in the home of his foster parents, the Allans, where he was surrounded by luxury and by the best Virginian society. His five years' residence in England, in the midst of old buildings and memories of departed greatness, doubtless did yet more to develop his dreamy love of beauty. Yet in some respects his early training was peculiarly unfortunate. Imperious, wilful, proud, and shy, he needed firm discipline and love; he got indulgence and mere kindness. At school he was a swift runner and bold swimmer, a brilliant though inaccurate scholar; but he was not thoroughly liked, and in boyhood, as in manhood, stood aloof in proud loneliness. At the University of Virginia there is no evidence that he drank or gambled more than was common among young Virginian bloods in those days; at all events, he came home at the end of the term with first honors in Latin and French. But his foster-father, over-indulgent to the boy, went to the other extreme with the young man. Poe of course rebelled, and wandered off to shift for himself. Finding that one could not live by the sale of poetry, even in Boston, he enlisted as a private in the army. A partial reconciliation with Mr. Allan resulted in his release and his admission to West Point Military Academy. His

in *Sartain's Magazine*, October, 1850. Most of Poe's criticisms, tales, and poems appeared first in periodicals.

scholarship there was high, and his discharge was due merely to neglect of the distasteful military routine.

Poe's life was henceforth a struggle with poverty. In 1833 he had sunk to great destitution, when, by his *MS. Found in a Bottle*, he won a prize of one hundred dollars offered by the Baltimore *Saturday Visiter;* later he found some hack-work to do, and sold a few stories. It was during this period of obscurity and want in Baltimore, while he was residing with his father's sister, Mrs. Clemm, and her daughter Virginia, that there came into his life that love which almost to the end of his days burned bright and beautiful there amid the surrounding gloom. Unfortunately, at this time also he became a slave to drugs and liquor. At Richmond, whither he removed as editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, all went well for a while. Under his conduct the magazine sprang into sudden prominence; and his salary, at first only ten dollars a week, was raised to eight hundred dollars a year, with a prospect of further increase. But the unfortunate man carried within himself his own ruin. At times he would drink till his senses were lost; and his employer, who was also his true friend, at last had to let him go. In Philadelphia and New York it was the same story over again, year after year: he easily got situations, but soon lost or resigned them. At irregular intervals he was made incapable of work by indulgence in alcohol and opium; he was constitutionally restless, irritable, imperious, and hard to get along with, yet was pitiably weak, sometimes imploring his friends to save him from himself; he was not always truthful; he quarrelled easily with old friends, and thereupon seemed to feel released from all sense of

gratitude for past benefactions.[1] But he also had many fine qualities. In his ordinary deportment he was very quiet and gentlemanly,[2] and he was capable of rare lovableness and charm. His home life in the tiny rose-covered cottage on the outskirts of Philadelphia, and in the retreat at Fordham, with its surrounding cherry trees and glimpse of the distant sea, was almost idyllic in the happier days, when the childlike wife sang to the harp in a voice of wonderful sweetness, the melancholy poet hanging over her fragile form as if he momently feared to lose her, while the good Mrs. Clemm looked on with motherly love for both. Occasionally, in New York, he went to literary receptions, where, "dressed in plain black, but with the head, the broad, retreating white brow, the large, luminous, piercing eyes, the impassive lips, that gave the visible character of genius to his features," he would, "in his ordinary, subdued, musical tones, exercise the fascination of his talk."[3] He had "a peculiar and irresistible charm" for women, whom he addressed with a "chivalric, graceful, almost

[1] Poe's first biographer, Griswold, perhaps painted the picture blacker than it was; but the amiable Ingram liberally applied whitewash. The evidence for the above view of the poet's character may be found in Woodberry's life of Poe, in the biographical sketch in Stedman and Woodberry's edition of Poe, and in Poe's letters (with Professor Woodberry's comments) in *The Century Magazine*, August, September, October, 1894.

[2] "He impressed me as a refined and very gentlemanly man, exceedingly neat in his person. . . . His manner was quiet and reserved; he rarely smiled. . . . The form of his manuscript was peculiar; he wrote on half-sheets of note-paper, which he pasted together at the ends, making one continuous piece. As he read he dropped it upon the floor. It was very neatly written, and without corrections, apparently." — Letter by Mr. Darley, with whom Poe had pleasant relations; in Woodberry, p. 181.

[3] Professor Woodberry, in his life of Poe, p. 258.

tender reverence."[1] But at times the destitution of the poet and his family was pitiful.[2] During Virginia's last illness, a visitor found her lying on a straw bed, "wrapped in her husband's great-coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom; . . . the coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands, and her mother her feet."[3] It is some alleviation to know that aid was promptly rendered, and that the last weeks of the uncomplaining little wife were made as comfortable as they could be. After her death, Poe had brain fever; friends raised money for his support. He recovered after a while, and did some writing and lecturing. But he was a good deal broken, and often half insane. He felt pitifully the need of help, now that Virginia was gone, and sought it in Platonic friendship with "Annie" and in the love of Mrs. Whitman, a poetess. His final "descent into the maelstrom" was swift and fearful. In the summer of 1849, on his way to Richmond, — whither he went hoping to realize his long-cherished plan of starting a magazine of his own, — he had a severe attack of delirium tremens, in Philadelphia. At Richmond he was twice seriously ill from intemperance. Yet he spent several happy weeks among old friends; and when he

[1] Mrs. Francis S. Osgood, as quoted in Woodberry, p. 263.

[2] In a charming, chatty letter to Mrs. Clemm, written just after he and Virginia had removed to New York, he says, "We have now got four dollars and a half left. To-morrow I am going to try and borrow three dollars, so that I may have a fortnight to go upon. I feel in excellent spirits, and haven't drank a drop — so that I hope soon to get out of trouble. . . . You can't imagine how much we both do miss you. Sissy [Virginia] had a hearty cry last night because you and Catterina [the cat] weren't here." — Woodberry, p. 204.

[3] Woodberry, p. 274.

went North, in the fall, it was for the purpose of bringing Mrs. Clemm back to Richmond, where he hoped soon to marry a rich widow, who had been his love in youth. Just what happened to him in Baltimore, where he stopped on the way, is uncertain. But he was rescued from a rumshop by an old friend, and taken, unconscious, to the city hospital, where, four days later, he died in extreme misery.

In Poe the artist, were two men — a man of analytic intellect and a man of poetic imagination. This fact will furnish the point of view in our rapid survey of his writings.

Poe's criticisms of contemporary authors are of little interest now, dealing mostly with forgotten nobodies and the details of technique.[1] But *The Rationale of Verse*, coming from so great an artist, is valuable; and the lecture on *The Poetic Principle*, in which poetry is defined as "the rhythmic creation of beauty," was a wholesome antidote to the prevailing didacticism in New England conceptions of art.[2] His most ambitious intellectual flight was *Eureka*, an essay on the material and spiritual universe, which is ingenious and

[1] In their day they did some service to American letters by their keen and fearless attacks upon complacent mediocrity. Poe's severity is, however, commonly exaggerated. He often praised too highly; and he was quick to recognize real merit, assigning a high place to Bryant and the newcomers Longfellow and Lowell — in spite of his persistent charges of plagiarism against Longfellow, culminating in the "Longfellow war" in 1845, and his bitter review of *A Fable for Critics*, after Lowell had drawn off from him.

[2] Poe's analytic power was manifested more fully by his demonstration that Maelzel's automatic chess-player was operated by a concealed man; by his deciphering all the cryptograms sent to *The Southern Literary Messenger* in response to his challenge; and by his famous anticipation of the plot of *Barnaby Rudge* after a few chapters had appeared.

brilliant, but unsubstantial, fallacious, and sometimes ignorant.[1]

In the Tales of Ratiocination — *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, *The Mystery of Marie Rogêt*, *The Purloined Letter*, *The Gold Bug*, etc. — analytic reason is so brilliantly employed that Poe has been called the "potential prince of detectives." In the Tales of Pseudo-Science, also, intellect predominates. *The Adventure of One Hans Pfaal* and *The Balloon Hoax* are worked out with great realistic detail and display of science, but they do not allow of the higher imagination. *A Descent into the Maelstrom* is more poetical, and the scientific part blends perfectly with the poetic; we read eagerly about the law governing the velocity of bodies in water, because on it hangs the safety of a human life, and to the sigh of relief when the awful vortex is cheated of its prey there is added the pleasure of pride in the conquering intellect of puny man. The latter part of *Arthur Gordon Pym*, Poe's one long tale, with its pictures of the milky Antarctic Ocean and the gigantic mist-curtain "ranged along the whole extent of the southern horizon," is poetically imaginative. *The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar*, however, is chiefly intellectual, and ends with a profitless and fearfully repulsive description of the physical corruption of death; while *Mesmeric Revelation* contains some of the ideas about matter and spirit which were afterward elaborated in *Eureka*. Tales of Adventure and Horror — *MS. Found in a Bottle*, *The Pit and the Pendulum*, the larger part of

[1] See Woodberry, pp. 285-301. Poe had a smattering of many subjects, and great cleverness in making a show of learning; see Woodberry, pp. 51, 96, 105, etc.

Arthur Gordon Pym, etc. — have relatively more of the imaginative and supernatural and less of the intellectual. In Tales of Conscience — *William Wilson*, *The Black Cat*, *The Tell-Tale Heart*, etc. — narrative is subordinate, terror is supreme, and it is the terror of conscience. But the moral aspect of conscience is practically nothing, the imaginative and psychological almost everything; the conscience itself, by poetic symbolism, is represented by something external — Wilson's double, the dead man's beating heart, the black cat with its one flaming red eye, — and at the climax the interest is not in the sin but in the imaginative situation, the madness, the horror. The theme of deepest and most permanent fascination for Poe was death; and in the Romances of Death he approached it from many points of view and in many moods. *The Assignation* surrounds death with all the luxury of Old World wealth and beauty, and with the glamour of intellect, genius, and proud, calm will. *The Masque of the Red Death* is a magnificent symphony of color and grouping, whose theme is death triumphant over arrogant and selfish greatness. *Eleanora* is a melody of ideal love, which not even ugly death can wholly rob of its ineffable beauty. *The Fall of the House of Usher* is a prose poem of imaginative fear connected with death and plunging at last into black depths of madness and annihilation.[1] In *Ligeia*, splendidly terrible, hung round like the bridal chamber with rich, fantastic tap-

[1] In this tale Poe's art of symbolizing the inner by the outer, fusing the two into a wonderful harmony without violating the individuality of either, reaches perfection; as does also his genius for unifying details, often the merest touches, into one central effect of piercing intensity.

estries of golden gloom, death is temporarily conquered on earth by the agonizing might of a divine woman's will.[1] In *Monos and Una* and *Eiron and Charmion* the eternal victory of the soul, rising into pure celestial regions above the wreck of matter, is portrayed with ethereality if with less of spectacular splendor. The Sketches of Natural Beauty — *The Island of the Fay*, *Landor's Cottage*, *The Domain of Arnheim* — are almost pure poetry in their calm loveliness. The last-named reveals, in unequalled degree, Poe's oriental riot in the prodigal massing of all that might ravish the senses with voluptuous pleasure, yet convey to the soul, through the subtle channels of the imagination, a delight still more entrancing.[2]

Poe's poetry has much in common with his prose. Even his analytic and synthetic intellect appears in a few poems by its results, — preëminently in *The Raven*, which has more of clever mechanism and less of the finer spirit of poetry than several of the less popular poems;[3] *The Bells* is yet more mechanical, although a very skilful example of onomatopœia of the obvious kind. The gloomy hero, devoted to recondite

[1] *Berenice* was a fore-study for the *House of Usher*; *Morella*, for *Ligeia*.

[2] In the above survey, the classification in Stedman and Woodberry's edition of Poe has been followed, but with some material modifications. The tales there included under "Extravaganza and Caprice," where come most of Poe's awkward attempts at humor, are too inferior for consideration here.

[3] Poe's account, in *The Philosophy of Composition*, of the manufacture of the poem is doubtless more than half fiction (see Stedman and Woodberry's edition of Poe, Vol. X., for other reports of the mode of its composition); but however spontaneous the main conception may have been, the elaboration of it bears as evident marks of intellectual design as the most cleverly contrived of the tales.

studies and a prey to melancholy, is a familiar figure in both the prose and the verse. And death, with its sorrow and gloom, is the favorite theme of the poet as of the romancer. The two distinctive characteristics of Poe's poetry are its mysticism and its music. Poe believed that, far above this low world, is Eternal Beauty; that through art we get "brief and indeterminate glimpses" of the "Supernal Loveliness";[1] that music is the most effective means of producing that "elevating excitement of the soul"[1] which yields these mystical glimpses into a higher world; and, consequently, that "the *vagueness* of exaltation aroused by a sweet air (which should be strictly indefinite and never too strongly suggestive) is precisely what we should aim at in poetry."[2] This conception of a supernal world of perfect and eternal beauty is the main inspiration of *Israfel* and *Dreamland;* flickers vaguely through *Al Aaraaf*, which it feebly rescues from absolute inanity and sensuous chaos; and underlies many other of the poems. The purpose rather to produce moods, to exalt the soul by beauty, than to convey ideas, led Poe to cultivate the purely musical side of verse and to employ much symbolism, sometimes very vague. This tendency reached its extreme in *Ulalume*, isolated lines of which are undeniably ludicrous; but the poem as a whole does express with weird power a weird mood, in which the soul, numb with grief, enveloped in a haze of vaguely sad forgetfulness, floats on with the aimless, mazy, backward-revolving movement of a troubled dream, until it suddenly awakes to acute anguish in some "ghoul-

[1] *The Poetic Principle.*
[2] Letter to Lowell, in Woodberry, p. 213.

haunted woodland." The desire to produce the brooding effect of dreamy moods was doubtless the reason why Poe used the refrain, the repetend, and the parenthetical phrase so freely; and whatever may be thought of the result in *Ulalume*, elsewhere his success is beyond cavil. Symbolism is also used superbly in *The Conqueror Worm* and *The Haunted Palace*, — the one more stark and sardonic and having a larger stage, but the other more pitiful and intensely terrible, unequalled in verse as a picture of the ruin of a soul by madness. In *The Haunted Palace* also occur snatches of that magical melody to which Poe, alone of American poets, has ever attained: —

> Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
> On its roof did float and flow,
> (This — all this — was in the olden
> Time long ago);
> And every gentle air that dallied,
> In that sweet day,
> Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
> A wingèd odor went away.[1]

Poe has been accused of plagiarism; but in his best work he was emphatically original, — no man more so. In fact, the difficulty is to find sufficient antecedents for him. In poetry he was clearly influenced by Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats; yet, except in a few

[1] In *The City in the Sea* are a few lines perhaps even more full of witchery; and the very soul of *Israfel* is embodied in its versification, which has in places the upspringing lightness of a bird. — In the above attempt to point out the inter-relations of the criticisms, tales, and poems, no regard has been had to chronological sequence; but in a general way the tendency was from poetry to intellect, the year 1840 being approximately the water-shed.

juvenilia, his music and style are as individual as theirs.[1] His tales show some indebtedness, in subjects and general method, to Charles Brockden Brown, the English school of terror and mystery, and the German sentimentalists and romancers.[2] In the arts of unity, condensation, and clearness, he was evidently helped by his intimate knowledge of French literature.[3] And his style, in addition to Gallic finish and celerity, has, when occasion calls, a sweet melancholy, an elaborate ornateness, an impassioned and complex harmony, which remind one of *The English Mail-Coach* and *Our Ladies of Sorrow*. To his American environment, Poe certainly owed nothing but poverty and fetters. But, in spite of all, he managed to produce a few poems and tales which are perfect of their kind and greatly raised the standard of art in American literature. There is no need to dwell upon the obvious limitations of his work — its lack of mental breadth, of moral and spiritual significance, of wholesome humanity. Poe was

[1] Of *Annabel Lee* Mr. Stedman says, "The refrain and measure . . . suggest a reversion, in the music-haunted brain of its author, to the songs and melodies that are . . . favorites of the colored race." — Introduction to the Poems, in Stedman and Woodberry's edition of Poe, Vol. X. The germ of the metrical movement of *Ulalume* may perhaps be felt in the song which closes Scene 4, Act II., of *Prometheus Unbound*. *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, by Mrs. Browning (whom Poe greatly admired), apparently suggested the metre of *The Raven*, and a phrase or two in it besides.

[2] Stedman has pointed out certain striking resemblances between Poe's work and that of Ernst Hoffmann (1776–1822); see his Introduction to the Tales in Stedman and Woodberry's edition of Poe, Vol. I.

[3] During Poe's lifetime the French mind began to recognize the affinity between his genius and its own. Baudelaire translated his tales with remarkable imaginative sympathy; and they have been widely read, especially in France and Spain.

no sun shedding its genial beams broadcast over the earth; but he was at least an arc-light shining brilliantly, and picturesquely heightening the shadows, in the Place of Tombs.

In spite of some limitations as compared with the Southern and the Middle States, New England on the whole maintained her intellectual and literary preëminence, Massachusetts in particular being prolific of poets, essayists, and writers of novels. Of the minor authors many were deservedly popular in their day; but a bird's-eye view of them is all that is possible here. RICHARD H. DANA (1787–1879), a Boston lawyer and politician, associate editor of *The North American Review* in 1818–1820, wrote better prose than verse. *The Buccaneer* (1827) is based on a finely poetical sea-superstition, but is awkwardly told; all his poems seem manufactured, and most are dull. His reviews of Brown, Irving, and others, in *The North American*, are sensible, and the style is clear and strong. The tales, *Tom Thornton* and *Paul Felton* (in his periodical, *The Idle Man*, 1821–1822), have considerable power, although the didacticism of the first is too obvious and the second is a rather violent imitation of Brown. The hymns of JOHN PIERPONT (1785–1866), a Boston Unitarian clergyman and ardent abolitionist, have merit, and his *Anti-Slavery Poems* (1843) are hot and strong. CHARLES SPRAGUE (1791–1825), a Boston bank cashier, was a facile "occasional" poet, winning several prizes for prologues and sounding odes; one passage from his flowery oration on American Independence (1825), referring to the time when "the rank thistle nodded in the

wind," still lingers in the memories of grown-up schoolboys. A man of more native literary gift was JAMES A. HILLHOUSE (1789–1841), a retired Connecticut merchant, whose *Dramas, Discourses, and Other Pieces* (1839) exhibit taste and skill; *Demetria* in particular, a tragedy of love, jealousy, poison, and death in old Florence, although the characterization is weak has easy blank verse and finish and purity of style, with now and then a striking phrase. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY (1791–1865), long resident in Hartford, by her all too numerous moral and sentimental works in verse and prose (*Moral Pieces*, 1815; *Letters to Young Ladies*, 1833; *The Weeping Willow*, 1847; *Lays of the Heart*, 1848; *Whisper to a Bride*, 1850; etc.) obtained the coveted title of "the American Mrs. Hemans"; she is still useful as an index to the taste of the times, which left its impress upon greater writers as well, and helps to explain some of their artistic shortcomings. JOHN NEAL (1793–1876), a native of Maine, whose *The Battle of Niagara* was mentioned on an earlier page, threw himself, with like impetuosity and buoyant egotism, into journalism, literary criticism, the composition of dramas, and novel-writing; his novels (*Keep Cool*, 1817; *Seventy-Six*, 1823; *Brother Jonathan*, 1825; etc.) met with some success, but, like all his work, lack finish and repose, and have passed away. The works of three female novelists have pretty much shared the same fate. MARIA G. BROOKS (1795–1845), wife of a Boston merchant, in her semi-autobiographical tale, *Idomen, or the Vale of Yumuri* (1843), was the first American to describe successfully the climate of Cuba and the sensuous luxury of Cuban life. Her poems — *Judith, Esther, and Other*

Poems (1820) and *Zóphiel, or the Bride of Seven* (1833), the latter on the model of Moore and Southey — show the same love of sensuous beauty.[1] CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK (1789–1867), for half a century principal of a young ladies' school at Stockbridge, Mass., wrote many novels, naturally of a paler hue, including *A New England Tale* (1822), *Redwood* (1824), *Hope Leslie, or Early Times in the Massachusetts* (1827), *The Linwoods, or Sixty Years Since in America*[2] (1835), *Married or Single?* (1857), and many others. The novels of LYDIA M. CHILD (1802–1880), of Massachusetts, which are also deficient in brilliancy and power, show the same trend toward subjects from American history; she was precocious, *Hobomok: a Tale of Early Times*, appearing in 1821, and *The Rebels* (describing the sacking of Governor Hutchinson's house by a mob, and the Boston Massacre) in 1822. WILLIAM WARE (1797–1852), a Massachusetts clergyman, was a prolific writer, but is best known by his historical romances, *Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra* (1838) and *Aurelian, or Rome in the Third Century* (1848), in the form of letters by a Roman noble. JAMES G. PERCIVAL (1795–1856), of Connecticut, had remarkable versatility, being surgeon in the army, professor of chemistry at West Point, geologist, reviser of Webster's Dictionary (he was acquainted with Sanskrit, Basque, Gallic, Norse, Danish, Swedish, and Russian), and poet. *Prometheus* (1820) has the Byronic gloom, but in *Clio* (1822–1827) and *The Poetical Works* (1859) Shelley is the prevailing influence. Percival's

[1] Southey, whom she met in 1831, admired her poetry and gave her the name of "Maria del Occidente."

[2] Unfortunately its likeness to *Waverley* is only title-deep.

poetry is often brilliant with delicate color and suffused with ideal beauty; but it is wanting in concentration and unity of effect, and, like so much good verse that has failed to live, reminds one of Browning's lines: —

> Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
> And the little less, and what worlds away!

John G. C. Brainard (1796–1828), another Connecticut poet, wrote of American scenery, history, and superstitions with considerable poetic feeling and some skill in expression. Albert G. Greene (1802–1868), a Providence lawyer, still lives in the death of "Old Grimes."[1] Emma H. Willard (1787–1870), who wrote *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep;* Samuel F. Smith (1808–1895), author of *America* (1832); Sarah H. Whitman (1803–1878), Poe's friend and defender, and a graceful versifier; George Lunt (1803–1885), who wrote light lyrics and pleasant nature poems; Frances S. Osgood (1811–1850), another of Poe's friends and a poetess of the prettily sentimental type; Albert Pike (1809–1891), whose once well-known *Hymns to the Gods* (1829, 1830, 1845) have much rhetorical ability; Epes Sargent (1813–1880), author of several novels and plays, but remembered now only by *A Life on the Ocean Wave* (in *Songs of the Sea*, 1847); and Longfellow's brother — Samuel Longfellow (1819–1892), — a Unitarian clergyman, whose hymns and other religious poems are of singular purity and calm — can all receive but this passing glance. Sylvester Judd (1813–1853), a Unita-

[1] It would be inexcusable not to record gratefully, in passing, that Mr. Greene was the beginner of the Harris collection of American Poetry, which has been simply invaluable in the preparation of this book.

rian clergyman, faithfully described New England life and scenery in his novels, *Margaret* (1845) and *Richard Edney* (1850); he also wrote *Philo* (1850), a Unitarian epic. RICHARD H. DANA, JR. (1815–1882), a Massachusetts lawyer, was the author of the famous *Two Years before the Mast* (1840), a book having the reality of personal experience and the interest of a romance. The continued popularity of *Reveries of a Bachelor* (1850) and *Dream Life* (1851), by DONALD G. MITCHELL (1822–), or "Ik Marvel," shows that some portion of Irving's spirit has descended upon him. HENRY H. BROWNELL, U. S. N. (1820–1872), of Rhode Island and Connecticut, wrote *War Lyrics and Other Poems* (1866), including one of the best poems occasioned by the Civil War, *The Bay Fight*, a stirring and powerful description of the battle of Mobile Bay. Another war lyric, *Battle Hymn of the Republic* (1862), by JULIA WARD HOWE (1819–) has superb swing and exalted religious passion; her other poems are commonplace. The most famous book occasioned by the conditions out of which the Civil War arose is *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1851–1852),[1] by HARRIET BEECHER STOWE (1812–1896), a native of Connecticut. The novel has grave literary blemishes, and as an interpretation of Southern life is very faulty. Nevertheless it has certain elements of greatness. It would be superfluous to praise the moral intensity, pathos, descriptive genius, and dramatic power of a book that stirred North and South to the depths;

[1] It appeared first as a serial in the Washington *National Era*, June, 1851, to April, 1852. In five years half a million copies had been sold in the United States, and the sale in England was enormous. The book has been translated into several foreign languages.

dramatized, was acted night after night before delighted audiences who would have mobbed an abolitionist orator; set far-away Paris to weeping; and, after half a century, when the political issues that gave rise to it have become obsolete, still finds many readers of mature years and holds countless boys and girls from play. Mrs. Stowe's numerous other books are practically forgotten. The high promise of the novels *Cecil Dreeme* (1861) and *John Brent* (1862), by THEODORE WINTHROP (1828–1861), a descendant of Governor Winthrop, made doubly sad the author's untimely death in battle. As a critic and lecturer EDWIN P. WHIPPLE (1819–1886), long resident in Boston, was conspicuous for many years, and his best essays are still read by the student of literature for their keen analysis and fine literary sense; but he was not a great critic, and his books lack that charm of manner and richness of thought which make Lowell's and Arnold's critical essays literature.[1] The sculptor WILLIAM W. STORY (1819–1895), son of Chief Justice Story, and a native of Salem, who forsook law for art and took up his residence in Italy in 1848, was a poet of fine culture and a delightful writer on art and letters.[2] The influence of Tennyson prevailed in the manner of his earlier verses, which are mostly

[1] His principal writings are *Essays and Reviews*, 1848; *Literature and Life*, 1849; *Character and Characteristic Men*, 1866; *Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*, 1869; *Success and its Conditions*, 1871; *Recollections of Eminent Men*, 1886; *American Literature and Other Papers*, 1887; *Outlooks on Society, Literature, and Politics*, 1888.

[2] His principal writings are *Nature and Art* (poem), 1844; *Poems*, 1847, 1856, 1886; *Roba di Roma, or Walks and Talks about Rome*, 1862; *Graffiti d' Italia* (poems), 1868; *A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem: First Century*, 1870; *Nero*, 1875; *Castle of St. Angelo*, 1877; *He and She: or a Poet's Portfolio*, 1883; *Fiammeta: a Summer Idyl*, 1885; *Conversations in a Studio*, 1890; *Excursions in Art and Letters*, 1891.

lyrics, daintily choice in diction and imagery, while Browning is his model in the rest. Mr. Story excels in expressing intangible, dreamy, misty moods, and in handling motives derived from art. *Pan in Love*, *Praxiteles and Phryne*, and *Cleopatra* are three of his best poems, — the last a superb interpretation of the Egyptian voluptuary's tiger soul, leopard-like, too, in splendid, lazy luxuriousness. THOMAS W. PARSONS (1819–1892), a native of Boston, who practised there and in England his profession of dental surgeon, was an accomplished Dante scholar and a poet of exquisitely fine grain though of limited range.[1] He did not write much, but nearly all is precious for its justness of thought and feeling, its classic finish, artistic restraint, and terse strength, without frigidity, and its occasional quiet pleasantry and Attic wit. His translation of the *Inferno*, in *terza rima*, is highly prized by scholar-poets, and his lines *On a Bust of Dante* have much of the master's austere beauty and sadness. JOSIAH G. HOLLAND (1819–1881), an editor of *The Springfield Republican* (1849–1866) and founder of *The Century Magazine*, was of more ordinary temper; but his poems, which deal much with domestic love and sorrow, have a refined sweetness and purity of spirit, and his novels are clever and gracious.

In the literary atmosphere implied by the presence and activity of so many talented authors, lived and wrote six poets, essayists, and novelists whose works constitute a large part of the strength and beauty of American

[1] His principal writings are a translation of Dante (*Inferno:* Cantos I.–X., 1843; Cantos I.–XVII., 1865; complete, 1867; portions of *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*, 1893); *Poems*, 1854; *The Magnolia and Other Poems*, 1867; *The Old House at Sudbury*, 1870; *The Shadow of the Obelisk, and Other Poems*, 1872.

literature. Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes were, with one exception, natives of Massachusetts, and all were long resident there, most of them living in or near Boston or Cambridge. This concentration of literary talent and genius in one state, and in the neighborhood of one city, was not an accident. As we have already seen, New England had from colonial days been the intellectual and literary leader of the country; Massachusetts was the head of New England; and Boston was the eye of Massachusetts. By heredity, tradition, and acquired momentum the Bay State still kept the lead in mental activity; Unitarianism and the Transcendental movement added an intellectual freedom and freshness not elsewhere attained so early in like degree; and Harvard College, its roots now deep in the past, bore in larger measure with every succeeding year the beautiful fruit of a ripe culture.

The life of HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW[1] was

[1] LIFE. Born in Portland, Me., Feb. 27, 1807. Educated in private schools and Portland Academy, 1810–1821; at Bowdoin College, entering the sophomore class, 1822–1825. In France, Spain, Italy, Germany, England, 1826–1829. Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin, 1829–1835. Married Mary S. Potter, 1831. In England, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, 1835–1836. Wife died, 1835. Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard, 1836–1854; lodging in the Craigie House, 1837–1843. In France, Germany, England, 1842. Married Frances E. Appleton, 1843; her father purchased the Craigie House for the poet, 1843; two sons and four daughters (one of whom died in infancy) were born to him. Wife died, 1861. In England, Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy, Scotland, 1868–1869. Received degree of LL.D. from Cambridge University, England, 1868; of D.C.L. from Oxford, 1869. Longfellow Day established in Cincinnati public schools, 1880. Died in Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882; was buried at Mt. Auburn. Bust of the poet placed in Westminster Abbey, 1884. A Unitarian.

WORKS. Miscellaneous Poems selected from *The United States Literary Gazette*, 1826. Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique, translated from

singularly beautiful, the more beautiful for the deep shadows that suddenly fell athwart its placid sunshine. The best New England blood ran in his veins. His mother, an ardent lover of poetry, music, and nature, was descended from John Alden. His father, an eminent lawyer and a trustee of Bowdoin College, came of Yorkshire stock transplanted to Massachusetts about the year 1676. The child was from the first truthful, gentle, and studious, having natural beauty and grace of soul; and yet, although girlishly averse to rudeness and vulgarity, he was essentially a manly boy. At the age of thirteen he wrote a poem which was printed in *The Portland Gazette;*[1] it was not remarkable, nor were the other verses and the essays which he contributed to various periodicals during his school and college life. At Bowdoin he graduated fourth in a class of thirty-eight; Hawthorne was one of his classmates, but the two were

the Spanish; with an Introductory Essay on the Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain, 1833. The Schoolmaster (six contributions to *The New England Magazine*, being first sketches for Outre-Mer), 1831–1833. Outre-Mer, No. I., 1833; No. II., 1834; completed in book form, 1835. Hyperion, 1839. Voices of the Night, 1839. Ballads and Other Poems, 1841. Poems on Slavery, 1842. The Spanish Student, 1843. The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems, 1845 (imprint, 1846). Evangeline, 1847. Kavanagh, 1849. The Seaside and the Fireside, 1850. The Golden Legend, 1851. The Song of Hiawatha, 1855. The Courtship of Miles Standish, 1858. Tales of a Wayside Inn (First Day), 1863. Flower-de-Luce, 1867. Translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, 1867–1870. The New England Tragedies, 1868. The Divine Tragedy, 1871. Christus (consisting of the Golden Legend, The New England Tragedies, and the Divine Tragedy), 1872. Three Books of Song (containing Tales of a Wayside Inn, Second Day; etc.), 1872. Aftermath (containing Tales of a Wayside Inn, Third Day; etc.), 1873. The Masque of Pandora and Other Poems, 1875. Kéramos and Other Poems, 1878. Ultima Thule, 1880. In the Harbor, 1882. Michael Angelo, 1883. Several of the shorter poems were published first in magazines.

[1] Longfellow denied that he wrote the doggerel about Mr. Finney and the turnip. See Longfellow's life of Longfellow, Vol. I., p. 22.

not yet intimate. After graduation, being offered the professorship of modern languages in his Alma Mater, he went abroad to fit himself more fully for the position. On his return he entered zealously upon his duties, and was a popular and inspiring teacher. He also found time to contribute articles to *The North American Review*, and to write his first book. At the end of five years, being invited to succeed George Ticknor in the chair of modern languages at Harvard University, he sailed again for Europe to perfect his knowledge of German and to study the Scandinavian tongues. The death of his wife in Rotterdam, after a short illness, was a cruel blow; but he held to his course, and out of his sorrow and his deeper acquaintance with the life and literature of Germany came, in after years, the romance *Hyperion* and the distinctive quality of many of his poems.

Longfellow's life at Cambridge for many years flowed on with the tranquil beauty of his own beloved river Charles. His surroundings were congenial. Professor Felton and Charles Sumner soon became his intimate friends,[1] and he had delightful companionship with Sparks, Prescott, Ticknor, Norton, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Lowell, and others.[2] The void in his

[1] The three, with George S. Hillard and Henry R. Cleveland, formed a circle which they called "The Five of Clubs." The newspapers afterward dubbed it "The Mutual Admiration Society," because the members reviewed each other's writings favorably; over one such review a reader wrote, "Insured in the Mutual."

[2] In a letter to his friend, George W. Greene, in 1838, he thus describes his life during the summer vacation: "I breakfast at seven on tea and toast, and dine at five or six, generally in Boston. In the evening I walk on the Common with Hillard, or alone; then go back to Cambridge on foot. If not very late, I sit an hour with Felton or Sparks. For nearly two years I have not studied at night. . . . Most

life which even his friends could not remove was at length filled by his marriage to a lovely woman of cultivated intellect; and children came, to make his cup of domestic happiness overflow. As a professor he was popular; but finding that the routine dulled his poetic powers, he finally resigned.[1] His poems meanwhile had been winning a wider and wider circle of readers.[2] His family were growing up around him in health and happiness, and the bonds uniting him to his wife had only strengthened with time. The tranquil joy of his life seemed but the natural and due reward of the beauty of his character.[3] Suddenly, with no more warning than precedes the lightning flash, there fell upon him a

of the time am alone; smoke a good deal; wear a broad-brimmed black hat, black frock-coat, black cane. Molest no one. Dine out frequently. In winter go much into Boston society." — Longfellow's life of Longfellow, Vol. I., p. 293.

[1] "The seventy lectures to which I am doomed next year hang over me like a dark curtain." — Journal, April 22, 1850. "This college work is like a great hand laid on all the strings of my lyre, stopping their vibration." — Journal, Nov. 18, 1850.

[2] By 1857, the sales of his works in the United States alone had been as follows: *Voices of the Night*, 43,550; *Ballads*, etc., 40,470; *Spanish Student*, 38,400; *Belfry of Bruges*, 38,300; *Evangeline*, 35,850; *Seaside*, etc., 30,000; *Golden Legend*, 17,188; *Hiawatha*, 50,000; *Outre-Mer*, 7500; *Hyperion*, 14,550; *Kavanagh*, 10,500. Of *Miles Standish*, 5000 copies were sold in Boston by noon of the first day; in London, 10,000 the first day. — Longfellow's life of Longfellow, Vol. II., pp. 295, 325–327. The poet's income from his writings was $219 in 1840; $517 in 1842; $1800 in 1846; $1900 in 1850; then $2500 and $1100. — *Final Memorials*, p. 435.

[3] His freedom from bitterness, and his sunny-hearted charity, at a point where authors are apt to be most sensitive, is illustrated by his remark upon hearing of the death of Poe, who had accused him of plagiarism and ridiculed his hexameters: "What a melancholy death is that of Mr. Poe, — a man so richly endowed with genius! . . . The harshness of his criticisms I have never attributed to anything but the irritation of a sensitive nature chafed by some indefinite sense of wrong." — Longfellow's life of Longfellow, Vol. II., p. 150.

calamity, the sorest which could come to a man of such depth of domestic affection. His wife was one day sitting in the library, sealing up some packages of her little daughters' curls, when a match set fire to her dress; Longfellow was himself severely burned in his efforts to put out the flames, but she died the next day. "He bore his grief with courage and in silence. . . . To a brother far distant he wrote: 'And now, of what we are both thinking I can write no word. God's will be done.' To a visitor, who expressed the hope that he might be enabled to 'bear his cross' with patience, he replied: '*Bear* the cross, yes; but what if one is stretched upon it?'"[1] Gradually, however, his cheerfulness returned, although at the depths he was henceforth a lonely man. After his last trip abroad, he passed his days in quiet content and leisurely labor beneath the Cambridge elms. One by one many of his old friends fell by the way, and in 1881 his own health began to show signs of breaking. His last illness, however, was brief. On a Saturday four schoolboys from Boston visited him, and were kindly entertained; with one exception, they were the last guests of the "Children's Poet." That night he was taken violently ill. On the following Friday he died, and two nations mourned at his grave. "The key to his character," writes his brother, "was sympathy. This made him the gentle and courteous receiver of every visitor, however obscure, however tedious; the ready responder to every appeal to his pity and his purse; . . . the charitable judge of motives, and excuser of mistakes and offences; the delicate yet large liker. . . . This

[1] Longfellow's life of Longfellow, Vol. II., p. 369.

gave to his poetry the human element which made . . . in thousands of hearts in many lands a shrine of reverence and affection for his name."[1]

Longfellow's magazine articles[2] had no permanent value, and his prose romances appealed to a taste which has largely passed away. In *Outre-Mer* one may, however, still enjoy the freshness of a young poet's delight in visiting the enchanted land of France, Spain, and Italy. *Hyperion*, which is essentially autobiographical, runs over with poetic enthusiasm for the newly discovered wealth of romance in German scenery, legend, and literature, at the same time teaching, after Goethe, that sorrow is good for the soul.[3] *Kavanagh* paints life in a New England village with the quietness and thinness of a water-color. In manner, all three show strongly the influence of Irving, through whose *Sketch-Book* Longfellow in boyhood entered the wonder-world of literature; but, especially in *Hyperion*, the style is more flowery, and the sentiment more often degenerates into sentimentality. Yet the books are full of their author's sweet graciousness, and contain passages of pure and delicate beauty.

Longfellow's verse includes lyrics and other short poems, long narrative poems, dramas, and translations. Most of the short poems may be roughly classified, according to their predominant element, into three groups,

[1] Life of Longfellow, Vol. II., p. 474.

[2] As *Origin and Progress of the French Language* (*North American Review*, April, 1831); *The Defence of Poetry* (*ibid.*, January, 1832); *Hawthorne's Twice Told Tales* (*ibid.*, July, 1837); *Anglo-Saxon Literature* (*ibid.*, July, 1838).

[3] Richter, however, seems to have made the strongest impression upon Longfellow at this time.

which, however, flow into each other freely, — didactic poems, poems of the affections, and poems more imaginative and objective. The didactic poems, *A Psalm of Life* at their head, often contain more preaching than poetry. In some of them, however, as *The Rainy Day*, the lesson is gracefully combined with poetic beauty. It must be remembered, also, that Longfellow was writing chiefly for the descendants of Puritans, and gave them as much pure beauty as many were capable of receiving. In poems of the second group, of which *The Village Blacksmith* and *The Old Clock on the Stairs* are representative, pictorial or emotional elements are a larger part of the whole, and exist more for their own sake. These simple poems, in which Longfellow touches the human heart with gentle power, contain some of his most characteristic work. His lines about children, and about his friends living or dead, still further prove his right to be called the poet of the domestic affections. And his words upon the sorrow and mystery of life, and upon the consolations of religion — which with him is always a very human thing, — are so full of natural nobleness and childlike reverence that they soothe and purify. In poems of the third group the imaginative and poetic quality is occasionally high. As poetry the *Midnight Mass for the Dying Year* is worth innumerable Psalms of Life ; and it is almost incredible that *Excelsior* came from the same hand, and at the same time, as the finely imaginative *Skeleton in Armor*. The many poems whose subject, manner, and metre are derived from foreign sources, especially from German, remind us anew how great was this scholar-poet's indebtedness to the history, legends, life, and literatures of the Old World.

The nature poems, on the other hand, often show the influence of Bryant. But even in lines most after the manner of the earlier poet, as *The Spirit of Poetry* and *Rain in Summer*, there is felt the tender grace peculiar to Longfellow; while in poetry of the sea the author of *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Building of the Ship*, *The Secret of the Sea*, and *The Lighthouse* has no rival among American poets, except Walt Whitman. He wrote well of the "awful, pitiless sea"; but he loved most to sing of its beauty and mystery and romance, and it is that which he has interpreted best. Longfellow was never active in the abolitionist cause. It was not his part to go in sackcloth and ashes, and cry, "Woe unto Nineveh!" He belonged, rather, to the sons of Korah, who by their songs make more beautiful the courts of the Lord. His *Poems on Slavery*, therefore, although sincere enough, seem bookish and tame in comparison with Whittier's fiery blasts. The sonnet of the trumpet note, the organ tone, or the passionate love-cry Longfellow could not command. But the sonnet of quiet beauty, of gentle sadness, whose music is like the breathings of a lute, he wrote well, conforming strictly to the exacting Italian form, yet without apparent sacrifice of naturalness or ease.[1] Most of Longfellow's finest short poems were written in youth and middle age; but he continued singing under the evening sky, and a little of his best work was done then. The earlier poems have more freshness and charm; but the later usually contain fewer positive faults, and are freighted with a richer experience of life.[2]

[1] See *Nature*, *My Cathedral*, and *Divina Commedia* (Sonnet I.).

[2] See *Flower-de-Luce*, *Hawthorne*, *Killed at the Ford*, *Charles Sum-*

Longfellow was fortunate in the subject of his first long narrative poem. In *Evangeline* he worked upon a story of singular beauty and pathos, and had a heroine whose pure and gentle nature he was peculiarly fitted to portray. In truth, Evangeline seems less an individual character than an ideal abstraction, the embodiment of woman's deathless love. The setting is vitally related to the central figure. The picture of the harmless life of the Acadian farmers heightens our sense of the lovely innocence of the heroine, in whom that life attains its perfection. Grand-Pré is the dove-cote of the dove, who is soon to receive a crimson wound in her white bosom and be driven forth to wander desolate over the world.[1] In Part Second the descriptions contrast Evangeline's solitude with the regained happiness of her friends, and help the reader to realize the vastness and wildness of the West and the consequent heroism, yet hopelessness, of her search. The final meeting of the aged lovers, in the fever hospital, is a picture, at once beautiful and pathetic, of spiritual love immortal amidst the body's decay. The metre of the poem has provoked much discussion. What is certain is that English hexameters can be natural and musical, but that in a long poem in that metre it seems very difficult to avoid many awkward or prosaic lines. Thus *Evangeline* contains numerous verses, and a few entire

ner, *Belisarius*, *Three Friends of Mine* (Sonnet II., on Professor Felton), *Chaucer*, *Kéramos*, *A Ballad of the French Fleet*, *The Leap of Roushan Beg*, *Bayard Taylor*, *From My Arm-Chair*, *Mad River*, *The Bells of San Blas*.

[1] Longfellow of course sacrifices historical accuracy to pathos. In fact, save for a vague reference to Louisburg, Beau Séjour, and Port Royal, the poem contains no hint of the cause of the Acadians' removal.

passages, which flow easily and melodiously ;[1] others in which the hexameter movement has been secured by an unnatural word-order ;[2] and still others which, if printed as prose, would be read as such.[3] Yet the metre seems, on the whole, to be well fitted to the poem, by reason of its rapidity, dignity, and flexibility, although it is a question whether the effect would not be finer, on the whole, had the story been told in the delicate, light-footed verse of *Lancelot and Elaine*.[4]

The Courtship of Miles Standish, being in lighter vein, allowed more scope to the poet's pleasant humor. In how kindly a fashion does this play around the doughty

[1] Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river.

Part Second, Section II., has many beautiful lines and goes well as a whole.

[2] See Part First, Section I., the second paragraph.

[3] "It was a band of exiles : a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together." (Part Second, Section II.)

[4] The success of the hexameter in German poetry, notably in Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*, no doubt emboldened Longfellow to make the courageous experiment of writing his first long poem in this then unfamiliar metre. But even now the English hexameter is inferior to the German. One reason may be that English is too monosyllabic. The paucity of good spondees in English is surely another difficulty, leading either to an excess of dactyls, the jounce and clatter of which finally fatigue, or to trochaic lines, which have not sufficient fulness of sound and majesty of movement. The poverty of the sensuous effect in this trochaic line from *Evangeline :* —

List to a tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy,

is doubly apparent in comparison with the following full-throated line, rich in spondees, from Kingsley's *Andromeda :* —

Whirled in the white-linked dance, with the gold-crowned Hours and the Graces.

In general, Longfellow paid too little attention to quantity in his hexameters. *Miles Standish* is written with a somewhat freer hand, but there are fewer musical lines.

little Puritan captain and his refreshingly unsanctified anger; around the master of the departing "Mayflower," glad to be gone from a land where there was "plenty of nothing but Gospel," and

. . . taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller;

even around the hero, rather needlessly distraught by the struggle between his love and his Puritanic conscience. Yet there is no lack of admiration for the great qualities of the Pilgrims: —

O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the May Flower!

In fact, the whole poem is a sympathetic and truthful picture of the early days of Plymouth Colony. The historical value is rather increased than diminished by the prominence given to the love story; we are apt to overlook the purely human side of the life of the Puritans, half forgetting that they loved, married, and reared children as well as prayed, fasted, and cast out devils. The best thing in the poem is the nobility of Priscilla's womanhood; the next best, the feminine tact with which she manages her lover for his own good, in spite of the restraints of her sex and sect and his conscience-begotten blundering.

Before Longfellow's day, poems on the American aborigines had been mostly failures. In them the Indian usually appeared either as a repulsive savage or as a sentimental and romantic white man in a red skin. But in *Hiawatha*, by happy intuition, Longfellow seized upon the legends and myths of the Indian as the subject for his poem, which could thus be at once poetic and real.[1]

[1] See also Longfellow's early handling of Indian life in *Burial of the Minnisink*, and in Part Second, Section IV., of *Evangeline*.

Hiawatha is fresh and beautiful

> With the odors of the forest,
> With the dew and damp of meadows,
> With the curling smoke of wigwams,
> With the rushing of great rivers.

The mind of the childhood of a race is seen in the lovely personifications of the East Wind and the West Wind; in the fancy of the Milky Way as the pathway of ghosts; in the boyish humor and love of the marvellous which pervade the stories of Hiawatha's fishing and the pranks of Pau-Puk-Keewis; in the naïve but powerful imagination which conceived the ravenous ghosts that for many days lodge in Hiawatha's wigwam,

> Cowering, crouching with the shadows,

and at last are discovered

> Sitting upright on their couches,
> Weeping in the silent midnight,

because the living do not really desire the return of the dead. But even the poetry of the Indians Longfellow has somewhat idealized, chiefly by the rejection of capricious and malignant elements in the character of his hero, who is much more like an Indian King Arthur than is the Hiawatha of the original legends.[1] The verse and style of *Hiawatha* (upon the model of the Finnish epic, *Kalevala*),[2] although monotonous upon prolonged reading, are peculiarly fitted to the substance and spirit of the poem. The short phrases and simple sentences, the frequent repetitions and parallelisms, the

[1] See *The Myth of Hiawatha*, by H. R. Schoolcraft, Philadelphia and London, 1856.

[2] See the English translation by J. M. Crawford.

quick trochaic movement, the absence of rhyme or stanza, suggest the childlike character of these legends, and the swaying boughs, quivering leaves, and leaping brooks to the music of which they were first narrated.

Tales of a Wayside Inn show the hand of an experienced literary craftsman and wide reading in many tongues, but also a decline of creative power with the coming on of age. Longfellow's dramas are, as a class, the poorest of his work. *Judas Maccabæus* and *The Masque of Pandora* are feeble. *Michael Angelo* is written in the author's best mature style and contains noble passages, especially those interpreting the spirit of Michael Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini; the work deserves to be more read, but it is a loosely connected series of dialogues and monologues rather than a dramatic poem. *The Divine Tragedy*, consisting of scenes from the life of Christ, in a bare paraphrase of Scripture language, is painfully inadequate. *The New England Tragedies*, although they report accurately the facts and spirit of the Quaker persecutions and the Salem Witchcraft, sadly lack imaginative sweep and power. Longfellow's best dramatic poems are *The Spanish Student* and *The Golden Legend*, in which his humor, lyric gift, and poetic insight into Spanish and mediæval life found free expression. The first is full of the passion, romance, and gayety of youth and Spain, and contains Longfellow's best song, *Stars of the Summer Night.* The second, in addition to poetic charm, has great merit as an interpretation of the many-sided life of the Middle Ages.[1] As

[1] "Longfellow, in *The Golden Legend*, has entered more closely into the temper of the Monk, for good and for evil, than ever yet theological writer or historian." — Ruskin, in *Modern Painters*, Vol. IV., Chap. 20,

a translator Longfellow's career was long and brilliant. He early revealed a rare gift in rendering the airy grace of the French, the tender richness of the Spanish, and the mysticism, romance, and deep-heartedness of the German into idiomatic and musical English verse. His great achievement in translation is the version of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, which occupied him at intervals during the greater part of his adult life; fidelity was secured at considerable loss of poeticalness and ease, but the work is nevertheless a noble offering to the memory of the great Italian.

Longfellow had much in common with Irving. His character had the same simplicity and gentleness; his culture was essentially European, although it consisted with warm patriotism and the choice of American subjects for many of his best poems; his gifts were affection, sentiment, and taste, not trenchant intellect, intense passion, or high imagination. In humor and satire he was inferior to Irving, but the place of these was more than filled by poetic vision and melodious song. Longfellow is not a great poet. There are heights and depths, splendors and glooms, in life and the soul, which his muse of the fireside and the library could not touch.

§ 32. "The story is told, and perhaps invented, by Hartmann von der Aue, a Minnesinger of the twelfth century. The original [*Der Arme Heinrich*] may be found in Mailáth's *Altdeutsche Gedichte*, with a modern German version." — Longfellow's note. See also Friedrich Münzner's *Die Quellen zu Longfellows Golden Legend* (Dresden, 1897). The dramas gain nothing by being put together and called *Christus*. Yet the plan of such a work was early conceived and long cherished: "This evening it has come into my mind to undertake a long and elaborate poem by the holy name of Christ; the theme of which would be the various aspects of Christendom in the Apostolic, Middle, and Modern Ages." — Longfellow's Journal, November 8, 1841.

In early years he did not wholly escape the prevalent taste for commonplace sentiment. His Puritan ancestry and New England environment made him over anxious to point the moral; he was not enough content to let incident, character, and scenery produce their own effect. But nevertheless his artistic instinct was large, and he came into many bare New England homes as an apostle of new and wondrous beauty. Much of his work will long live, because it touches the heart, refines the spirit, and has for the senses a gentle charm. In the purity, sweetness, and harmony of his nature Longfellow is one of the world's elect.

Longfellow's unspeculative nature held him aloof from the theological and philosophical controversies of his day. The life and work of Emerson, on the contrary, cannot be understood without first glancing at the history of theology and philosophy in New England since the middle of the eighteenth century.[1] Down to the time of the Great Awakening, in 1734–1744, Calvinism had reigned almost undisputed in New England. But the reaction against the emotional excesses of that tremendous revival brought to the surface the more liberal tendencies which had doubtless been germinating in the soil for some time. Contemporary liberal thought in England furthered their growth. The dispute turned at first upon the question how far man's will might be an agent in effecting his conversion. The school of which Jonathan Edwards was the head asserted the

[1] It will be understood, of course, that we here have nothing to do with the truth or error of the opinions referred to, but only with their history and their relation to literature. Thus the words "liberal," "orthodox," etc., are used wholly in their historical sense and without any intention to imply approval or disapproval.

absolute sovereignty of God in this act, as in all others;[1] the Arminian school, of which Charles Chauncy and Jonathan Mayhew were the earliest leaders, affirmed that the sinner, by diligently cultivating the means of grace, and so fulfilling the conditions for receiving it, might coöperate in his own regeneration. From this small beginning the breach widened more and more. The doctrine of the Trinity was soon openly attacked; and, although the political ferment of the Revolution drew men's thoughts largely away from theological questions, Unitarianism quietly spread in eastern Massachusetts, until, at the close of the century, there was scarcely a Trinitarian Congregational clergyman in Boston. No open separation, however, had yet occurred. With the new century there came a change. The appointment of five Unitarians to professorships in Harvard College, in 1805–1807, made clear the position of that venerable institution. By 1815 circumstances had compelled the liberal party reluctantly to accept the distinctive title of "Unitarian." Four years later, aroused by Channing's famous sermon at Baltimore on Unitarian Christianity, the denomination assumed a more confident and aggressive attitude, and entered upon a period of controversy and expansion.

Emerson inherited whatever of mental breadth and spiritual inspiration the earlier Unitarianism had to

[1] Edwards's greatest work, on the freedom of the will, was written to refute the Arminian doctrine of the will. His position is (1) that the will is "that by which the mind chooses anything"; (2) that "the will is always determined by the strongest motive"; (3) that to the evil man evil appeals more strongly than good does, and that he is therefore "morally," though not "naturally," unable to choose the good; (4) that, consequently, man is wholly dependent upon the grace of God for a change of heart; (5) that, nevertheless, since the sinner does what he

give. But its direct service to him in this kind was small. "The Unitarians of New England," says O. B. Frothingham, who will not be accused of understating their merits, "belonged . . . to the class which looked without for knowledge, rather than within for inspiration. . . . The Unitarian was disquieted by mysticism, enthusiasm, and rapture. . . . Even Doctor Channing clung to the philosophical traditions that were his inheritance from England."[1] But indirectly, by what it allowed to enter from without, Unitarianism greatly assisted in the development of Emerson's genius. It will be no more than fair to hear what Mr. Frothingham has to say on this side also: "The Unitarians . . . acknowledged themselves to be friends of free thought in religion. This was their distinction. They disavowed sympathy with dogmatism. . . . They honestly but incautiously professed a principle broader than they were able to stand by, and avowed the absolute freedom of the human mind as their characteristic faith. . . . The literature on their tables represented a wide mental activity. Their libraries contained authors never found before on ministerial shelves."[2] Hence it happened that the sect which had within its own ranks less of severe metaphysical ability than some of the orthodox denominations, did more than any other religious body to encourage the introduction into America of the new German philosophy. New England Transcendentalism had its roots in the philosophy of Kant. In opposition to the philosophy of Locke, the

chooses, and chooses evil because of his own wickedness, not because of outward compulsion, he is justly held responsible by God.

[1] *Transcendentalism in New England*, p. 110. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 114.

prevailing system of thought in England and America, a system which, by its assumption that all knowledge is derived from experience through the senses, tended logically to materialism and scepticism, Kant sought to show that the ideas of the Reason — the Soul, the Universe as One, the Absolute Being, or God — are not derived from experience, but are implanted in the very constitution of the mind, which thus has intuitive knowledge of high truths that can never be reached by the merely logical understanding or the physical senses. The ideas of Kant were further developed by Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and other German philosophers; clothed with poetic beauty and mystical fervor by Goethe and Richter; expounded with the elegant lucidity of the agile French mind by Cousin, Constant, and others; transplanted into England in the writings of Coleridge and Carlyle; and, chiefly in their French or English dress, brought to America during Emerson's youth and early manhood.[1] The new idealism contributed its share

[1] "Few [American scholars] read German, but most read French. As early as 1804, Degerando lectured on Kant's philosophy, in Paris; and as early as 1813, Madame de Staël gave an account of it. . . . The works of Coleridge made familiar the leading ideas of Schelling. The foreign reviews reported the results and processes of French and German speculation. In 1827, Thomas Carlyle wrote, in the *Edinburgh Review*, his great articles on Richter and the State of German Literature; in 1828 appeared his essay on Goethe. Mr. Emerson presented these and other papers, as *Carlyle's Miscellanies*, to the American public. [*Sartor Resartus* was reprinted in America in 1836.] In 1830, George Ripley began the publication of the *Specimens of Standard Foreign Literature*. . . . These volumes . . . brought many readers into a close acquaintance with the teaching and the spirit of writers of the new school." — *Transcendentalism in New England*, pp. 115–117. The influence of Coleridge upon the philosophy of James Marsh, president and professor at the University of Vermont, deserves passing mention; in 1829 he published a Preliminary Essay to Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*.

to the so-called "Romantic movement," which, in the latter part of the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth, did so much to break through the crust of tradition and turn fresh streams of thought and feeling into nearly every department of life in the principal countries of Europe. In New England likewise, within a narrow circle, the new ideas exerted a powerful influence for a time, as will appear more fully in the course of our study of the "Sage of Concord."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON[1] was descended from a remarkably long line of clergymen and scholars, beginning with Peter Bulkeley, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, who in 1634 fled from the persecution of Laud and settled at Concord. Emerson's grandfather, William Emerson, was builder of the "Old Manse," pastor at Concord in 1775, an ardent patriot, an elo-

[1] LIFE. Born in Boston, May 25, 1803. Attended Latin School, 1813–1817; Harvard College, 1817–1821; taught school in or near Boston, 1821–1826; attended Harvard Divinity School, 1825–1828; licensed to preach, 1826. Spent winter of 1826–1827 in the South. Became pastor of Old North Church, Boston, 1829. Married Ellen Tucker, 1829; she died, 1832. Resigned his pastorate, 1832. In Italy, France, England, 1832–1833. Lecturing, 1832–1872: chiefly in New England, 1832–1847; in Scotland and England, 1847–1848; in New England, Middle States, and West, 1851–1872. Settled in Concord, 1834. Married Lidian Jackson, 1835; two sons and two daughters were born to him. Visited England and France, 1847–1848. Given degree of LL.D. by Harvard, and elected college overseer, 1866. Visited California, 1871. House burned, 1872. In England, France, Italy, Egypt, 1872–1873. Died at Concord, April 27, 1882.

WORKS. Nature, 1836. Essays: First Series, 1841; Second Series, 1844. Contributions to *The Dial*, 1840–1844. Poems, 1847. Miscellanies (Nature, Addresses, Lectures), 1849. Representative Men, 1850. English Traits, 1856. Conduct of Life, 1860. May-Day and Other Pieces (poems), 1867. Society and Solitude, 1870. Letters and Social Aims, 1876. Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson, 1883. Natural History of the Intellect, 1893 (lectures at Harvard and elsewhere, reprints from *The Dial*, etc.).

quent preacher, and a man of marked literary tastes. His father, of the same name, pastor of the First Church, Boston, also had high reputation as a preacher and student. He died when Waldo was eight years old, so that the boy's home training was received chiefly from his mother, a woman of peculiar serenity of temper; his aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, of remarkable intellect and character, also exerted a strong influence over him for many years. Emerson's distinctive genius, like Milton's, came into full bloom rather late. But he seems early to have had a certain general maturity, and his spiritual nature was, from the first, of singular elevation and charm.[1] At college he was only a fair scholar, having no faculty for mathematics and pursuing a desultory course of private reading with more industry than the prescribed studies; but he took a prize for declamation, and two prizes for dissertations, and graduated somewhat above the middle of his class.[2] As a teacher, Emerson was much respected and loved; but he found the work very irksome, and gladly relinquished it, after four profitable years, to begin his studies in divinity.

[1] "I don't think he ever engaged in boy's play; . . . simply because, from his earliest years, he dwelt in a higher sphere." "A spiritual-looking boy in blue nankeen, . . . whose image, more than any other's, is still deeply stamped upon my mind as I then saw him and loved him, I knew not why, and thought him so angelic and remarkable." — Reminiscences by two schoolmates, in J. E. Cabot's *Memoir of Emerson*, Vol. I., pp. 5, 6.

[2] In his first year he served as "President's freshman," or messenger, and waited on table at the college commons. A classmate says: "By degrees . . . the more studious members of his class began to seek him out. They found him to be unusually thoughtful and well-read. . . . He had studied the early English dramatists and poets, pored over Montaigne, and knew Shakespeare almost by heart. In his sophomore year he became the leading spirit in a little book-club." — Cabot, Vol. I., pp. 59, 63.

An affection of the eyes and symptoms of consumption, the latter compelling him to spend one winter in Florida, interfered greatly with his theological course. But during these years of leisurely reading and meditation his nature, by the privilege of genius, was doubtless absorbing the food it most needed and slowly growing toward maturity.[1]

Soon after leaving the divinity school he married, and entered upon what he supposed would be his life-work as a Unitarian clergyman. Three years brought serious changes. Mrs. Emerson's death took the sunshine out of his home, and a few months later he felt obliged to resign his pastorate. This step, occasioned by difference of opinion about the Lord's Supper, was the first clear intimation that Emerson was finding the Unitarian faith too narrow for his expanding thought. For several years he continued to preach as occasion offered; but his religious ideas differed more and more from those of the Unitarians as a body, and his address before the Harvard Divinity School, in 1838, raised a storm of alarm, being condemned by prominent liberal clergymen as anti-Christian and even atheistical. Meanwhile Emerson had found his vocation. As a lecturer he had peculiar charm, — the triple charm of a fascinating voice, brilliant thought, and a personality singularly

[1] Doctor F. H. Hedge, who first met Emerson in 1828, says: "There was no presage then, that I remember, of his future greatness. . . . He never jested; a certain reserve in his manner restrained the jesting propensity and any license of speech in others. He was slow in his movements, as in his speech. . . . No one, I think, ever saw him run. In ethics he held very positive opinions. Here his native independence of thought was manifest. 'Owe no conformity to custom,' he said, 'against your private judgment.'" — Cabot, Vol. I., p. 138.

winning and spiritually stimulating. It was the day of the "lyceum," and many talented lecturers regularly went about the country. But Emerson was, on the whole, the prince of them all. Year after year, while other lecturers, seemingly more eloquent, waxed only to wane, this quiet reader of apparently disconnected thoughts upon intangible "transcendental" subjects held the platform and steadily exercised his gentle fascination over hearers of widely different temperaments and beliefs.[1] Most of his lectures were afterward reprinted as books,[2] which had some sale; but for many years he depended chiefly upon lecturing to eke out his limited income.[3] After his first trip to Europe, his second marriage, and his settlement in Concord, his life flowed on for many years with a tranquillity befitting the serene philosopher. The deaths of his brothers Edward and Charles, in 1834 and 1836, deprived him of companions whose places were never filled again, although he was

[1] "It was with a feeling of predetermined dislike that I had the curiosity to look at Emerson at Lord Northampton's, a fortnight ago; when, in an instant, all my dislike vanished. He has one of the most interesting countenances I ever beheld, — a combination of intelligence and sweetness that quite disarmed me." — *Diary*, etc., of H. C. Robinson, April 22, 1848. "I can do no better than tell what Harriet Martineau says about him: 'There is a vague nobleness and thorough sweetness about him which move people to their very depths, without their being able to explain why. . . . He conquers minds, as well as hearts, wherever he goes; and, without convincing anybody's reason of any one thing, exalts their reason, and makes their minds worth more than they ever were before.'" — *Ibid.*, June 9, 1848.

[2] "A large number of his lectures," says Mr. Cabot, "remain unpublished."

[3] "The Tucker estate [that of the family of his first wife] is so far settled," he writes in 1834, "that I am made sure of an income of about $1200." — Cabot, Vol. I., p. 218. "He writes . . . in 1847 that the most he ever received was $570 for ten lectures; in Boston, $50; in country lyceums, $10 and travelling expenses." — *Ibid.*, Vol. II., p. 460.

surrounded by dear friends all his life, and between him and Carlyle there was deep affection. In 1842 the death of his eldest child, a remarkable boy of five years, cut into his heart with pain against which no philosopher is proof or ought to be. But in the main his life was a singularly happy one. As the years went on, his fame steadily increased. As early as 1847, when he revisited England, he was recognized there as one of the most remarkable men of the century; and at home he was reverenced as a seer and saint, who dwelt habitually in the presence of the highest spiritual realities.[1]

Emerson's mind began to fail after the year 1870. He had always been deliberate in conversation, "picking his way through his vocabulary to get at the best expression of his thoughts, as a well-dressed woman crosses the muddy pavement."[2] In old age his memory for words became capricious, and often he was forced to describe objects instead of naming them — as when he humorously said of an umbrella, "I can't tell its name, but I can tell its history: strangers take it away."[3] The shock and exposure at the burning of his house hastened his decline, and he once more went abroad, for health and rest. On his return the love and pride of his fellow-townsmen appeared in the reception they gave him; he "was escorted, with music, between two rows of smiling school-children, to his house, where a triumphal arch of leaves and flowers had been

[1] Father Taylor, the Methodist preacher to sailors, who said of Emerson that "he knows no more of the religion of the New Testament than Balaam's ass did of the principles of the Hebrew grammar" (Cabot, Vol. I., p. 328), yet declared that Emerson was more like Christ than any man he had known (O. W. Holmes's life of Emerson, p. 412).

[2] Holmes, p. 364.

[3] Cabot, Vol. II., p. 652.

erected."[1] By generous friends the house had been restored, with some improvements, to its former condition. His renewed vigor was fleeting. His powers failed more and more, until, toward the end, he took childish delight in looking at pictures in books and showing them to guests. At Longfellow's funeral he said to a friend, "That gentleman was a sweet, beautiful soul, but I have entirely forgotten his name."[2] A few weeks later this pathetic, but not painful, second-childhood of a high intellect was ended by death, after a brief illness free from suffering until near the very last. He was able to take farewell of his family and friends; and, his eyes falling upon a portrait of Carlyle, he murmured, "That is that man, my man." Not long after he fell asleep.

Emerson's philosophy is the key to his prose writings, large portions of which are merely amplifications or applications of a few fundamental ideas. He was an idealist. "Mind," he says, "is the only reality."[3] "I believe in the existence of the material world as the expression of the spiritual, or the real."[4] Nature expresses not only the Infinite Mind, but the finite mind as well, since all mind is in essence the same. "The whole of nature is a metaphor of the human mind. The laws of moral nature answer to those of matter as face to face in a glass."[5] He even speaks of

[1] Cabot, Vol. II., p. 665. [2] Holmes, p. 346.
[3] *The Transcendentalist.* See also *Nature*, Chap. VI.
[4] *Natural History of Intellect.*
[5] *Nature*, Chap. IV. Cf. Wordsworth:—

> and how exquisitely, too—
> Theme this but little heard of among men—
> The external World is fitted to the Mind.
>
> —Preface to *The Excursion.*

the universe as the "externization of the soul."[1] But this is because he does not sharply sever God from Man. "The currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or particle of God."[2] "The soul in man . . . is not the intellect or the will, but . . . the background of our being, in which they lie, — an immensity not possessed and that cannot be possessed."[3] This view was the easier because Emerson thought of God as neither personal nor impersonal, but as the transcendent, indefinable Source of all modes of being.[4]

All this but repeats the ideas of Carlyle, Coleridge, the German idealists, Plato, and the mystic thinkers of the Orient. Emerson was not an original philosopher. In the strict sense he was not a philosopher at all, for he relied upon intuition instead of reason, and was much more intent upon the moral and spiritual than upon the intellectual. Herein lay his unique value for his land and age. Taking almost for granted the lofty conceptions of idealism, this high spiritual nature put them to use in everyday life. He followed his own precept, "Hitch your wagon to a star." In the teeth of conventionalism, materialism, and scepticism he preached with singular incisiveness and charm the new-old doctrine of the Soul and its immediate relation to the Infinite Being. This first of truths dominates all his thinking. In the light of it nature takes on a higher beauty and a deeper significance. History and biography become fresh and vital with the indwelling

[1] *The Poet*, in *Essays*, Second Series.
[2] *Nature*, Chap. I. [3] *The Over-Soul*, in *Essays*, First Series.
[4] See *Nature*, Chap. VII.; *Fate*, in *The Conduct of Life*; etc.

life of God. Art ceases to be a matter of superficial form, but is seen as the artist's expression of the Eternal Beauty. For the individual life the doctrine is rich in guidance and inspiration. "Trust thyself;" God is in thee also. Pretence is vain; "character teaches over our head." Fret not; "the things that are really for thee gravitate to thee." Heaven and hell are within thee; "he who does a good deed is instantly ennobled, he who does a mean deed is by the action itself contracted." The highest greatness is internal and simple; "give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." Upon social problems Emerson turned the searchlight of the same spiritual philosophy. In the Church the great defect, he thought, was that "men have come to speak of the revelation as somewhat long ago given and done, as if God were dead." He sympathized with the many reform movements of his day, but criticised them for depending too much upon outward means, too little upon love;[1] and of Fourier's elaborate socialistic scheme he quietly remarked that its originator "had skipped no fact but one, namely Life." The materialism of the American people, and their subservience to Europe in things of the higher life, he smote like an angel of light. "Perhaps the time is already come . . . when the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids, and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill."[2] "We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe. . . . We will walk on our own feet;

[1] See *Man the Reformer; Lecture on the Times;* and *New England Reformers*, in *Essays*, Second Series. [2] *The American Scholar.*

we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds."[1]

But other and more personal qualities appear in Emerson's pages, and win him readers even among those who perhaps do not sympathize with philosophic idealism or who find its iteration wearisome. Here and there poetic descriptions of nature gleam out with a fresh, serene beauty that never palls. A courageous candor in self-analysis sometimes smites the reader into wholesome shame. Again and again there is revealed an insight, as subtle as true, into the facts of man's spiritual being. A certain personal fastidiousness gives warning of a nature of extreme delicacy, and prepares us for those admirable words on behavior and manners which, but for the underlying spirituality, might have been uttered by Lord Chesterfield.[2] Curiously united with the qualities of seer and mystic, appear the shrewdness, humor, and keen observation of the Yankee. This ballast of hard common-sense the New England sage always took with him even in his most aërial voyagings, while in the admirable historical and political addresses, and in *English Traits*, it forms the principal cargo.[3]

Inspiring and keen as Emerson's mind was, it had certain limitations and defects which cannot be passed by in any careful estimate of his work. His instinct for the incisive and the startling often lured him into extravagance of statement. He was not a learned man, and even his reading was desultory; consequently his

[1] *The American Scholar.*

[2] In this connection Emerson's lifelong liking for the courtly Beaumont and Fletcher is significant.

[3] See particularly the *Historical Discourse at Concord* and *Historic Notes of Life and Letters in New England.*

words on books, history, and systems of thought, although suggestive and stimulating, lack the authority of the scholar.[1] Like Carlyle, he was constitutionally unable to do justice to the scientific habit of mind and its results. His philosophic idealism, together with extreme personal spirituality, led him to overrate Swedenborg and to underrate Shakspere and the sensuous side of art in general. The same elements, modified by his humor and common-sense, determined his attitude toward Transcendentalism. It is difficult nowadays, when we have passed into an atmosphere so different, to do this movement entire justice. Undoubtedly Transcendentalism did good in its own day, especially as an offset to America's prevailing genius of the materialistic and practical. It broke with tradition, and opened the way for new ideas. It held up before the eyes of Young America high ideals of character, religion, philanthropy, social life, and national destiny. Indirectly it helped to lend soul to several practical reforms. But on its speculative side Transcendentalism was shallow and amateurish, and in practice it tended to Utopianism. A few ideas hastily caught up at second hand from ancient and modern philosophy were the entire stock in trade of most of its disciples. Parties of ladies and gentlemen met in parlors to inflate their souls with the rarefied moonshine of which Mr. Alcott had such plenteous store.[2] It was

[1] "He would have been partly amused, partly vexed, to hear himself described as a profound student . . . of anything to be learned from books." "He lived among his books and was never comfortable away from them, yet they did not much enter into his life." — Cabot, Vol. I., pp. 288, 292.

[2] In *Historic Notes of Life and Letters in New England*, Emerson tells, with evident relish, that on one such occasion, "at a knotty point

a day for the blowing of soap-bubbles, beautifully iridescent, with which as cannon-balls the grim strongholds of error and wrong were to be battered down, preliminary to creating a new heaven and a new earth. Emerson's relations to Transcendentalism were peculiar. Although he was the soul and centre of the whole movement, he always maintained a somewhat critical attitude toward it, especially toward the fantastic, if harmless, eccentricities of theory and practice which capered around its circumference. His hopes might fly to Utopia, but his feet remained in Concord where were his house and his taxes. He never joined the Brook Farm community, nor showed much faith in its permanent success. Even in the case of the more practicable reforms connected with intemperance, the wrongs of women, and slavery, he maintained a philosophic calm and breadth of view, although speaking his mind on fit occasion with manly courage. And yet one feels that on the whole Emerson was too indulgent toward Transcendentalism and for a time too sanguine over its work in the world. Certainly he greatly overestimated Alcott. And he even made a mild attempt to bring in the Golden Age by having his servants eat at the same table with himself and his family — a plan which was promptly frustrated by the superior good sense of the domestics.[1] More serious limitations for the general reader are Emerson's too easy optimism and his defective sense of evil and sin. Both limitations sprang from the excess of idealism in his thinking and his nature. He had a

in the discourse, a sympathizing Englishman with a squeaking voice interrupted with the question, 'Mr. Alcott, a lady near me desires to inquire whether omnipotence abnegates attribute?'"

[1] See Cabot, Vol. II., pp. 60–64.

seraph's vision for "the ever-blessed ONE." But the many, the concrete, the actual, often very far from blessed, were not sufficiently real and present to him. The high serenity of his mood, the almost angelic purity of his nature, have of course their peculiar helpfulness and inspiration for us of grosser clay. But on the whole Emerson would draw us skyward more powerfully if he himself did not ascend quite so easily. If he had looked more steadily at life in its totality, we should feel more confidence in his idealistic interpretation of it. If he had been more fully a man of like passions with ourselves, and yet had risen splendidly victorious over the world, the flesh, and the devil, he could then have helped us, not as angels help poor mortals, but as brother helpeth brother.

Emerson's manner and style have great merit for the work to which he put them. He did not aim at a logical and continuous development of thought. He desired rather to flash into the mind a few great ideas and then make brief, suggestive applications of them to character and life. For this purpose, short, pithy sentences were better adapted than sentences more complete in thought and of smoother flow; while logical coherence of sentence to sentence, and of paragraph to paragraph, was not essential, and perhaps not desirable, in writings intended chiefly to arouse and stimulate. The fact that these essays on abstract subjects were first designed as popular lectures, in which each paragraph and almost every sentence must contain something to hold the attention, also tended to the development of the parts at the expense of structure in the whole. It is probable, however, that Emerson's type of mind would in any

event have produced results much the same. His mind was intuitive, not logical; and the thoughts which came to him were not links in a chain, but separate rays from a central sun.[1] It is easy, however, to exaggerate the degree of incoherence in Emerson's writings. His first book, *Nature*, is orderly enough in the parts and in the whole, being the most systematic and clearest exposition of his fundamental thought. The addresses, also, have sufficient method and a more fluent style. And even the essays, as some one has said, "do not read backward." But Emerson's gift was in the word, the phrase, and the single sentence, not in the larger wholes. Matthew Arnold was certainly right in saying that Emerson was "not a great writer," that "his style has not the requisite wholeness of good tissue."[2] But he could at least coin phrases that startle and pierce and carry high thoughts deep into heart and brain.

It is both praise and blame of Emerson's poetry to say that it is much like his prose. The thought, particularly in the philosophical poems, is often identical with that in the essays, and sometimes even the language is very similar.[3] The nature poems show the

[1] "His practice was, when a sentence had taken shape, to write it out in his journal, and leave it to find its fellows afterward. These journals, paged and indexed, were the quarry from which he built his lectures and essays. When he had a paper to get ready, he took the material collected under the particular heading, and added whatever suggested itself at the moment." — Cabot, Vol. I., p. 294.

[2] *Emerson*, in *Discourses in America*.

[3] Compare *Each and All* with "Nothing is quite beautiful alone" (*Nature*, Chap. III.); *Brahma*, with "The act of seeing and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the object, are one" (*The Over-Soul*); *Merlin* with the essay *The Poet; Days* with "They come and go like muffled and veiled figures; . . . they say nothing; and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away"

same keen observation of natural objects, and the same fresh delight in them, as appear in many prose passages; and frequently they express or imply the idealistic philosophy of the relations of nature to God and man. In poems on the conduct of life, as *Good-Bye*, *Forbearance*, *Days*, and *Terminus*, are seen the same serenity, delicacy, and good sense as in the ethical and practical essays. The historical and political addresses have their poetical counterparts in the hymns and odes composed for various public occasions. In the poems as a whole there is also the same lack of passion, personality, and structural unity — a lack far more serious in poetry than in prose. There is furthermore a marked deficiency of music and ease. Verse does not seem to have been a natural mode of expression for Emerson; even in that easiest of metres in which he habitually wrote, rhythm and rhyme were often secured only by awkward inversions and compressions. But occasionally, as in the *Concord Hymn* and *Days*, he wrote poems of admirable wholeness and unity, as fine in expression as in thought. And many of the poems less successful as wholes are strewn thick with individual lines and stanzas that reveal a remarkable gift in phrase-making. For sententiousness in verse Emerson has no equal among English-speaking poets of the nineteenth century.[1]

The fame and influence of the "sage of Concord" have suffered some diminution since his prime, but much

(*Works and Days*); *The Sphinx*, *The Problem*, *Wood-Notes*, etc., with Emerson's philosophy of God, Nature, and Man.

[1] See particularly *The Problem*, *The Rhodora*, *The Humble-Bee*, *The Snow-Storm*, *Threnody*, *Concord Hymn*, and *Voluntaries*.

yet remains and will remain. He was not one of the world's great intellects or great writers, but he was one of its great and high souls; in Matthew Arnold's phrase, "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit,"[1] and as such he must be reckoned among the most powerful forces of the century. Because of his spiritual charm he has justly been likened to Cardinal Newman. But the immense difference between the two men at one point is really more significant. Newman's beautiful soul drew its nourishment from a faith based on authority and the Past; Emerson's rested on intuition in the Present. A judgment as to the intrinsic superiority of either type of faith would be out of place in these pages; but it may with propriety be said that the second is more in accord with the Time-Spirit, and therefore more helpful to many souls in this age of transition and doubt. In fact it is probably Emerson's greatest service to his country and his time that he demonstrated in his own person the possibility of combining the intellect of the rationalist with the spirituality of the saint.[2]

Amos Bronson Alcott (1799–1888), a native of Connecticut but long resident in or near Boston and Concord, was for many years prominent in Transcendental circles. He had the reputation of being a wonderful talker on philosophical themes, although his friends admitted that he could not adequately express himself in print.[3] Nowadays it is difficult wholly to escape the

[1] *Emerson*, in *Discourses in America*.

[2] See the last paragraph of *Worship* (in *The Conduct of Life*), for Emerson's idea of the religion of the future.

[3] See Appendix, D, for the titles of his principal books.

suspicion that Mr. Alcott came perilously near being a charlatan in philosophy without knowing it. SARAH MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI (1810–1850) was for a time editor of *The Dial*, the short-lived organ of Transcendentalism; in 1846 she became the literary critic of *The New York Tribune;* two years later she went to Europe, where she married the Marquis Ossoli and devotedly nursed the wounded in the Italian revolution of 1849; together with her husband and child, she met death by shipwreck while returning to America. Her brilliant intellect and ardent temperament did not find full expression in her writings;[1] but she was a considerable power in her day, and is still an interesting though somewhat pathetic figure in the history of American letters. JONES VERY (1813–1880), an unordained Unitarian clergyman and one of Emerson's most valued friends, had in him an eccentric streak amounting almost to insanity; but his *Poems and Essays* (1839) reveal an original and intensely spiritual nature, and an unusual gift of terse, fresh, direct expression within a limited field.

The genius of HENRY DAVID THOREAU[2] was not pri-

[1] Woman in the Nineteenth Century, 1844; Papers on Literature and Art, 1846; Memoirs, 1851; etc.

[2] LIFE. Born in Concord, Mass., July 12, 1817; of French descent on the paternal side; attended schools in Boston and Concord; in Harvard College, 1833–1837; taught school during his vacations, and in Concord Academy in 1838; at intervals assisted in his father's business of pencil-making; for many years a land surveyor; after his father's death, in 1857, carried on the pencil business for the benefit of his mother and sister; because of consumption went to Minnesota in 1861; died in Concord, May 6, 1862.

WORKS. A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers, 1849. Walden, 1854. Excursions, 1863. The Maine Woods, 1864. Cape Cod, 1865. Letters, 1865. A Yankee in Canada, 1866. Early Spring

marily literary, yet he has a secure niche in American literature. Even in boyhood he showed a marked love of nature. At Harvard he was "far from distinguished as a scholar," and was thought to be "of an unsocial disposition."[1] The year after his return to Concord, he refused, at the risk of imprisonment, to pay the church tax which was still levied by the parish. In this protest against the union of Church and State, made soon after he came under the personal influence of Emerson, may perhaps be seen an instance of the zeal of the disciple outrunning the discretion of the master. Thoreau was even accused of imitating Emerson's tone and manner. There is no doubt that he was profoundly influenced by the greater nature, but his personality and writings as a whole are certainly a very original kind of imitation. Henceforth Thoreau's manner of life was extremely independent. He never married,[2] and his own few and simple wants were easily supplied. His time was, therefore, largely free for that outdoor study of nature in which he most delighted, and for considerable literary labor. His residence in a hut on the shore of Walden Pond, in 1845–1847, has often been misinterpreted and made too much of. It was only an episode in his life, and he never meant to preach by it that all men should live in huts or that civilization is a mis-

in Massachusetts, 1881. Summer, 1884. Winter, 1887. Autumn, 1892. Many magazine articles (in *The Dial*, *Putnam's Magazine*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, etc.), containing a good deal of the subject-matter in the above volumes, appeared during Thoreau's lifetime.

[1] *R. W. Emerson*, by D. G. Haskins, as quoted in H. S. Salt's life of Thoreau, pp. 25, 26 (Great Writers Series).

[2] There is a story that Thoreau loved a Miss Sewall, but resigned his hopes in his brother's favor, the lady finally marrying another after all. Thoreau's poem *Sympathy* is thought to refer to Miss Sewall.

take. Rather it was a demonstration, first to himself and then to others, that man's happiness and higher life are not dependent upon luxuries nor even upon external refinements. Thoreau did believe that men would be the better for living more simply and closer to nature; but he was no cynic nor hermit. His serious literary life began with his diary in 1837. His first poems were composed soon after. In 1838, and nearly every year afterward, he lectured in the Concord lyceum. To *The Dial* he contributed poems and essays, and from about the year 1849 he looked upon writing and lecturing as his regular occupation. He was ardent in the anti-slavery cause, suffering imprisonment in the Concord jail for one night, in 1845, rather than pay taxes under a government that was waging the pro-slavery Mexican War; and his lecture on John Brown, delivered in Concord on October 30, 1859, and repeated in Boston five days later, before a large audience, is said to have been the first public utterance on behalf of that noble fanatic. Thoreau's work was now almost done. A severe cold developed an inherited tendency to consumption, which could not be stayed by residence in Minnesota; he returned to Concord only to die, his last words, characteristically enough, being "moose" and "Indian."

Thoreau's "whole figure," said one who knew him well, "had an active earnestness, as if he had no moment to waste."[1] He seldom used flesh, wine, tea, or coffee. He desired, he said, to live "as tenderly and daintily as one would pluck a flower."[2] His senses were extraordinarily keen, and his entire nature was of

[1] *Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist*, by Ellery Channing, as quoted by Salt, pp. 86, 87.

[2] Salt, p. 89.

extreme delicacy and purity, even to vestal coldness. "I love Henry," said a friend, "but I cannot like him; and as for taking his arm, I should as soon think of taking the arm of an elm tree."[1] Yet he was capable of true and high friendship, and even the reserved and sensitive Hawthorne gladly spent many hours in his company. His writings cleave so closely to the man that they can hardly be studied wholly apart, nor is it necessary so to consider them at length here. What is most remarkable in them is their wild "tang," the subtlety and the penetrative quality of their imaginative sympathy with the things of field, forest, and stream. The minuteness, accuracy, and delicacy of the observation and feeling are remarkable; while mysticism, fancy, poetic beauty, and a vein of shrewd humor often combine with the other qualities to make a whole whose effect is unique. Thoreau's verse is much like Emerson's on a smaller scale and a lower plane, having the same technical faults and occasionally the same piercing felicity of phrase. On the whole, Thoreau must be classed with the minor American authors; but there is no one just like him, and the flavor of his best work is exceedingly fine.[2]

Like so many other American authors, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE[3] was descended from the earliest settlers of

[1] Salt, p. 90. Cf. Thoreau's ideal of love and friendship, in *Early Spring in Massachusetts*.

[2] *Excursions* contains some of his finest works. See, particularly, *Wild Apples*, *Autumnal Tints*, *Walking*, *Night and Moonlight*, and *A Walk to Wachusett*.

[3] LIFE. Born in Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. Father died, 1808. Educated at an uncle's expense in private schools; by a tutor; and at Bowdoin College, 1821–1825. In Salem, writing stories for magazines, 1825–1839, with excursions to the lakes, New York, Maine, etc. Editor

New England. Major William Hawthorne came to Boston in 1630, and was long prominent in the colony as Indian fighter, persecutor of the Quakers, and speaker of the legislature. The novelist's grandfather and father were sea-captains, the former, "Bold Daniel" Hawthorne, commanding a privateer during the Revolutionary War. On his mother's side Hawthorne was descended from the Mannings, who came to New England in 1676; they were a vigorous and long-lived race. With such ancestry it would be strange if the romancer had been the delicate, morbid being whom many readers supposed him to be; but he was far from that. His boy-

of *American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge*, 1836–1838. Engaged to Sophia A. Peabody, 1838. Weigher and gauger in Boston Custom House, 1839–1841. At Brook Farm, 1841. Married, 1842; three children were born to him. In the Old Manse, Concord, Mass., 1842–1846. Surveyor of Customs, Salem, 1846–1849. In Lenox, Mass., 1850–1851; in West Newton, Mass., 1851–1852; in Concord, having bought the "Wayside" House, 1852–1853. Consul at Liverpool, 1853–1857. In Italy, 1858–1859. In England, 1859–1860. At the Wayside, 1860–1864. Died at Plymouth, N. H., May 18, 1864; buried at Concord. A Unitarian.

WORKS. Fanshawe, 1828. Stories and articles (many afterward reprinted in Twice-Told Tales, etc.) in the magazines, 1831–1862. Twice-Told Tales, First Series, 1837; Second Series, 1842. Grandfather's Chair, 1841. Famous Old People (second part of Grandfather's Chair), 1841. Liberty Tree (third part of Grandfather's Chair), 1842. Biographical Stories for Children, 1842. Mosses from an Old Manse, 1846. The Scarlet Letter, 1850. The House of the Seven Gables, 1851. True Stories from History and Biography (Grandfather's Chair and Biographical Stories), 1851. A Wonder-Book, 1851. The Snow Image and Other Tales, 1851. The Blithedale Romance, 1852. Life of Franklin Pierce, 1852. Tanglewood Tales, being a second Wonder-Book, 1853. The Marble Faun (= The Transformation), 1860. Our Old Home, 1863. The Dolliver Romance: first part, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, 1864; three parts, 1876. American Note-Books, 1868. English Note-Books, 1870. French and Italian Note-Books, 1872. Septimius Felton, 1872. Dr. Grimshawe's Secret, 1883. Hawthorne's First Diary [his son doubts its genuineness], 1897.

hood was normal enough, except that his mother thought fit, as a young widow, to live a secluded life for many years. At college, so far from being a recluse, he was decidedly convivial, although his native fineness and balance kept him from overstepping the boundary between freedom and license. Physically he was an athletic Apollo.[1] During the first period of his authorship, in Salem, he indeed lived the life of a hermit. "For months together," he says, "I scarcely held human intercourse outside of my own family, seldom going out except at twilight, or only to take the nearest way to the most convenient solitude."[2] But he adds, "Once a year, or thereabouts, I used to make an excursion of a few weeks, in which I enjoyed as much of life

[1] "Within certain limits he was facile, easy-going, convivial; but beyond these limits he was no more to be moved than the Rock of Gibraltar or the North Pole. He played cards, had 'wines' in his room, and went off fishing and shooting with Bridge when the faculty thought he was at his books; but he . . . never defrauded the college government of any duty which he thought they had a right to claim from him." "He was five feet ten and a half inches in height, broad-shouldered, but of a light, athletic build, not weighing more than one hundred and fifty pounds. His limbs were beautifully formed, and the moulding of his neck and throat was as fine as anything in antique sculpture. His hair, which had a long, curving wave in it, approached blackness in color; his head was large and grandly developed; his eyebrows were dark and heavy, with a superb arch and space beneath. His nose was straight, but the contour of his chin was Roman. . . . His eyes were large, dark blue, brilliant, and full of varied expression. Bayard Taylor used to say that they were the only eyes he had ever known flash fire. . . . His complexion was delicate and transparent, rather dark than light, with a ruddy tinge in the cheeks. . . . His hands were large and muscular. . . . Up to the time he was forty years old, he could clear a height of five feet at a standing jump. His voice, which was low and deep in ordinary conversation, had astounding volume when he chose to give full vent to it; . . . it was not a bellow, but had the searching and electrifying quality of the blast of a trumpet." — *Hawthorne and his Wife*, by Julian Hawthorne, Vol. I., pp. 120, 121.

[2] *Hawthorne and His Wife*, Vol. I., pp. 96, 97.

as other people do in the whole year's round." And this solitude, peopled by the creations of his own imagination, was probably best for him at that stage of his development. He at least believed so.[1]

But he was at last drawn out of it. His first stories appeared in the magazines anonymously;[2] but after the publication of *Twice-Told Tales*, "I was compelled," he says, "to come out of my owl's nest and lionize in a small way." Soon afterward he met the noble woman who became his wife, and henceforth solitude of the harmful sort was impossible for him; his married life was ideal.[3] There was in Hawthorne, however, an undoubted tendency to excessive seclusion from the everyday world. He himself recognized the tendency and sought to counteract it by engaging in practical work from time to time. "I want to have something to do with this material world," he said, shortly before entering the Boston Custom House.[4] In all his official positions he was an excellent administrator, and when occasion demanded he displayed a vigor which showed that he could have walked the quarter-deck as masterfully

[1] "Living in solitude till the fulness of time was come, I still kept the dew of my youth and the freshness of my heart." "My long seclusion had not made me melancholy or misanthropic; . . . and perhaps it was the kind of discipline which my idiosyncrasy demanded, and chance and my own instincts, operating together, had caused me to do what was fittest." — *Hawthorne and his Wife*, Vol. I., pp. 92, 98.

[2] *The Token*, *The New England Magazine*, *The Knickerbocker*, and other periodicals were glad to get his tales. For the early stories he received $35 apiece.

[3] "Thou art the only person in the world that ever was necessary to me. . . . I think I was always more at ease alone than in anybody's company till I knew thee. And now I am only myself when thou art within my reach." — Letter to his wife, July 5, 1848.

[4] See also the introduction to *The Scarlet Letter*.

as any of his seafaring ancestors.[1] Perhaps the same instinct urged him to enter the Brook Farm community and engage for a few months in manual labor in the open air. But his healthy scepticism as to the more soaring aspects of the scheme appears from the first in his references to Margaret Fuller's "Transcendental heifer" that "hooks the other cows"; and before long he realized that he was altogether out of his element.[2] During his residence in Concord, Hawthorne came to enjoy the companionship of Thoreau, Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Ellery Channing, and other *literati*, although he never had any special liking for "literary persons." He liked to associate with men of all sorts; he studied them keenly, almost coldly, and his nature was so large and his imagination so mobile that he could adapt himself to widely different persons, revealing to each so much of himself as each could appreciate — and no more.[3] Hawthorne's residence in England

[1] "Placid, peaceful, calm, and retiring as he was in all the ordinary events of life, he was tempestuous and irresistible when roused. An attempt on the part of a rough and overbearing sea-captain to interfere with his business as an inspector of customs [at Salem] . . . was met with such a terrific uprising of spiritual and physical wrath that the dismayed captain fled up the wharf and took refuge in the office, inquiring, 'What in God's name have you sent on board my ship as an inspector?' I have known no man more impressive, none in whom the great reposing strength seemed clad in such a robe of sweetness." — Letter by G. B. Loring, in Conway's life of Hawthorne, p. 106.

[2] "Is it a praiseworthy matter that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? It is not so." — *American Note-Books*, August 12, 1841.

[3] "Thus, if he chatted with a group of rude sea-captains in the smoking-room of Mrs. Blodgett's boarding-house, or joined a knot of boon companions in a Boston bar-room, or talked metaphysics with Herman Melville on the hills of Berkshire, he would aim to appear in each instance a man like they were." — *Hawthorne and his Wife*, Vol. I., pp. 88, 89.

did not do much for him as a man or an artist. Unfortunately he shared the lingering anti-English prejudice of many of his countrymen, and he met very few of the greatest men of letters. Thackeray, Dickens, "George Eliot," Tennyson, Carlyle, Mill, and most of the other persons who, as Mr. Conway has said, "might have made his sojourn a cosmopolitan education," remained strangers to him. In Italy he fared better, drinking in eagerly the beauty of her nature and her art, and associating freely with eminent artists. But his race was now almost run. Soon after his return to America his superb health began to fail; there was no specific disease, but a general decline. His last literary tasks fell from his hands unfinished. He sought new strength in a journey through northern New England, in company with his college friend, ex-President Pierce; but it was soon ended by his entrance upon a longer journey, whence there is no returning. At the inn, where they had stopped for the night, Hawthorne quietly passed away in sleep.

"He is so simple, so transparent, so just, so tender, so magnanimous," wrote his wife, "that my highest instinct could only correspond with his will. I never knew such delicacy of nature. . . . Was ever such a union of power and gentleness, softness and spirit, passion and reason? . . . My dearest Love waits upon God like a child."[1] His relations with his children were as charming as one would expect them to be, which is saying much. He was their companion — playful, imaginative, just, indulgent without weakness. Hawthorne was always shy in general society, although less so

[1] *Hawthorne and his Wife*, Vol. I., p. 273.

in his last years. But "with a single companion his talk flowed on sensibly, and quietly, and full of wisdom and shrewdness; he discussed books with wonderful acuteness, sometimes with startling power; he analyzed men, their characters, and motives, and capacity, with great penetration."[1] His best season for composition was the winter, and his best part of the day the morning; when once fairly started he worked very regularly. While lost in thought he sometimes did things dreadful to the mind of the well-regulated housekeeper, wiping his pen upon the lining of his lovely dressing-gown, cutting up the sleeve of a new shirt with the scissors, and whittling completely away one of the leaves of his writing-table. But these are the privileges of genius.

Hawthorne's *Life of Franklin Pierce*, the price paid for a consulship and residence abroad, shows at least the practical side of this dreamy romancer and his loyalty to an old college friend. Children, young and old, cannot regret that in *Grandfather's Chair*, *Biographical Stories*, *A Wonder Book*, *Tanglewood Tales*, etc., he turned aside from pure fiction to lend his charm of style and fancy to the illumination of history and myth. *Our Old Home* is biased and inadequate as a description of the English people; but it does tell some truths that perhaps needed to be told, and we know Hawthorne the better for it, especially his limitations and a certain trenchant independence. The *Note-Books*, besides having many passages of intrinsic interest, are windows through which one may look into the life of the man and the artist.

Twice-Told Tales and *Mosses from an Old Manse*, although they did not bring him wide fame, contain some

[1] G. B. Loring, quoted in Conway's life of Hawthorne, p. 107.

of Hawthorne's most characteristic work. In beauty of style, in delicate fancy playing on the borderland of the natural and the supernatural, in sombre imagination, and in wedding of the moral to the spectral, he never did anything essentially better, page for page, than "The Snow-Image," "Lady Eleanore's Mantle," "Young Goodman Brown," and many other of these pieces, among which every reader has his own favorites. Some of them are comparatively crude, manifestly the work of an apprentice hand; and still others, as "The Minister's Black Veil" and "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," have, as preliminary studies for the romances, an interest which they would not otherwise possess. Certain phases of Hawthorne's mind, however, are better illustrated here than in the longer works. His kindly, broad-souled, fine-tempered interest in humanity appears more explicitly, at least, in such sketches as "A Rill from the Town Pump," "Sunday at Home," and "The Procession of Life." His satiric powers, also, are given freer rein. In "Mrs. Bullfrog" the satire is broad and comparatively commonplace; in "The Celestial Railroad" it enters the world of current religion; in "Feathertop" it is imaginatively combined with the uncanny and the grotesquely pathetic. In "Buds and Bird-Voices" and in "The Old Manse" one sees at their best the poet-novelist's minute knowledge and delicately luxurious love of nature, with exquisite interplay of fancy, tenderness, and humor.

Hawthorne's youthful romance, *Fanshawe*, was a failure. In wholeness and depth of impression *The Scarlet Letter*, the first of the successful romances, is also the best; as a picture of the inner life of the New England

Puritans, together with a study of the effects of sin upon the soul, it stands quite alone in American literature for truth, depth, and subtlety. *The House of the Seven Gables* is slighter and more playful, the most domestic of Hawthorne's novels, and for that reason has a peculiarly gentle charm. *The Blithedale Romance* was not intended to be a truthful picture of the Brook Farm community, although it was manifestly suggested by that Transcendental Utopia; and its purely imaginative value is slight. *The Marble Faun*, Hawthorne's second great creation, showed, however, that his spiritual eye was not yet dimmed nor his imaginative force abated; in unity, intensity, and tragic power it is inferior to *The Scarlet Letter*, but it is superior in sweep of thought and in ideal beauty. Of the posthumous romances, *Septimius Felton* and *The Dolliver Romance* seem to indicate some falling off in imaginative power, even after allowance is made for their unfinished state. *Doctor Grimshawe's Secret*, in the form in which we have it, is unsuccessful in its attempt to combine scenes in the New World with scenes in the Old, and the latter are marred by much irrelevant discussion of the characteristics of England; yet the portrayal of the grim old doctor and the description of the secret chamber are unsurpassed by anything in Hawthorne's pages, and bring a keen realization of the loss which American literature sustained in the premature death of its chief magician.

In the introduction to *The Scarlet Letter*, Hawthorne has, with charming self-mockery, imagined his grim ancestor's scorn for him as a "writer of story-books"; he was, nevertheless, as deeply moral and spiritual as

the noblest of the Puritans, as profoundly interested in the problems of sin, the soul, and the supernatural. But he was an artist, approaching moral and spiritual realities from the side of the imagination. He did not think in sermons but in pictures. He taught no catechism, formulated no creed or philosophy: instead, he looked into Roger Chillingworth's soul and saw slow revenge doing its hideous work there, like a cancer; he beheld Donatello startled by impulsive crime into a higher life; he created Hilda, that spiritual lily, whose very existence is an argument for God and immortality and to whom the stain even of another's sin is agony.

As an artist Hawthorne belongs with the idealists; and the phase of the ideal which most fascinated him was the supernatural.[1] For an American novelist of this type the range of themes was very limited. It was almost inevitable that Hawthorne should turn to the early history of the colonies, around which time had already thrown some halo of romance; to the gloomy superstition of witchcraft, whose most terrible memories were connected with his native village; and to the allied arts of alchemy and magic pharmacy, the pursuit of which could easily be transferred to the shores of the New World. Even in handling more modern and realistic material, in *The House of the Seven Gables*, he paints in a background of witchcraft, ancestral wrong, and hereditary curse. *The Blithedale Romance* is a comparative failure for the lack of such a background.

[1] The influence of heredity may be traced pretty plainly here. Hawthorne's sea-faring ancestors doubtless shared the superstitious tendencies of their class; and the ghosts of the witches who were so vigorously persecuted by the second of his line in America evidently returned to haunt the descendant of their tormentor.

In *The Marble Faun* the romancer escapes from the realm of the Christian supernatural only to take refuge in the pagan and in the world of Italian art. The posthumous works return, for the most part, to the regions of magic and mystery. Hawthorne had also, however, a keen eye for the facts of the external world. The *American Note-Books* reveal an almost microscopic observation of nature; the description of the finding of Zenobia's body, in *The Blithedale Romance*, is painfully realistic;[1] many of the descriptions in *The Marble Faun* are transferred, with only trifling changes, from the *Italian Note-Books;* and the introduction to *The Scarlet Letter* shows how shrewdly this spinner of gossamer fancies read the character of his prosaic associates in the Salem custom-house.[2]

This vivid sense of two worlds, working with his poetic instinct to express the spiritual by the material, the inner by the outer, resulted in one conspicuous feature of Hawthorne's method, that symbolism in which his tales and novels abound and by which he produces some of his most magical effects. The scarlet letter, the old house of the seven gables, the flower in Zenobia's hair, Hilda's doves, Doctor Grimshawe's monstrous spider, with many other symbolic objects and incidents, will occur to every one; and the reader attentive to this point knows into what minutiæ the symbolism is sometimes carried. In places, indeed, and in the total effect, it only just avoids the forced and the unnatural;

[1] It is based upon fact; see *Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife*, Vol. I., p. 296.

[2] See also the many lifelike and even homely details in *The House of the Seven Gables*, particularly the portrait of Uncle Venner and the talk of the working-men about the vicissitudes of cent-shops.

but it does avoid them, owing to a delicate and suggestive manner and to the fanciful, ideal tone of the romances as wholes, which allows of the introduction of more symbolism than would be permissible in realistic novels.[1] Another phase of Hawthorne's method may, perhaps, be traced in part to the same source. Again and again he opposes to each other two characters which in one way or another represent the two sides of reality. Hester and Dimmesdale are both sinful; but the former's nature is the more earthly, although the stronger and richer; the latter's is the more spiritual. Judge Pyncheon, gross and practical, is set over against the æsthetically exquisite Clifford. The florid luxuriance of Zenobia's being is contrasted with the pallid ethereality of Priscilla's. Miriam and Hilda present a similar contrast, although the latter, combining delicacy with great spiritual power, is a much higher conception than the negative Priscilla. Colcord is of the same type as Clifford, only moral instead of æsthetic, his frail and gentle figure standing out in lines of air and light against the black, burly form of Doctor Grimshawe, in whom good and evil struggle together, each a shaggy Titan. This constant opposition of characters must, however, have been due, in part, to a merely artistic sense of the value of contrast and variety. Hence came also, no doubt, Hawthorne's practice of relieving the gloom by characters such as Phœbe, who is like a ray of sunshine let into the dark old house of the seven gables, or by

[1] In giving the lightning the shape of the scarlet letter, Hawthorne has perhaps exceeded the limits even for a fanciful romance. One wishes, at least, that he had allowed no one but the conscience-stricken Dimmesdale to detect the resemblance.

young children, as in *The Scarlet Letter*, *The Dolliver Romance*, and *Doctor Grimshawe's Secret*, where their frolic life and flower-like beauty soften yet heighten the effects of age and guilt.

Hawthorne's art, in other ways also, is of very high quality. An English critic not given to overpraise says, "It is impossible to speak too highly of Hawthorne's style."[1] Its purity, delicate precision, and poetic beauty of sound and movement are not only a rare pleasure in themselves, but peculiarly effective, and indeed necessary, in romances so imaginative and ideal. Hawthorne's plots, except in *The Scarlet Letter*, are deficient in coherence and climax; yet all contain thrilling situations, and serve well their main purpose of furnishing a narrative framework for the study of the characters and "the thoughtful moral."[2] His handling of the magical and the supernatural is wonderfully artful. Writing for a practical and even sceptical generation, in a country where, as he himself said, there was nothing but "a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight,"[3] he yet gains our imaginative credence for witchcraft, the elixir of life, and divers other superannuated marvels. The inner secrets of this verbal wizardry lie below the plummet of analysis, deep in the very centre of the magician's gift of imagination and expression; but some of the means lie nearer the surface. In one way or another a more or less remote, mystical, or poetical background is usually secured, either in early

[1] John Nichol, in his *American Literature*, p. 329.

[2] Hawthorne's description of *The Marble Faun* (in the Preface) as "a fanciful story, evolving a thoughtful moral," applies nearly as well to any of his romances.

[3] Preface to *The Marble Faun*.

colonial times, or, in one instance, in romantic Italy, which the author himself says "was chiefly valuable to him as affording a sort of poetic or fairy precinct, where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon."[1] Again, with or without such a background, we are led up to the marvel by a series of gentle steps: first a mere rumor, fancy, or half-mocking jest; then, it may be, some slight confirmatory piece of evidence, laughingly withdrawn before it can be closely examined; next, a sly advance under cover of the very scepticism by which our reason has just been reassured; until finally we find ourselves, we hardly know how, face to face with the monster, who now seems not so very strange after all.[2]

In its broad relations, Hawthorne's work is a part of the Romantic movement in modern literature, having close affinities with and some indebtedness to the European fiction of mystery and terror, to the poetry of Blake, Coleridge, and Shelley, and to the writings of his countrymen, Brown and Poe. But he is also original and unique. He alone made the utmost of the scant materials furnished by New England life for the romance of magic and the supernatural; and he has no equal in combining these forms of the imaginative with the moral and spiritual. Poe's tales have at their best a brilliant intensity which one nowhere finds in Hawthorne. But the latter is greatly superior in evenness of workmanship, in constructive power on a large scale, in range of sub-

[1] Preface to *The Marble Faun*.

[2] See *The Snow Image* for one of the most skilful of these graduated transitions: children playing in the snow at one end of the process; a snow-maiden running around in the dusky garden, at the other end; and no perceptible shock or jar where the natural glides into the preternatural.

jects, in knowledge of human nature and ability to delineate character, in moral and spiritual elevation, and in sanity of soul. For, in spite of his tendency to uncanny subjects, Hawthorne was healthy in mind as in body. It is a superficial and commonplace view which sees a morbid nature in the creator of Phœbe and Kenyon and Hilda and the children who dance through Hawthorne's pages like incarnations of health and sunshine. If at other times he walks in dark and strange places, it is not with the hectic feverishness of Hoffmann nor the morbid gloom of Poe, but with the noble curiosity of an imaginative and spiritual nature, as sane as it is exquisitely sensitive, peering into deep, dim mysteries, speculating boldly upon high problems, yet maintaining always a hold upon the normal and a wholesome moral balance. Hawthorne knew well enough his own limitations — the limitations of idealism.[1] But within his range he was one of the finest natures that have manifested themselves in letters, the greatest artist in American literature, and among the few great literary artists of his century.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER'S[2] earliest ancestor in

[1] "The page of life that was spread out before me [in the Salem custom-house] seemed dull and commonplace only because I had not fathomed its deeper import. A better book than I shall ever write was there." — Introduction to *The Scarlet Letter*.

[2] LIFE. Born in Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 17, 1807. Attended district school; in Haverhill Academy, 1827–1828; taught school in winter of 1827 1828. Edited *The American Manufacturer*, Boston, 1828 1829; *The Gazette*, Haverhill, 1830; *The New England Review*, Hartford, 1830–1831; appointed delegate to the Whig national convention, 1831. Lived on his Haverhill farm, 1832–1836; delegate to Anti-Slavery national convention, 1833; mobbed in Concord, N. H., by anti-abolitionists, 1835; representative from Haverhill in Massachusetts legislature, 1835. Removed to Amesbury, Mass., 1836. Edited *The Gazette*, Haver-

America was Thomas Whittier, an Englishman, supposed to be of Huguenot descent, who settled in what is now Amesbury, Mass., in 1638, removing nine years later to Haverhill. His youngest son married a Quakeress; and their descendants, of whom the poet was one, were

hill, 1836. A secretary, in New York, of the Anti-Slavery Society, 1837. Edited *The National Enquirer* (in 1838 it became *The Pennsylvania Freeman*), 1837–1840. Lived chiefly at Amesbury, 1840–1892. Edited *The Middlesex Standard*, Lowell, 1844; virtually edited *The Essex Transcript*, Amesbury, 1844–1846; corresponding editor of *The National Era*, Washington, 1847–1860; assisted in starting *The Atlantic Monthly*, 1857. Elected an overseer of Harvard College, 1858; received from Harvard the degree of LL.D., 1860; elected a trustee of Brown University, 1869. Died at Hampton Falls, N. H., Sept. 7, 1892; buried at Amesbury. A Quaker.

WORKS. Legends of New England, 1831. Moll Pitcher, 1832. Justice and Expediency; or, Slavery considered with a View to its Rightful and Effectual Remedy, Abolition, 1833. Mogg Megone, 1836. Poems written during the Progress of the Abolition Question, 1837. Poems, 1838. Moll Pitcher, and the Minstrel Girl (revised edition), 1840. Lays of my Home and other Poems, 1843. Miscellaneous Poems, 1844. The Stranger in Lowell, 1845. Voices of Freedom (fourth edition), 1846. The Supernaturalism of New England, 1847. Poems, 1849. Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal in the Province of Massachusetts Bay (1678–1679), 1849. Political Works (London), 1850. Songs of Labor, and Other Poems, 1850. Old Portraits and Modern Sketches, 1850. Little Eva, 1852. The Chapel of the Hermits, and Other Poems, 1853. A Sabbath Scene, 1853. Literary Recreations and Miscellanies, 1854. The Panorama, and Other Poems, 1856. Political Works, 1857. The Sycamores, 1857. Home Ballads and Poems, 1860. In War Time, and Other Poems, 1863. National Lyrics, 1865. Snow-Bound, 1866. Prose Works, 1866. Maud Muller, 1867; appeared first in *The National Era*, 1854. The Tent on the Beach, and Other Poems, 1867. Among the Hills, and Other Poems, 1867. Ballads of New England, 1870. Miriam and Other Poems, 1871. The Pennsylvania Pilgrim, and Other Poems, 1872. Mabel Martin, and Other Poems, 1874. Hazel Blossoms, 1875. The Vision of Echard, and Other Poems, 1878. The King's Missive, and Other Poems, 1881. The Bay of Seven Islands, and Other Poems, 1883. Poems of Nature, 1886. Saint Gregory's Guest, and Recent Poems, 1886. At Sundown (privately printed), 1890; with a few additional poems, 1892. Very many of Whittier's poems appeared first in newspapers and magazines.

nearly all Friends. Whittier's mother was descended from Rev. Stephen Bachiler, a clergyman of the English Church, who became a non-conformist and finally removed to Massachusetts in 1632; he was a remarkable man; "it was the Bachiler eye, dark, deep-set, lustrous, which marked the cousinship that existed between Daniel Webster and John Greenleaf Whittier."[1] The latter was born in the house built by Thomas Whittier in 1688 and occupied ever since by his descendants. The old homestead, where the poet spent his early years, was a typical New England farm, having "low green meadows, picturesque with wooded islands";[2] upland pastures, with the huckleberry bushes and old gray rocks so dear to the memory of every New Englander; and "a small brook, noisy enough as it foamed, rippled, and laughed down its rocky falls."[2] He thus came naturally by his distinction as the poet of rural New England. New England was born in his blood, breathed in with every breath of his childhood and youth.[3] His health being delicate, only the lighter kinds of farm work were required of him, and he had the more time for indulging his strong taste for books. The thirty odd volumes in his home were read and re-read. When he was but a lad of fourteen, the loan of Burns's poems set the American Burns to writing verses too.[4] About the same time

[1] Pickard's life of Whittier, Vol. I., p. 12.

[2] Whittier, in *The Fish I didn't Catch.*

[3] From his uncle Moses, a man "wise in the traditions of the family and neighborhood," he heard, "as they worked together in the fields, or sat by the evening fireside, . . . marvelous stories of the denizens of the forest and stream, traditions of witchcraft, and tales of strange happenings." — Pickard, Vol. I., p. 32.

[4] "It is a tradition that his first verses were written upon the beam of his mother's loom." "His schoolmates say he was in the habit of

he bought Shakspere's plays, and a Waverley novel fell into his hands, the latter being read in secret for fear that his parents would disapprove. Whittier's father, the practical, laconic man portrayed in *Snow-Bound*, discouraged his literary tendencies, but his mother secretly rejoiced over them, and his sister Mary openly encouraged them. The sending of some of his poems to Garrison's Newburyport newspaper, *The Free Press*,[1] led the editor to ride over to Haverhill to see the young poet, whom he urged to pursue his studies farther. To earn money for a half-year's expenses at the academy, Whittier worked all winter making slippers.[2] With another half-year at the academy his scholastic training ended. But, as his biographer says, this "was only the beginning of his student life; by wide and well-chosen reading he was constantly adding to his stores of information; while revelling in the fields of English literature, he became familiar through translations with ancient and current literature of other nations, and kept abreast of all political and reformatory movements."[3] He was a lover of books, and from the study in the house at Amesbury his "constantly increasing library . . . overflowed into nearly all the rooms."[4]

covering his slate with rhymes, which were passed about from desk to desk."— Pickard, Vol. I., pp. 45, 46.

[1] The first of Whittier's poems which appeared in it, in 1826, was sent secretly by this admirable sister Mary. "The paper came to him when he was . . . mending a stone wall by the roadside. . . . His heart stood still a moment when he saw his own verses. . . . He has said he was sure that he did not read a word of the poem all the time he looked at it." — Pickard, Vol. I., pp. 50, 51.

[2] "He received but eight cents a pair for his work. . . . He calculated so closely every item of expense that he knew before the beginning of the term that he would have twenty-five cents to spare at its close, and he actually had." — Pickard, Vol. I., p. 54.

[3] Pickard, Vol. I., p. 72.

[4] *Ibid.*, Vol. I., p. 160.

It has been generally forgotten or unknown that during the first few years of his manhood, although his interest in literature was deep and persistent, and hardly a week passed without the publication of a new poem, Whittier was chiefly occupied with politics and had strong political ambition. He edited very ably several party newspapers,[1] and he early discovered much skill as a practical politician. His frail health greatly hampered him, but what took him permanently out of the race for political honors was his espousal of the anti-slavery cause. He made the sacrifice deliberately, after a careful study of the whole question, and without the shallow optimism which allowed many abolitionists to expect speedy success. He became the poet of the anti-slavery cause. But he also aided it in many other ways, participating in party conventions, giving wise counsel to the more conspicuous leaders, and doing a vast amount of effective editorial work through many gloomy years.[2] Although the Quaker poet's inherited abhorrence of slavery was in-

[1] *The New England Review* was the leading Whig organ in Connecticut.

[2] "He took men as he found them, encouraged them to go part way with him. 'Has thee found many saints or angels in thy dealings with either political party? Do not expect too much of human nature.' He had a genius for coalitions, and could accept assistance from unfriendly sources. . . . He contributed [largely] to the election of Charles Sumner to the United States Senate, by holding the anti-slavery vote to a coalition distasteful to many of his followers, which gave to pro-slavery Democrats the governorship of Massachusetts and the principal state offices. . . . His was a familiar form in the lobby of the State House for many years. He was a shrewd judge of men, knew how to touch their weak points, and scrupled not to reach their consciences along the line of least resistance. . . . His keen sense of the ridiculous kept him from being in the least degree 'cranky' in his philanthropy." — Pickard, Vol. I., pp. 188, 189, 191.

tense, his quarrel was with the system, not with individuals; "all his life he numbered among his personal friends, not only apologists for slavery, but slaveholders themselves."[1] His labors on behalf of liberty taxed his feeble strength, and left little leisure or energy for purely literary work until near the end of the great contest. Most of the time he lived quietly upon his little estate at Amesbury, enjoying the friendship of many distinguished men, and deeply happy for many years in the companionship of his mother and his favorite sister Elizabeth.[2] In the last third of his life the sale of his poems banished all pecuniary care,[3] and the saintly old man made his prolonged descent into the vale of years in perfect peace. The celebration on his seventieth birthday, and again on his eightieth, eloquently testified how highly his countrymen esteemed the man and the poet. But, in spite of all, his solitude was deep. "Almost painful," wrote Elizabeth Phelps Ward, "is the picture which my heart carries of his patient and

[1] Pickard, Vol. II., p. 502.

[2] His mother died in 1857; his sister, in 1864. When asked why he had never married, he wrote: "Circumstances — the care of an aged mother, and the duty owed to a sister in delicate health for many years — must be my excuse for living the lonely life which has called out thy pity.... I know there has something very sweet and beautiful been missed, but I have no reason to complain." — Pickard, Vol. I., pp. 276, 277. Mr. Pickard says (p. 276): "The poem [*Memories*] was written in 1841, and although the romance it embalms lies far back of this date, possibly there is a heart still beating which fully understands its meaning. The biographer can do no more than make this suggestion, which has the sanction of the poet's explicit word." He hints that the love "had been sacrificed to adverse circumstances."

[3] Whittier got $10,000 from the sale of the first edition of *Snow-Bound*. Of *The Tent on the Beach* 20,000 copies were sold at the rate of about 1000 daily; the poet thereupon wrote to his publisher, with characteristic modesty and humor, "This will never do; the swindle is awful; Barnum is a saint to us." — Pickard, Vol. II., p. 512.

cheerful but heavy loneliness. . . . He seemed to me, beloved, nay, adored, as he was, and affectionately cared for, one of the loneliest men I ever knew."[1] From year to year he grew feebler. At last came a shock of paralysis, and he died peacefully in sleep.

"He was a very handsome, distinguished-looking young man," wrote a lifelong friend. "He was tall, slight, and very erect; a bashful youth, but never awkward. . . . With intimate friends he talked a great deal, and in a wonderfully interesting manner. . . . He had a great deal of wit . . . and a marvellous store of information on many subjects."[2] Whittier was a very gentle man, but "it would be a mistake," says his biographer, "to suppose that gentleness was a necessity of his nature; it was in reality the result of resolute self-control and the habitual government of a tempestuous spirit."[3] But his spirit was also naturally loving, magnanimous, and sweet. Of his smile a friend said: "It is one of the sweetest smiles ever seen on the face of a man. . . . In repose his face is almost stern, but when anything amuses him you see a light dance for an instant in his eyes, and then seem slowly to expand over his face, as a circling wave expands upon the surface of a placid pool. . . . He smiles frequently, too, for he is always awake to the humorous side of things, and you cannot entertain him in any way more certainly than by telling him bright, witty stories."[4] On his justice, his generosity, his tenderness, his virgin purity of soul, his childlike yet profound trust in God, there is

[1] *The Century Magazine*, January, 1893.
[2] Mrs. Harriet M. Pitman, as quoted in Pickard, Vol. I., pp. 58, 59.
[3] Pickard, Vol. II., p. 551.
[4] *Ibid.*, Vol. II., p. 556.

no need to dwell, for they envelop his pages like an atmosphere.

Whittier's earliest verses show that he was, as he himself has said, "a dreamer born," and that it was at some personal sacrifice that, in his anti-slavery poems, he

> . . . left the Muses' haunts to turn
> The crank of an opinion-mill,
> Making his rustic reed of song
> A weapon in the war with wrong.[1]

The Indian poems, *Mogg Megone* and *The Bridal of Penacook*, are failures however, the first shipwrecking on the Scylla of repulsive realism and the second on the Charybdis of a false idealism.[2] But *Cassandra Southwick* and *The Exiles* are promising for their imaginative and truthful handling of themes from colonial history.

Voices of Freedom, and the other poems on slavery, are noble as morals and often admirable as impassioned rhetoric; but as poetry they are mostly naught, abounding in such lines as

> New Hampshire thunders an indignant No![3]

Too much is made, also, of the merely physical sufferings of the slave, whose "chains" are always "clanking," while

> The driver plies his reeking thong.[4]

And the tender-hearted philanthropist, not the far-seeing statesman, speaks in the occasional passages which show that Whittier, like his fellow-abolitionists, underestimated the importance of preserving the Union as the only sufficient guarantee of liberty and the advance of

[1] *The Tent on the Beach.* [2] Cf. what is said about *Hiawatha*, p. 187.
[3] *New Hampshire.* [4] *The World's Convention.*

civilization in the New World.[1] But after all deductions have been made, every true Anglo-Saxon must rejoice that these poems were written, and the American may be proud that they were written by a fellow-countryman. They blaze and thrill with magnificent passion for personal liberty and withering scorn for the coward and knave. Some of them, as *Massachusetts to Virginia* and *To Faneuil Hall*, are superb pieces of defiant declamation at a time when "doughfaces" abounded in the North. A few, as *The Slave-Ships*, *The Farewell of a Virginia Slave Mother*, and *The Slaves of Martinique*, have considerable imagination, beauty, and pathos. *Randolph of Roanoke* is an example of Whittier's shrewd yet magnanimous estimate of men. *Ichabod* is the more terrible as an arraignment because of its restraint and its dirge-like mourning for a great leader once revered and loved.[2] *Songs of Labor* and the poems entitled *In War Time* have, as a whole, small merit of any sort; but one of the latter, *Barbara Frietchie*, whatever its historical accuracy, is admirable for its ballad-like simplicity and directness, and its thrill of patriotic heroism.

Most of the poems which have given Whittier a high place in American literature were written during the second and more tranquil half of his life, when ill health made him less active in the cause of reform, or, the great conflict ended, he felt wholly free to let

> Old, harsh voices of debate
> Flow into rhythmic song.[3]

[1] See *Texas*.

[2] It is said that Webster was more deeply cut by it than by any other of the criticisms hurled at him for his famous Seventh of March speech. See *The Lost Occasion* for Whittier's later and milder view of the fallen idol.

[3] *My Birthday*.

His gift for historical ballads, in which he has no rival among American poets, showed itself in *The Witch's Daughter*, *Skipper Ireson's Ride*, *The Pipes at Lucknow*, *How the Women Went from Dover*, and other poems, that combine historic truth of fact and atmosphere with imaginative interest and much of the freshness and easy swing of style and verse that characterize the old ballads. There is no better introduction to certain phases of early New England history than some of these unpretentious poems. The same rare qualities of simplicity, and a freshness as of the woods and fields, appear in the ballad of *Maud Muller*, so full of the breath of meadows and the pathos of everyday life, with the fetters imposed by custom and social cares upon poor and rich alike. Whittier's gift for the ballad form reached its highest expression in *Telling the Bees*, the most exquisite of all his poems and unequalled among American ballads for its union of spontaneity with finish, homely but beautiful descriptive setting, and the very soul of delicate love-pathos. *The Barefoot Boy* and *In School-Days* are hardly less exquisite, the one as a picture of a New England country boy, the other as a memory of the angelic purity and tenderness of child-love in the little old "schoolhouse by the road."

Snow-Bound, that unique idyl of New England country life in winter, is, on the whole, Whittier's greatest and most characteristic poem. Nearly all his previous life had been an unconscious preparation for it, and his ancestors had a hand in it before he was born. It could have been written only by one bred on a New England farm, in whose veins ran blood drawn from the best New England stock, and to whom the intellectual, moral, and spiritual

atmosphere of New England was his native element. As the literary expression of New England rural life it has no rival, and richly deserves its position as one of the few American classics. It is by no means faultless. Lame rhythms, defective rhymes, and an awkward or obscure order of words occasionally annoy the fastidious reader; the grouping of the figures is a bit stiff; the ending is below the level of earlier parts. But these are minor faults, and comparatively harmless in a homespun poem whose charm does not depend upon external polish. Its pictures are very vivid and distinctive, its character-sketches life-like and varied, and the whole is permeated with a tonic atmosphere of "plain living and high thinking."

The Tent on the Beach, *Among the Hills*, *The Pennsylvania Pilgrim*, and most of the other late poems, although they show the skill of the experienced craftsman and contain beautiful passages, never reach a high level, while much is manifestly the work of an old man. One other class of Whittier's poems, however, deserve special mention, — the religious poems. There was more of the Hebrew in him than in any other American poet, more of that spirit of lofty and fervid devotion characteristic of ancient psalmist and prophet. This Hebraistic element, which so easily errs on the side of fanaticism and dogmatic insistence upon creed, was in his case happily tempered by the intellectual breadth and the sweet charity which were a part of his Quaker heritage. Orthodox and heterodox alike accept *The Vaudois Teacher*, *Trinitas*, *Our Master*, and *The Eternal Goodness* as beautiful expressions of the spirit of "pure religion and undefiled." In a few poems, notably in *The Meeting*, the distinctive tenets of Quakerism are

presented loyally, but in a manner void of offence. Still others, such as *My Soul and I*, *Questions of Life*, *The Shadow and the Light*, and *Adjustment*, show that Whittier did not escape the spirit of the age, but that the mysteries of life weighed upon him heavily and that he attained to faith and calm only through struggle. He was no metaphysician, but neither was he a mere blind devotee; he looked intellectual difficulties squarely in the face, admitted his inability to read the darkest of the riddles, and resigned himself to a large trust in the goodness of the Eternal.

Whittier's prose works, which fill three volumes, have little value now except as means to a better knowledge of the man. They comprise papers on slavery and other political topics, tales and sketches, and a few literary criticisms. The most noteworthy are *Justice and Expediency*, the poet's first pamphlet upon abolition, in which cold facts and calm logic combine with fiery zeal against a great wrong, and *Margaret Smith's Journal*, containing a vivid and truthful picture of life in New England in 1678–1679.

It is evident that New England's homespun poet, who knew and loved the old masters of English song, was keenly aware that he could not equal their sweetest music nor their highest flights.[1] But it was quite consistent with his rare modesty to know also that his homeliness was his strength. He was far from illiterate. Burns first set him to singing, and the influence of the old English ballads and of the modern romantic poets, Scott in particular, is noticeable in his verse. But he was not bookish in the same sense that Longfellow was. His

[1] See *Proem*.

best poems sprang directly from close contact with nature and human life; they passed through his library, but never originated there. It is this wild-flower odor, this sense of the rocky hillside pasture and of the river flowing by the old farm, this outdoor knowledge of boy and man and woman in his native village, that give Whittier's lines their distinctive and enduring charm. We feel that this man has not chiefly read, but has lived, and that he has put into living words much that was most beautiful, picturesque, and noble in the New England of his youth.

James Russell Lowell[1] was descended from Percival Lowell, a Bristol merchant, who came to Massachusetts in 1639. His grandfather, John Lowell, was a member of the Continental Congress and chief justice of the First United States Circuit Court. His father, Rev.

[1] Life. Born in Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 22, 1819. Attended a local boarding-school; in Harvard College, 1834–1838; received degree of B.L. from Harvard Law School, 1840. Practised law and wrote for the magazines, 1840–1844; started *The Pioneer* magazine, 1843. Married Maria White, 1844; four children, only one of whom survived childhood, were born to him. Regular contributor to *The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 1846–1850. In Europe, 1851–1852. Wife died, 1853. Lectured before the Lowell Institute, 1855. Appointed Professor of French and Spanish Languages and Literatures, and Belles-Lettres, in Harvard College, 1855. In Europe, 1855–1856. Professor at Harvard, 1856–1877. Married Frances Dunlap, 1857. Edited *The Atlantic Monthly*, 1857–1861; an editor of *The North American Review*, 1863–1872. In Europe, 1872–1874. Received degree of D.C.L. from Oxford University, 1873. Minister to Spain, 1877–1880; visited Greece and Turkey, 1878; Minister to England, 1880–1885; received degree of LL.D. from Harvard College, 1884; wife died, 1885. In America, at Southborough, Mass., and Boston, with frequent short trips to England, 1885–1889; in Cambridge, Mass., 1889–1891. Died in Cambridge, Aug. 12, 1891. A Unitarian.

Works. Class Poem, 1838. A Year's Life, 1841. Poems, 1844. Conversations on Some of the Old Poets, 1845. The Vision of Sir Launfal, 1845. Poems, 1848. A Fable for Critics, 1848. The Biglow

Charles Lowell, for many years pastor of a Unitarian church in Boston, was a man of more than usual literary culture. From his mother, who came of an old Orkney family, the poet "believed himself to have inherited his love of nature and his poetic temperament."[1] In this cultured Christian home the boy grew up into all that is noble, manly, and refined. He was a thoroughly healthy boy, not too fond of the schoolroom, although a good scholar.[2] At college Lowell was popular, and he enjoyed his life there. His taste for books, and for good editions, grew apace. He read widely, wrote poetry, and fell in love. His letters at this period show him as a somewhat callow youth, but brimful of intellect, literary sense, humor, and good spirits. For neglect of the routine studies he was "rusticated" in his senior year, and spent several months in Concord, studying under the clergyman there; his class-day poem had

Papers, First Series, 1848 (appeared first in the *Boston Courier*, 1846–1848); Second Series, 1867 (appeared first in *The Atlantic Monthly*, 1862-1866). Poems, 1849. Fireside Travels, 1864. Commemoration Ode, 1865. Poetical Works, 1869. Under the Willows, 1869. The Cathedral, 1869. Among My Books, First Series, 1870; Second Series, 1876. My Study Windows, 1871. Three Memorial Poems, 1876. Democracy and Other Addresses, 1887. Heartsease and Rue, 1888. Political Essays, 1888. Latest Literary Essays and Addresses, 1892. The Old English Dramatists, 1892 (delivered before the Lowell Institute, 1887). Letters, 1893.

[1] C. E. Norton, in his edition of Lowell's letters, Vol. I., p. 2.

[2] His early letters, while delightfully boyish, anticipate some of the qualities of the man: "My Dear Brother, — I am now going to tell you melancholy news. I have got the ague together with a gumbile. . . . The boys are all very well except Nemaise, who has got another piece of glass in his leg. . . . I have got quite a library. The Master has not taken his rattan out since the vacation. Your little kitten is as well and as playful as ever and I hope you are to for I am sure I love you as well as ever. Why is grass like a mouse you cant guess that he he he ho ho ho ha ha ha hum hum hum." — Letter, Nov. 2, 1828.

therefore to be delivered by another. For the next few years Lowell wavered between law and literature. He learned enough law to get admitted to the bar, but he never had much practice; and as soon as he was able to make a scanty living by writing for periodicals, he forsook the courts of justice for the courts of the Muses. His first wife, herself a poetess, was admirably adapted to be his companion, and Lowell's life was for many years a very happy one in spite of straitened means and the death of several children. His first trip abroad was made chiefly for the benefit of Mrs. Lowell's health; but the death of their infant son, in Rome, was a blow from which she never really recovered. Her death, a year later, left the poet a very lonely man;[1] but "his temperament was too healthy, his character too strong, to allow him to give way to despair; . . . he sought distraction in work."[2] His lectures on the English poets, before the Lowell Institute, were very popular and greatly increased his reputation, and he naturally became Longfellow's successor in the professorship of *belles-lettres* at Harvard.

Lowell was now able to devote himself in peace of mind to the literary and scholarly pursuits in which he most delighted, although his interest in the anti-slavery cause, and in political matters generally, was still strong. His second marriage to a talented woman renewed his domestic happiness; and for many years his life at "Elmwood," the ancestral residence in Cambridge, a

[1] "I do abhor sentimentality from the bottom of my soul, and cannot wear my grief upon my sleeves, but yet I look forward with agony to the time when she may become a memory instead of a constant presence." — Letter, Nov. 25, 1853.

[2] C. E. Norton, in his edition of Lowell's letters, Vol. I., p. 204.

spacious colonial house pleasantly situated within sight of the river Charles, was almost the ideal life of the man of letters. As a teacher he was unconventional, unique, vital.[1] But the routine wore on him.[2] The preparation of lectures and the editorship of two magazines still further developed his critical powers at the expense of his poetical. But Lowell was by nature a student and critic as well as poet; and probably the things of the intellect would have filled a larger and larger place in his life as youth gave way to middle age, whatever his daily pursuits had been.[3] Lowell, however, was not only a poet and scholar; he was also a man of the world,

[1] "Now and again, some word or some passage would suggest to him a line of thought — sometimes very earnest, sometimes paradoxically comical — that it would never have suggested to any one else. And he would lean back in his chair, and talk away across country till he felt like stopping; or he would thrust his hands into the pockets of his rather shabby sack-coat, and pace the end of the room with his heavy laced boots, and look at nothing in particular, and discourse of things in general. We gave up note-books in a week." "In a month I could read Dante better than I ever learned to read Greek or Latin or German." — Professor Barrett Wendell, in *Stelligeri*, p. 207.

[2] In 1874, while in Europe, he wrote, "My being a professor wasn't good for me — it damped my gunpowder. . . . If I were a profane man, I should say, 'Darn the College!'"

[3] "I have been at work, . . . in making books that I had read and marked really useful by indexes of all peculiar words and locutions. . . . I have been reading many volumes of the Early English Text Society's series in the same thorough way. . . . I have now reached the point where I feel sure enough of myself in Old French and Old English to make my corrections with a pen instead of a pencil as I go along. Ten hours a day, on an average, I have been at it for the last two months, and get so absorbed that I turn grudgingly to anything else." - Letter, Sept. 10, 1874. "All around us [in Lowell's study] were the crowded book-shelves, whose appearance showed them to be the companions of the true literary workman. . . . Their ragged bindings, and thumbed pages scored with frequent pencil-marks, implied that they were a student's tools. . . . He would sit among his books, pipe in mouth, a book in hand, hour after hour." - Leslie Stephen, in Norton's edition of Lowell's letters, Vol. I., p. 408.

and he was deeply interested in the problems of government under a republic. Believing profoundly, though not blindly, in democracy, he was a severe and trenchant critic of the attitude taken by the upper classes of England during our Civil War, for his Americanism, however courteous, was always self-poised and sometimes aggressive.[1] In England he would probably have become a scholar-statesman, like John Morley; in America his only chance in political life was as foreign minister; and as he had succeeded Longfellow in the professor's chair, so he fittingly became the successor of Irving at the court of Spain. His transference to Westminster proved to be one of the fortunate incidents which have helped to draw England and the United States closer together in recent years. During his brilliant term of service, our foremost man of letters furnished an example of the ideal attitude for the whole nation, an attitude of broad-minded love for "Our Old Home" with entire self-respect and stanch independence. After returning to this country, Lowell became a healthful influence in our domestic politics by promoting political activity on the part of men of high intellect and character. But his own days of action were nearly spent. The death of his wife and the infirmities of age made his last years lonely and sometimes painful. He retained his intellect and courage and youth of spirit to the end, however, and his last published letter is as witty and

[1] See his letters, Vol. I., pp. 409–412, for Leslie Stephen's experience. From amidst the splendors of the Spanish court he writes in 1878: "But to me, I confess, it is all vanity and vexation of spirit. I like America better every day." In his last years he loved English life very much, and found European civilization more interesting than American; but his profound faith in his country never died.

lovable as any.[1] But his work was done; he was only waiting for the end, nor did he wait long.

Lowell's early poems show clearly the influence of his reading in the English poets. The accent of Tennyson is unmistakable in *The Sirens*, *Irene*, *Rosaline*, *Columbus*, and others.[2] *To Perdita Singing* and *Prometheus* would never have been written but for Shelley's lyrics and *Prometheus Unbound*. *Rhœcus* has much of Landor's manner, different as the poem is from the latter's less didactic *Hamadryad* on the same Greek legend. *A Legend of Brittany* combines Keats's adoring love of sensuous beauty with something of Chaucer's simplicity and naïve pathos in narration. The *Ode to France* was evidently modelled, consciously or unconsciously, upon Coleridge's similar ode. The nature poems would not have been what they are had not Wordsworth and Keats already led the way. All this is not to say that Lowell was a mere imitator even in his earlier work. From the first there was something distinctive in his tone and atmosphere, although often it was slight and hardly definable. In his best nature poems, early and late, — such as *An Indian-Summer Reverie*, *To the Dandelion*, the preludes in *The Vision of Sir Launfal* (so superior to

[1] "If I have not written, it has been because I had nothing good to say of myself. I have been very wretched with one thing and another. And now a painful sensation is taking its place. I could crawl about a little till this came, and now my chief exercise is on the nightmare. I can't sleep without opium. . . . I thank God for that far-away visit of yours, which began for me one of the dearest friendships of my life. . . . I never read so many [novels] before, I think, in my life, and they come to me as fresh as the fairy tales of my boyhood. . . . All your friends here are well, and each doing good in his several way." — Letter to Leslie Stephen, June 21, 1891.

[2] Compare the above-named especially with Tennyson's *Lotus Eaters*, *Isabel Oriana*, and *Ulysses* respectively.

the rather commonplace narrative parts), *Under the Willows*, and *Pictures from Appledore*, — he unites the truth and health of Wordsworth with the flush of Keats, sometimes adding a playfulness not found in either. Deeper and more passionate than Longfellow, more intellectual and ideal than Whittier, not so philosophical as Emerson but more sensuous, less elemental and sublime than Bryant but far more human and sunny, Lowell is, on the whole, the richest and most satisfying of our poets of nature. June, in particular, was made for this poet, and he for June. Yet the earlier poems, as a whole, are nevertheless comparatively imitative and "literary."

But keenly sensitive as Lowell was to English literary influences, he was also intensely alive to American conditions both in the world of letters and in the world of politics. In *A Fable for Critics* and *The Biglow Papers* he suddenly revealed powers that could not have been divined from his previous work. The *Fable* contains a series of critical judgments upon contemporary American literature that are, as a rule, surprisingly accurate; and its torrent of puns and its overflowing energy of good-natured satire are still enjoyable. *The Biglow Papers* were inspired by as hearty a hatred for slavery as burned in Whittier, while in literary sense, dramatic power, rollicking humor, and use of the racy Yankee dialect, they are quite unrivalled among American poems on political subjects. It must be confessed, however, that as pure literature neither series has altogether held its own. The humor of the Rev. Homer Wilbur sooner or later palls, and most of the poems are overweighted with the details of contemporary politics, that perennially interesting bucolic idyl, *The Courtin'*, only emphasizing

this defect by contrast. Yet, as a whole, in conception and execution *The Biglow Papers* remain Lowell's raciest, most original, and most distinctively American work in verse. Of the poems grouped together as "Poems of the War," the only remarkable one is the *Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration*, which contains the best delineation, in verse, of the character of Lincoln. *Under the Old Elm*, similarly, is notable chiefly for its portrait of Washington. Both odes have many faulty lines and not a few prosaic passages, but their general effect is noble, and they are still our best examples of a very difficult species of poetical composition. A very different class of Lowell's poems, those springing from incidents and moods in his personal life, have a peculiar charm, for they bring us close to the man himself. Some of the earlier poems of this sort, as *The Changeling*, in their graceful tenderness remind one of Longfellow. The later, such as *The Dead House*, *Ode to Happiness*, *A Familiar Epistle to a Friend*, and the memorial verses on Agassiz, are more distinctive, often uniting deep and subtle thought with delightful play of fancy and humor. The longest of these poems, *The Cathedral*, is the finest expression, in American verse, of the spirit of modern religious doubt — its half-regret for the loss of the mediæval faith, its intellectual integrity in refusing to delude itself, its reverential groping toward a new form of faith in which heart and brain alike may find rest. The form of the poem is hardly worthy of its substance, being often diffuse and occasionally too colloquial; for its thought, however, *The Cathedral* deserves to be read along with the similar poems of Tennyson, Arnold, and Clough. Lowell's very latest verses, all too few, are rich

with the mellow fruitage of an intellectual life nobly lived, but add nothing distinctive to his poetic fame.

The prose works fall into three classes: literary essays, essays on public men and political topics, and miscellaneous essays. The literary essays, many of which first existed as lectures, are the most numerous and most significant. Lowell had very exceptional qualifications for the difficult task of literary criticism. He was himself a poet, yet had also the needful prosaic gifts of common-sense and masculine understanding; his literary sense was at once nice, robust, and catholic; he was widely read in many literatures, and a careful student of several; without a trace of pedantry he had those scholarly instincts for lack of which many men of letters, so delightful as companions, are so untrustworthy and sometimes so exasperating as guides; he knew men and the world as well as books; while more anxious to interpret than to flay, he could use the knife on occasion; and he was master of a style which, although far from faultless, often sinning by jerkiness, "smartness," and too continual emphasis, is eminently readable by reason of its strength, its incisiveness, its sparkle of wit and flash of sarcasm, and the abounding vitality which pervades every sentence from the first word to the last. The range of his knowledge and the breadth of his sympathies are remarkable. His essay on Dante is still the best general introduction to the study of the great poet of the Middle Ages. He knew the profound mind of Lessing. To Rousseau he could be just, in spite of the inborn dislike of the Anglo-Saxon for certain phases of the Gallic mind and temperament. He was equally at home in discussing the technique of Milton's blank verse or the

religious ideas of *Paradise Lost*. He was able to say something new and helpful even upon Shakspere. Wordsworth the poet he revered, but "Daddy Wordsworth" he could laugh at. Chaucer, Spenser, and Keats were brothers to his soul, yet one of the most masterly of his essays is that upon the masculine and intellectual Dryden; and if his sympathy with Pope was less complete, he nevertheless showed great admiration for the wit and the sting of the "Wasp of Twickenham." Nearly all his criticisms have the rare merit of increasing the reader's enjoyment of the authors discussed, at the same time that they broaden his knowledge and sharpen his critical sense. As to Lowell's historical position in literary criticism, the words of a living English scholar have special weight: "The wide dissemination of our race over the western and the northern continents is raising up new centres of culture, which derive their tone from England, which provide her men of letters with a public destined to become more ample than Europe could afford were Europe English, and which promises to afford them, at no distant date, all the advantages of exterior criticism unwarped by having had to pass through a foreign medium. . . . It would almost seem that while superior excellence of production may long remain the attribute of England, the decisive voice in criticism may pass to America. . . . The affluence of importation [of foreign literature into America] . . . fosters that width of view and freedom from conventional prejudice which distinguishes American judgment in literary as in other matters. Americans far surpass us English in the prompt recognition of excellence. . . . Two natural and inevitable develop-

ments may be remarked in American criticism. There is, first, the classical, conservative, cautious school of the Irvings and Channings and Ticknors, and of the old *North American Review* in general; a school consciously under the influence of the old country. There is also a younger school consciously aiming at originality, at evolving a national type, and occupying a position in criticism akin to Bret Harte's in production. . . . Mr. Russell Lowell is, in a sense, the most perfect representative of American criticism to be found, for he occupies a central position between the old school and the new. . . . His criticisms hint what service American culture may render to English letters when it has obtained an entirely independent point of view."[1] The miscellaneous essays, including *My Garden Acquaintance*, *On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners*, etc., although entertaining and keen, are of minor consequence. Those on public men and political topics, of which *Abraham Lincoln* and *Democracy* are the chief, have permanent value for their ardent but intelligent Americanism, their searching analysis of character, their flexile grasp on the principles of government, and their pure and lofty ideal of national life.

James Russell Lowell is our greatest man of letters, in the special sense of that term. His literary sense was a constituent part of all his thinking and feeling, adding to everything that he wrote an artistic quality without in the least diminishing the impression of earnestness and sincerity. A charming letter-writer; one of the few literary critics whose criticisms are themselves literature;

[1] Richard Garnett in his introduction to *My Study Windows* (London, Walter Scott, 1886).

a wise publicist, touching political problems with large sanity and a noble idealism; a vigorous humorist and satirist; an exponent of the best American traditions and of the best English culture; a poet in whose pages are gleams of a poetic gift perhaps richer than can be found elsewhere in our literature; he stands quite unrivalled among American authors for combined excellence and versatility of production. And, yet, upon laying down his works we have a certain feeling of disappointment, as if he had not given us quite such good things, certainly not so many of the best things, as we had a right to expect from a nature so rarely endowed. This feeling is strongest in regard to his poetry. It would seem that the proverbially jealous Muse made even Lowell pay the penalty of versatility, angry that the incense of his worship should smoke upon other altars than her own. But it is allowed us to believe that, on the whole, it was best so; America, at the stage of culture which she had then reached, perhaps needing a great man of letters more than she needed a somewhat greater poet. At least, we may justly be proud to have so early produced a man worthy of admission into the illustrious fellowship of Dryden, Addison, and Samuel Johnson.

Oliver Wendell Holmes[1] belonged to what he himself styled the "Brahmin caste" of New England. On his

[1] Life. Born in Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 29, 1809. In Phillips Academy, Andover, 1824–1825; in Harvard College, 1825–1829; in the Harvard Law School, 1829–1830; in a Boston medical school, 1830–1832; studied medicine in Paris, 1833–1835, making visits to Germany, England, and Italy. Began the practice of medicine in Boston, 1839; professor of anatomy in Dartmouth College, 1839–1840. Married Amelia L. Jackson, 1840; two sons and a daughter were born to him. Professor of anatomy in the Harvard Medical School, 1847–1882; dean, 1847–1853. Received the degree of LL.D. from Harvard, 1880. To Europe, 1886;

mother's side he was descended from Anne and Governor Bradstreet;[1] his first paternal ancestor in America, John Holmes, settled in Woodstock, Connecticut, in 1682, and had for descendants a deacon, a captain and surgeon, and a clergyman. The last, the poet's father, was himself an author in verse and prose; but it is said that Holmes derived much more of his intellectual quality from his mother, who was "a bright, vivacious woman, of small figure and sprightly manners."[2] As a lad, the future author of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* early revealed a wide-awake, inquisitive mind and a love of letters. He read eagerly in his father's library of one or two thousand volumes, reading "*in* books rather than *through* them,"[3] and he soon became a rhymer himself. Although his class poem and his contributions to college periodicals showed no great promise on the whole,[4] he had only just completed his twenty-first year

received the degree of Doctor of Letters from Cambridge, LL.D. from Edinburgh, D.C.L. from Oxford. Died Oct. 7, 1894. A Unitarian.

WORKS. Poems, 1836–1850. Collected edition in 2 vols., 1892. Medical Essays, 1842, 1843; collected 1861. Pages from an old Volume of Life, 1857–1861; collected 1863. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, 1858 (first in the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1857–1858). The Professor at the Breakfast Table, 1859 (first in the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1859). Elsie Venner, 1861 (first in the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1859–1860, as The Professor's Story). The Guardian Angel, 1867 (first in the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1867). The Poet at the Breakfast Table, 1872 (first in the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1871–1872). Memoir of John Lothrop Motley, 1878. Life of Emerson, in the American Men of Letters series, 1884. A Mortal Antipathy, 1885 (first in the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1884–1885). Over the Tea-Cups, 1890 (first in the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1888–1889). Our Hundred Days in Europe, 1887.

[1] See pp. 26–27, 299. Another of his mother's ancestors, Evert Jansen Wendell, a Dutchman, settled in Albany about the year 1640.

[2] *Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes*, by J. T. Morse, Jr., Vol. I., p. 15.

[3] "The Autobiographical Notes," in Morse, Vol. I., p. 40.

[4] *The Mysterious Visitor*, *The Spectre Pig*, and a few other of these juvenilia have, however, survived.

when *Old Ironsides* gave him a taste of fame.[1] A year's study of the law convinced the young poet that the legal profession was not for him. The study of medicine, also, he took up without much interest at first; but during his two years' residence abroad he became an enthusiastic student under the foremost Parisian savants, and upon his return to Boston he settled down contentedly enough to the life of a physician. He never had a large practice, partly because many people mistrusted (in this case unjustly) the professional skill of a doctor who was also a poet and wit, and who could pun about his own business by announcing that "the smallest fevers would be thankfully received." But he won several prizes for medical essays, and in the essay upon puerperal fever "made an original and a greatly valuable contribution to medical science."[2] As professor of anatomy his career was long and honorable, and in one way brilliant. His gifts of wit and fancy were pressed into service to enliven a rather dry subject, which he nevertheless taught with great thoroughness, and the last hour of the day was always assigned to him "because he alone could hold his exhausted audience's attention."[3]

[1] The poem, which was hastily written with a pencil on a scrap of paper, as a protest against the threatened destruction of the old frigate "Constitution," was first published in *The Boston Daily Advertiser*, and, being copied in the newspapers throughout the country, raised such a storm of popular sentiment that the Navy Department countermanded its order.

[2] Morse, Vol. I., p. 164.

[3] Morse, Vol. I., p. 176. "'These, gentlemen,' he said on one occasion, . . . 'are the tuberosities of the ischia, on which man was designed to sit and survey the works of Creation.'" "None but Holmes could have compared the microscopical coiled tube of a sweat-gland to a fairy's intestine." — Reminiscences by Holmes's assistants, in Morse, Vol. I., pp. 177, 179.

In these labors the years sped rapidly away, and Holmes had passed middle age without achieving anything more than a local reputation as poet and wit. It was the publication of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, in the early numbers of The *Atlantic Monthly*, which made the Boston medical lecturer a world-famous man of letters.[1] From this time on, almost to the end of a very long life, his literary career was a series of successes, his subsequent works confirming and extending, although they did not heighten, the reputation which *The Autocrat* had won. That he was able to carry on, for so long and so successfully, two kinds of exacting labor, as writer and lecturer, was due in no small part to his wife, "a comrade the most delightful, a helpmate the most useful," who "hedged him carefully about and protected him from distractions and bores and interruptions."[2] A family of promising children, one of whom has since attained distinction, and a circle of brilliant friends, combined with other circumstances and a cheery temperament to make an exceptionally happy life.[3] His four months' tour in Europe, when he was hard upon eighty years of age, afforded new evidence both of

[1] "In *The New England Magazine*, which lived briefly from 1831 to 1835, Dr. Holmes had published two papers under this same name and of much this same plan." — Morse, Vol. I., p. 205. Lowell had a hand in revealing Holmes to the world, for in accepting the editorship of *The Atlantic Monthly* he made it a condition that the doctor should be "the first contributor to be engaged"; the latter afterward said, "[Lowell] woke me from a kind of literary lethargy in which I was half slumbering." — Morse, Vol, I., p. 204.

[2] Morse, Vol. I., pp. 170, 171.

[3] Holmes especially delighted in the "Saturday Club," whose membership included Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Motley, Whittier, Agassiz, Sumner, Prescott, and many other distinguished and "clubable" men.

his fame and of his capacity for enjoyment still. But already the years had begun to bring their inevitable sorrow. Some of his dearest friends had passed away, and he was destined to be almost "the last leaf" on a once crowded bough. In 1884 his younger son died; four years later, his wife; and in one year more, his only daughter. Shortly before this his eyesight had grown very dim from cataract, which threatened him with total blindness; happily he was spared this affliction, so dreadful to a man of letters, and he had some use of his eyes to the very last.[1] His closing days were tranquil and crowned with honor. Year after year, in his beautiful summer home at Beverly Farms, the old man received, with that harmless vanity which did not ill become him, the congratulations that poured in upon him, with every returning birthday, from the friends and strangers who delighted to do honor to almost the last survivor of the nation's greatest group of writers. Decay and death stole upon him by scarcely perceptible degrees, and he died painlessly in his chair at last.

The individuality of Doctor Holmes is so stamped upon his pages that there is no need to dwell upon it separately. But his writings are the embodiment of something more than an original, sparkling, keen-minded, and kind-hearted personality. They are also an expression of New England, and particularly of Boston as Boston was in the middle of the nineteenth century. Holmes was as distinctively American and (in a

[1] In 1887 he wrote to a friend that he had "a cataract in the kitten state of development." Equally characteristic, in another way, was "the serene and cheerful courage with which he faced the dread prospect" of total blindness. — Morse, Vol. I., pp. 74, 75.

good sense) provincial as any Texan cowboy or Californian poker-sharp, although Europeans with an imperfect knowledge of American life have not always fully realized the fact. In studying the various classes of his works, it is therefore profitable to note the impress of heredity and environment as well as that of a unique personality.

Holmes's greatest ambition was to be a poet. It is pleasant to believe that the soul of his far-off ancestress, that "Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America,"[1] lived again in him, and in his poems found the more perfect expression which had been impossible to her in Puritan New England's early days. But it must be doubted whether even the nineteenth-century poet attained more than twice to any very high degree of purely poetical excellence, — once in *The Chambered Nautilus*, which is perfect as the beautiful embodiment of a noble precept, and again in *The Last Leaf*, so unique a blending of seemingly irreconcilable elements that one is tempted to describe it as a minuet danced with dainty lightness to the music of an elegy.[2] In most of his other famous poems, such as *The One-Hoss Shay*, *Dorothy Q.*, and *The Broomstick Train*, imagination is less conspicuous than wit, satire, and fancy in the service of these.[3] As poetry of the lighter intellectual type, they stand high;

[1] See p. 26.

[2] "Is there in all literature a lyric in which drollery, passing nigh unto ridicule yet stopping short of it, and sentiment becoming pathos yet not too profound, are so exquisitely intermingled? . . . To spill into the mixture the tiniest fraction of a drop too much of either ingredient was to ruin all." — Morse, Vol. I., p. 229.

[3] *The Broomstick Train* is notable both as the work of so old a man and as a fanciful union of the ancient marvel of New England witchcraft with the modern marvel of electricity.

and as a writer of *vers d'occasion* Holmes has no superior and few equals, for he could be merry and wise at the same instant and without letting either quality get in the way of the other. A predominance of intellectual elements was natural enough in the poetry of a clear-headed man of science and a descendant of the logical Puritans. Doctor Holmes was, furthermore, by heredity and environment, an aristocrat of the New England sort, and he showed the conservatism of an aristocrat in his literary leanings as in most others, preferring to model his verse upon the clean-cut, intellectual poetry of the eighteenth century, on which his youth had been nourished, rather than upon the romantic poetry of his own century.[1] In so doing he was wise, for he thereby attempted nothing which he could not do well. In the service of far-darting Apollo he did not aim at many marks, but the marks he aimed at he hit.

Brilliant as Holmes's poetry is, the prose works of the "Breakfast Table" series are perhaps more brilliant still; certainly they are a more complete expression of the man and of the atmosphere in which he lived. *The Autocrat* has been happily described as "verbal champagne"; a more homely but no less truthful comparison would liken it to Apollinaris water — all bubble and prickle. Doctor Holmes was one of the most brilliant talkers that ever lived,[2] and his biographer says that

[1] "My favorite reading [in youth] was Pope's *Homer;* to the present time the grand couplets ring in my ears and stimulate my imagination, in spite of their formal symmetry, which makes them hateful to the lawless versificators who find anthems in the clash of blacksmiths' hammers, and fugues in the jangle of the sleigh bells." — "The Autobiographical Notes," in Morse, Vol. I., p. 48.

[2] "Perhaps no man of modern times has given his contemporaries a more extraordinary impression of wit in conversation. We are told

"*The Autocrat* held his talk crystallized."[1] The plan of the book is original and happy, allowing the freedom and discursiveness of "table-talk" to be combined with something of the continuity of the essay; nor are the more popular elements of a love story and of character-sketching wholly lacking. Into this mould are poured the wit and wisdom of a lifetime. George William Curtis has spoken of "the whimsical discursiveness of the book, the restless hovering of that brilliant talk over every topic, fancy, feeling, fact." And he adds, "There are few books that leave more distinctly the impression of a mind teeming with riches of many kinds."[2] Furthermore, *The Autocrat* is saturated with the essence of Bostonian New Englandism — its local pride in a state and a city which have played a great part in great historic events; its Puritanic cleanness in morals; its intellectual form of religion, the intellectuality (though not the doctrines nor the liberality) a lineal descendant of the faith of the Puritans; its Yankee shrewdness and wit, permeating a culture fundamentally English; its highly intelligent, if conservative and somewhat provincial, mental attitude and outlook. This and more are in *The Autocrat*, which, without being a profound book, may be a very profitable one. They greatly err who find in it only the crackling of thorns under a pot; the thorns are there and they crackle, but

that . . . he listened as brilliantly as he spoke, taking up every challenge, capping every anecdote, rippling over with an illuminated cascade of fancy and humor and repartee." — Edmund Gosse, in Morse, Vol. I., p. 247.

[1] Morse, Vol. I., p. 245.

[2] Morse, Vol. I., p. 206. Holmes himself said that the papers were "not the result of an express premeditation," but were "dipped from the running stream of my thoughts." — *Ibid.*, Vol. I., p. 207.

there is also something in the pot. *The Autocrat* is deservedly the most popular of the series. *The Professor* and *The Poet* have less vivacity, and although they are not heavy they are more continuously serious in matter and manner. *Over the Tea-Cups* is naturally feebler than the earlier papers, but has its own peculiar value as the talk of a brilliant old man.

No one can regret that Holmes tried his hand at novel-writing; yet his novels are the clever work of a very bright man rather than the creations of a born novelist. All three contain vivid and truthful pictures of New England village life and capital sketches of New England types. As a whole, however, *A Mortal Antipathy*, written when its author had passed the creative age, is sadly inferior to the other two. *Elsie Venner* is original and powerful as a "snake story"; and *The Guardian Angel*, in addition to a piquant style and much admirable wit and satire, has one character that deserves to live — Byles Gridley, bachelor, retired college professor, and author of a dead book. Yet even these two leave the impression of being manufactured, not created; and so, in fact, they were. Holmes wrote all his novels to illustrate the influence of heredity, and to this theme the plot and the characters are too manifestly subordinate.[1] But although the novels thereby lose in one way, they gain

[1] "You see exactly what I wish to do: to write a story with enough of interest in its characters and incidents to attract a certain amount of popular attention. Under cover of this to *stir* that mighty question of automatic agency in its relation to self-determination. To do this by means of a palpable outside agency, predetermining certain traits of character and certain apparently voluntary acts, such as the common judgment of mankind and the tribunals of law and theology have been in the habit of recognizing as sin and crime. Not exactly insanity, — but rather an unconscious intuitive tendency, dating from a powerful

in other ways. They are one more contribution of medical science to pure literature; they reveal the serious side of Holmes more fully; and the question which they raise, in so interesting and original a way, is one of profound moment for morals and theology. In fact, the author's chief motive in making these studies was ethical and theological rather than scientific. He, of course, took a lively interest in the purely scientific side of the matter.[1] But, true to his Puritan descent, he was at bottom a moralist and theologian. His hatred of the Calvinism in which he had been reared was, indeed, intense throughout his adult life. In literature and politics a conservative,[2] in theology he was a fighting radical. His study, in these novels, of the limits of free will, and, consequently, the limits of men's moral responsibility before God and man, although necessarily not exhaustive, strikes deep into the matter from one side — the physical, — and is stimulative of thought upon the other sides.

Considerable emphasis has been laid upon Holmes's

ante-natal influence, which modifies the whole organization. To make the subject of this influence interest the reader, to carry the animalizing of her nature just as far as can be done without rendering her repulsive, — such is the idea of this story. It is conceived in the fear of God and in the love of man." — Letter to Mrs. Stowe, in 1860, about *Elsie Venner;* in Morse, Vol. I., pp. 263–264.

[1] "The snake was not repulsive to him; while writing the book he was so desirous to have the rattlesnake vividly present to his mind as a living reptile . . . that he procured a live one . . . and kept it for many weeks at the medical school. He had a long stick arranged with a padded kid glove at one end and a prodding point at the other, and he used to excite the creature and watch its coiling and its striking, study its eyes and expression, its ways, its character. . . . His scientific research explored all printed knowledge concerning the reptiles and their venom." — Morse, Vol. I., pp. 258–259.

[2] It is clear that he was at best lukewarm in the anti-slavery, temperance, and other reforms of his day, despite his letter of self-defence in reply to Lowell's strictures. (See Morse, Vol. I., pp. 295–303, for the letter.)

Americanism, the flavor of which, as his biographer has happily said, is "as local, as pungent, as unmistakable, as that of a cranberry from the best bog on Cape Cod."[1] But his Americanism was not of the narrow and really timorous kind which can maintain itself only by excluding foreign influences. Like all the writers of his group, he was permeated with the best English culture, which was, in a way, as native to the home and community and university in which he had been reared as to the mother country itself. His classical studies had not failed to do their part in the shaping of a poet who has much of the *bonhommie*, finished wit, and genial satiric power of Horace. His residence in France, where he became intimately familiar with the French language and the French mind, reënforced his natural tendency to vivacity and piquancy of style.[2] But, after all, these were only grafts on the main stock. That stock was American, New England, Bostonian; and the genius of the tree was one Oliver Wendell Holmes, as unique and entertaining an individuality as ever revealed itself in letters.

Philadelphia continued to be the centre of considerable literary activity, although its importance in this respect was relatively less than in earlier days. Among the writers who, because of birth or residence in that region, may for convenience be grouped together, Robert M. Bird (1805–1854) had some prominence for a time; he was editor of the Philadelphia *North Ameri-*

[1] Morse, Vol. I., p. 208.

[2] His gift in this way may have been partly an inheritance from his talented ancestress, Mrs. Bradstreet. See the extracts from her pithy *Meditations*, on p. 27.

can Gazette, and author of *Nick of the Woods: a Tale of Kentucky* (1837), several other novels, and three tragedies, including *The Gladiator*, which was played by Forrest and still holds the boards. Another successful dramatist was ROBERT T. CONRAD (1810–1858), editor of *Graham's Magazine*, and author of *Aylmere* (1841), a strong though rather loud play on Jack Cade, which was acted by Forrest at home and abroad. THOMAS D. ENGLISH (1819–), journalist, lawyer, physician, wrote novels, poems, and dramas, but only his song of *Ben Bolt* (in *Poems*, 1855) has lived. The poet and artist THOMAS B. READ (1822–1872), whose dashing *Sheridan's Ride* (1865) is one of the most popular of the poems of the Civil War, was less happy in his longer productions. *The New Pastoral* (1855), on life in Pennsylvania, is slow and heavy; *The House by the Sea* (1855) attempts the supernatural, with small success; *The Wagoner of the Alleghanies* (1862), on the Revolutionary War, contains some stirring narration and good descriptions of American scenery, but lacks the largeness and power demanded by the subject, besides being in metre and style manifestly an echo of Scott's narrative poems. GEORGE H. BOKER (1823–1890), minister to Turkey and Russia, was a respectable poet and a dramatist of more than ordinary ability.[1] The style of his plays is strong and flowing, the characters are clearly outlined and motived, and the plots move firmly to a dignified climax; *Calaynos*, his best tragedy, was successfully acted in London in 1849. CHARLES G. LELAND

[1] The Lesson of Life, 1847. Calaynos, 1848. Anne Boleyn, 1850. The Podesta's Daughter, 1852. Plays and Poems, 1856. Poems of the War, 1864. Etc.

(1824–1903), magazine writer and editor, is known chiefly by his humorous *Hans Breitman's Ballads* (complete, 1871), in the German-American dialect.

The greatest of the Pennsylvania authors of this period was BAYARD TAYLOR.[1] His father was a farmer,

[1] LIFE. Born Jan. 11, 1825, at Kennett Square, Penn. Educated in local schools; in West Chester Academy, 1837–1839; in Unionville Academy, as student and tutor, 1839–1842. Apprenticed to a printer in West Chester, 1842. To England, Germany, Italy, France, 1844–1846. Edited *The Phœnixville Pioneer*, 1846–1847; in New York, writing for *The Literary World*, *The Union Magazine*, and *The Tribune*, 1847–1849; to California as *Tribune's* correspondent, 1849–1850. Married Mary Agnew, then dying of consumption, 1850. To Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, Ethiopia, Spain, India, China, 1851–1853. Bought a farm near Kennett, 1853. Made extensive lecture tours in United States, 1854–1856. To Northern Europe, 1856. Married Marie Hansen, daughter of a German astronomer, 1857; one daughter was born to him. To Greece, 1857–1858. Lectured in California and elsewhere, 1858–1861; built Cedarcroft on his Kennett estate, and abandoned his New York home, 1861. Secretary of the Russian Legation, 1862–1863. To the Rocky Mountains, 1866; to Spain and Italy, 1867–1868. Appointed non-resident professor of German literature at Cornell University in 1869, and lectured there for several years. Offered Cedarcroft for sale, and removed to New York, 1871. In Germany, with excursions to Italy, Egypt, and Iceland, 1872–1874. In United States, writing and lecturing. 1874–1878. Minister to Germany, 1878; died in Berlin, Dec. 19, 1878.

WORKS. Ximena, 1844. Views Afoot, 1846. Rhymes of Travel, Ballads, and Poems, 1848 (imprint, 1849). Eldorado, 1850. A Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs, 1851. A Journey to Central Africa, 1854. The Lands of the Saracen, 1854. Poems of the Orient, 1854. A Visit to India, China, and Japan, 1855. Poems of Home and Travel, 1855. Northern Travel, 1857. Travels in Greece and Russia, 1859. At Home and Abroad, 1859; second series, 1862. The Poet's Journal, 1862. Hannah Thurston, 1863. John Godfrey's Fortunes, 1864. The Story of Kennett, 1866. The Picture of St. John, 1866. Colorado: a Summer Trip, 1867. The Golden Wedding, 1868. By-Ways of Europe, 1869. Joseph and His Friend, 1870. Translation of *Faust*, 1870–1871. Beauty and the Beast, and Tales of Home, 1872. The Masque of the Gods, 1872. Lars: a Pastoral of Norway, 1873. Egypt and Iceland, 1874. The Prophet: a Tragedy, 1874. Home Pastorals, Ballads, and Lyrics, 1875. The Echo Club, 1876. Boys of Other Countries, 1876. The National Ode, 1876. Prince Deukalion, 1878. Studies in German Literature, 1879. Critical Essays and Literary Notes, 1880.

whose ancestors came to America with Penn; on his mother's side he inherited considerable German or Swiss blood. In spite of his Quaker training, the boy early displayed a restless, roving disposition; but he took naturally to letters also, writing verses at seven years, and reading Goethe, Scott, and Gibbon while yet a mere lad. In his twentieth year he resolved to gratify his thirst for foreign travel; but his means being very limited, he went through Europe chiefly afoot, and often lived upon bread, figs, and chestnuts, at a cost of six cents a day. His first book of travels, however, became at once popular, and Taylor's destiny was manifest: he was to be the man of letters in motion. His energy in both travelling and writing was enormous. In India he went more than two thousand miles in less than two months; in northern Europe he rode two hundred and fifty miles behind reindeer, and journeyed five hundred miles within the Arctic Circle. His pen travelled nearly as fast as his feet; in two months and a half he wrote nine hundred royal octavo pages of a cyclopædia of travel, and in a night and a day he read Victor Hugo's voluminous *La Légende des Siècles* and wrote a long review of it, including metrical translations of five poems. All this was not conducive to the highest art or to long life. But native restlessness, grief at the death of his first wife, poverty, an ambition (resembling Scott's) to build up a large estate by the profits of his pen, and resulting debts, all combined to allow Taylor no rest for hand or foot. The responsibilities of high public office proved to be the last straw, and he died at his post before his career as minister to Germany had little more than begun.

Taylor's volumes of travel are entertaining and give accurate pictures of the lands through which he passed, but such books are, necessarily, sooner or later superseded. His novels, although they sold well for a time, have proved, like his tales and sketches, to be lacking in vitality. Mr. Stedman thinks Taylor's literary criticisms "the ripest and most valuable portion of his prose labor";[1] yet who but the scholar now reads them? The dramas — both the realistic *Prophet*, on Mormonism, and the idealistic *Masque of the Gods* and *Deukalion*, in which Shelley's influence is too apparent — are failures, although the last two contain noble passages and show much metrical skill. The narrative poems are far more successful. *Lars*, with its vivid and finely contrasted pictures of life on the Norwegian coast and by the peaceful Delaware, and its portrait of a soul passing from half-savage fierceness to the gentleness of Quaker Christianity, is deservedly popular. *Hylas* is a soft and lovely retouching of the old Greek myth, not unworthy of Landor. In his *California Ballads* and *Pennsylvania Idyls* Taylor opened fresh fields, which were to be worked more fully by later men and were to yield some of our most distinctively American products in verse and prose. The principal new element, however, which this world-traveller brought into American literature was that Orientalism which found its best expression in *Poems of the Orient*, including the famous *Bedouin Song*. There was something Oriental in the man himself. It appeared in his "down-drooping eyelids; . . . in his aquiline nose, with the expressive tremor of the nostrils as he spoke; in his thinly tufted chin, his close-curling

[1] *Poets of America*, p. 420.

hair; his love of spices, music, coffee, colors, and perfumes."[1] And it went into these poems, in which one finds a sense of the hot desert sands and the fierce sun, the Arab's love of his horse, the sensuous languor and burning passion of the Oriental's nature. German literature affected Taylor's poetry less than might have been expected when one considers his saturation in it; but his translation of *Faust* combines considerable scholarship with remarkable metrical ingenuity, and is the best rendering of the poem into English verse.

WALT WHITMAN,[2] as a native and resident of the Middle States, may be spoken of in connection with the Pennsylvania group. On the side of his father, a farmer and carpenter, he was descended from John Whitman, who came to Massachusetts about the year 1640; his mother, the daughter of a Quakeress, was of Dutch origin. He received only a common-school education, but as a lad was an omnivorous novel-reader, and revelled in Scott's poetry and *The Arabian Nights*.

[1] Stedman's *Poets of America*, p. 406.

[2] LIFE. Born at West Hills, Long Island, May 31, 1819. Lived in Brooklyn, 1824–1833 (?); printer in New York, 1836–1837; then taught country schools for two or three years; published a weekly paper at Huntington, L.I., 1839–1840; in New York and Brooklyn as printer and writer, 1840–1849, editing the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, 1848–1849. Journeyed through the West and South, 1849, serving on the editorial staff of the New Orleans *Daily Crescent* for a short time; returned by the Great Lakes and Canada. Lived several years in New York and Brooklyn as carpenter, printer, editor, and author. Frequented the army hospitals, 1863–1865. Held government clerkships in Washington, 1865–1874. Stricken with paralysis, went to Camden, N.J., to live, 1874. Visited Colorado and St. Louis, 1879. Died at Camden, March 26, 1892.

WORKS. Leaves of Grass, 1855; the subsequent editions, 1856, 1860, 1867, 1871, 1876, 1881, 1882, contain many changes and additions. Drum Taps, 1865. Passage to India, 1870. Democratic Vistas, 1870. Memoranda during the War, 1875. Specimen Days and Collect, 1882. November Boughs, 1888. Good-bye, My Fancy, 1891.

"Later," he says, " . . . I used to go off . . . down in the country, or to Long Island's seashores — there, in the presence of outdoor influences, I went over thoroughly the Old and New Testaments, and absorbed . . . Shakspere, Ossian, the best translated versions I could get of Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, the old German Nibelungen, the ancient Hindoo poems, and one or two other masterpieces, Dante's among them. As it happened, I read the latter mostly in an old wood."[1] His chief love, however, was for nature and for the life that surged around him in Brooklyn and New York. He had a "passion for ferries," and was hail-fellow-well-met with the burly tribe of omnibus drivers along Broadway. The "leisurely journey and working expedition" of eight thousand miles, which, as a printer and journalist, he made through the West, South, and North, in the prime of his manhood, gave him a wide knowledge, at first hand, of the masses of the American people. With the Civil War began a new epoch in his life. His services as a volunteer army nurse, in the course of which he went "among from eighty thousand to a hundred thousand of the wounded and sick," were unique and of great value, especially, as he himself says, "in the simple matters of personal presence, and emanating ordinary cheer and magnetism."[2] His health, superb as it was, broke down under the strain before the war ended, and it was never fully restored. Partial paralysis finally compelled him to resign his government clerkship; and the remainder of his days he spent chiefly in his quiet New Jersey home, half an invalid, and some-

[1] *A Backward Glance o'er Travelled Roads.*
[2] *Specimen Days.*

times dependent upon the willing help of friends for the supply of his simple wants. He continued to write poetry and prose, getting inspiration for some of it from a second trip to the West. Occasionally he went up the Hudson to visit John Burroughs, and he called upon Longfellow and Emerson the year before they died. Ten years later "the Good Gray Poet"[1] himself passed away.

Two great facts underlie Whitman's poetry. The first is Democracy in America. "It seemed to me . . . the time had come," he says, "to reflect all themes and things, old and new, in the lights thrown on them by the advent of America and democracy."[2] Democracy is to him Equality, first of all, — "giving others the same chances and rights as myself."[3] Next, it is Comradeship, "in a more commanding and acknowledged sense than hitherto."[2] And the goal of it all is "the forming of myriads of fully developed individuals,"[2] for he believed that "the crowning growth of the United States is to be spiritual and heroic."[2]

> A great city is that which has the greatest men and women,
> If it be but a few ragged huts it is still the greatest city in the whole world.[4]

His thought about the relation of the democratic present to the feudal past is equally broad and just: "America fully and fairly construed . . . is the legitimate result and revolutionary outcome of the past";[2] "ere the New World can be worthily original . . . she

[1] The phrase is W. D. O'Connor's, in his vindication of Whitman in 1866.

[2] *A Backward Glance o'er Travelled Roads.*

[3] *Thought*, in *By the Roadside.* [4] *Song of the Broad-Axe.*

must be well saturated with the originality of others."[1] He was keenly aware of our present shortcomings: "I say that our New World democracy, however great a success in uplifting the masses out of their sloughs, in materialistic development, products, and in a certain highly deceptive, superficial, popular intellectuality, is, so far, an almost complete failure in its social aspects, and in really grand religious, moral, literary, and esthetic results."[2] Yet he was hopeful for the future, believing that although "democracy's first instincts are fain . . . to reduce everything to a dead level," yet "the new influences, upon the whole, are surely preparing the way for grander individualities than ever."[3]

His method of giving literary expression to democracy is, first of all, to portray himself, "faithfully" and "uncompromisingly," as one representative American, "the born child of the New World."

> One's-Self I sing, a simple separate person,
> Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse.[4]

But he also ranges, in thought, over the continent, and paints all sorts and conditions of men, in masses, on a large canvas with broad sweeps of the brush. The intellect and culture of America, however, receive little attention; he was attracted chiefly to common men and women, and to rough, hardy life in the open air. The scenes of the Civil War, as a tremendous expression of

[1] *Specimen Days;* a quotation, with approval, of what he had heard Longfellow say.

[2] *Democratic Vistas.*

[3] *A Backward Glance o'er Travelled Roads.*

[4] *One's-Self I Sing.* See also *Starting from Paumanok* and *Song of Myself.*

the best life of the Republic, supplied him with many subjects; while the death of Lincoln, the great American commoner, was the inspiration of two of his noblest poems.[1] Whatever the subject, there appears constantly a great faith in democracy and the worth of the common man. In his own rougher way, Whitman preaches Emerson's doctrine of self-reliance:[2] —

> We have had ducking and deprecating about enough,
> I show that size is only development.
> Have you outstript the rest? are you the President?
> It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there, every one, and still pass on.[3]

The second great influence upon Whitman's poetry was Science. According to his light he put into practice the creed of the scientist that whatever is natural is right: —

> Of physiology from top to toe I sing.[4]
>
> I am not the poet of goodness only, I do not decline to be the poet of wickedness also.[5]

Give me the drench of my passions, give me life coarse and rank.[6]

The poems which elaborate the ideas expressed in these lines have exposed Whitman to the charge of indecency; but his error was intellectual and æsthetic rather than moral. He lacked that delicacy which would have taught him that some things are less beautiful if dragged into broad day; and his conception of

[1] *O Captain, My Captain* and *When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloomed.* See also *Come up from the Fields, Father; Vigil Strange I Kept;* and *First, O Songs, for a Prelude.*

[2] Emerson recognized in Whitman a semi-disciple, and publicly welcomed *Leaves of Grass*, although he did not approve of its coarser parts.

[3] *Song of Myself.*

[4] *One's-Self I Sing.*

[5] *Song of Myself.*

[6] *Native Moments.*

nature was too narrow, for he did not see that restraint, delicacy, and silence are as natural as appetite, frankness, and speech. But in justice it should be added that his protest against mere prudery needed to be made and is in accord with one of the most wholesome influences of physical science, and that he has said noble things about woman, particularly in this picture of his mother: —

Behold a woman!
She looks out from her Quaker cap, her face is clearer and more beautiful than the sky.
She sits in an armchair under the shaded porch of the farmhouse,
The sun just shines on her old white head. . . .
The melodious character of the earth,
The finish beyond which philosophy cannot go and does not wish to go,
The justified mother of men.[1]

Whitman asserts with power the divinity of common things, helping one to realize the sacredness of our bodies and the marvel and mystery of the meanest work of the Creator: —

And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven, . . .
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels.[2]

If anything is sacred the human body is sacred,
And the glory and sweet of a man is the token of manhood untainted.[3]

The other scientific doctrine that profoundly affected Whitman is Evolution, which he accepted in its most comprehensive sense as an inevitable and never-ending upward movement of the whole universe. Death is only transition, one of many steps in the eternal progression: —

[1] *Faces.* [2] *Song of Myself.* [3] *I Sing the Body Electric.*

If I, you, and the worlds, and all beneath or upon their surfaces,
were this moment reduced back to a pallid float, it would not
avail in the long run,
We should surely bring up again where we now stand,
And surely go as much farther, and then farther and farther. . . .
This day before dawn I ascended a hill and looked at the crowded
heaven,
And I said to my spirit, *When we become the enfolders of those orbs,
and the pleasure and knowledge of everything in them, shall
we be filled and satisfied then?*
And my spirit said, *No, we but level that lift to pass and continue
beyond.*[1]

Whitman rejected rhyme, metre, and other conventional poetic embellishments, that he might make the very form of his message reflect the novelty of its spirit, although he had profound admiration for the great poems of the past, standing before them, he says, "with uncovered head, fully aware of their colossal grandeur and beauty."[2] He felt, also, that for him, at least, writing upon the great primal facts of nature and human life in a crude New World, the large freedom of his lines was a more sincere and adequate mode of expression than regular metres and honeyed rhymes.[3] But the amount of music in Whitman's verse is usually underrated. As the passion rises, the style also rises,

[1] *Song of Myself.* See *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*, the most beautiful of his longer poems, and *When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloomed*, for thoughts about death.

[2] *A Backward Glance o'er Travelled Roads.* His early study of Ossian no doubt affected him. Among his *Pieces in Early Youth* (see the complete prose works), *Blood-Money* and *Wounded in the House of Friends* are written in irregular, unrhymed lines, and seem transitional to the manner of *Leaves of Grass.* Of the latter he says, with unconscious naïveté, "I had great trouble in leaving out the stock 'poetical' touches, but succeeded at last." — *Specimen Days.*

[3] See *Spirit that formed This Scene.*

oftentimes into a magnificent free rhythm and a large melody, as in these lines upon Lincoln's funeral train: —

With the pomp of the inlooped flags, with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veiled women standing, . . .
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and solemn,
With all the mournful voices of the dirges poured around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs — where amid these you journey,
With the tolling, tolling bells' perpetual clang,
Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.[1]

Whitman's diction is usually idiomatic and strong; not infrequently, however, it becomes labored and affected.[2] He had almost no structural power, and his longer poems are mere heaps. But in the word, phrase, and paragraph he showed a remarkable descriptive gift, his pictures pressing almost bodily upon the eye.[3] His feeling for humanity was broad, deep, and robust, if not of the finest texture.[4] In ranging through past, present, and future, his imagination sometimes takes a high as well as a wide flight, notably in *Passage to India*, *Prayer of*

[1] *When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloomed.* See the whole poem for rhythms of various kinds, admirably fitted to the thought or feeling. Also *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking; With Husky-Haughty Lips, O Sea;* and many more.

[2] *Emigré, longéve, deific, morbific, harbinge, arrière, philosophs, élève,* and similar words occur.

[3] See *Cavalry Passing a Ford, A Paumanok Picture,* and *Song of Myself.*

[4] See *Crossing Brooklyn Ferry, The City Dead-House, The Wound-Dresser, The Singer in the Prison, You Felons on Trial in Courts.*

Columbus, and *The Mystic Trumpeter*. As a poet of nature, especially of vast areas, the night, and the sea, he is superb in untamed energy and large, elemental, impassioned imagination. Other American sea-poems seem puny in comparison with *Patrolling Barnegat*, *To the Man-of-War Bird*, and *With Husky-Haughty Lips, O Sea*.

It is extravagant to call Walt Whitman a great thinker or seer. He lacked spiritual refinement, and he did not know enough; there was in him, at least in earlier years, something of the rowdy, and his "robustness" is partly swagger. But he did catch, and give out again with peculiar emphasis and sense of reality, some of the largest thoughts of his day; and as we read his pages we feel the "New Spirit" blowing fresh and strong, if somewhat raw, in our faces. To some minds, at least, he is immensely suggestive and stimulating. He was not a great poet, but he had in him some of the bones of one; and he may be accepted as a crude and imperfect prophecy, a hasty first sketch, of the thoroughly great American poet who is yet to be.

Other classes of literary works in this period may be treated briefly, because they either are of small worth or do not belong strictly to the realm of pure literature.

The **Humorists** deserve mention, but little more. *The Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington* (1845), by Benjamin P. Shillaber (1814–1890), contains good sense and knowledge of human nature as well as considerable genuine humor. Henry W. Shaw (1818–1885), in *Josh Billings: His Book* (1866), relied in part upon misspelling for his humor, but some of his epi-

grams are really witty and shrewd. *The Nasby Papers* (1864), of DAVID R. LOCKE (1833–1888), by their humorous satire did effective work for the Union cause. CHARLES F. BROWNE ("Artemus Ward") (1834–1867) owed his success as a lecturer in the United States and England considerably to his manner, which was irresistibly solemn; but *His Book* (1863), *Travels* (1865), and *In London* (1867) are full of "horse" sense and real humor of the broad type. These humorists, and their like, are, however, no more "American" than Irving, Lowell, and Holmes.

The **Orators** deserve a volume to themselves, for this was the golden age of American oratory as well as of American poetry and fiction. Among the pulpit orators three were preëminent. WILLIAM E. CHANNING (1780–1842), the leader of the conservative Unitarians, won the souls of men by the sweetness of his spirit and the calm clearness of his thought and style. THEODORE PARKER (1810–1860), a more radical Unitarian, was a trumpeter who loved to sound the call to battle against superstition and slavery, and loud, piercing, strepitant was his note. A far greater orator than either was HENRY WARD BEECHER (1813–1887), of leonine aspect, who "mobbed mobs" in England, and compelled a hearing there for the Union side in the early days of the Civil War; for many years he poured forth from the pulpit of "Plymouth Church" sermons brilliant in thought, full of poetic beauty, rich and warm with the love of God and man. In Congress, during the second quarter of the century, wrestled three giants. JOHN C. CALHOUN (1782–1850), of South Carolina, was perhaps unequalled in debate — cold, keen, logical, quick to see the joint

in his opponent's armor, and pitiless in thrusting in the lance. The constitutional argument for the right of secession received its perfection at his hands. HENRY CLAY (1777–1852), senator from Kentucky, had less logical grip but more charm. His personal magnetism was great, and hence his most memorable work was persuading hostile factions into various compromises upon slavery. His speeches have not stood well the test of cold print. DANIEL WEBSTER[1] is America's greatest orator, and one of the great orators of the world. His majestic presence, his coal-black eyes glowing under cavernous brows, his tremendous energy, his massive brain, and his large utterance, all proclaimed him a born king of men; and for years, despite the immorality of his private life, he was the idol of New England, her chosen spokesman in Congress and on impressive public occasions. His first great speech was his argument in the famous Dartmouth College case; other men have surpassed him in legal erudition, but for combination of eloquence with mastery of the broad principles of law he is still our

[1] LIFE. Born at Salisbury, N. H., Jan 18, 1782; descended from Thomas Webster, of Scotch ancestry, who settled in New Hampshire in 1636; graduated at Dartmouth College, 1801; admitted to the bar, 1805; for several years practised law in Portsmouth; married, 1808; representative from New Hampshire, 1813–1815; removed to Boston, 1816; representative from Massachusetts, 1823–1827; senator from Massachusetts, 1827–1841; married a second time, 1829; secretary of state, 1841–1843; senator from Massachusetts, 1845–1852; died at Marshfield, Mass., Oct. 24, 1852.

ORATIONS. Dartmouth College case, 1818. Plymouth oration, 1820. Address at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, 1825. Funeral oration on Adams and Jefferson, 1826. Reply to Hayne, 1830. Argument in the White murder case, 1830. Address at the completion of Bunker Hill Monument, 1843. Seventh of March speech, 1850. Etc.

greatest lawyer, although RUFUS CHOATE (1799–1859) had more brilliancy of an erratic sort. Webster's fame as an "occasional" orator rests upon his Plymouth oration, the two Bunker Hill Monument orations, and the oration upon Adams and Jefferson; it is sufficient praise to say that he made great occasions greater by his presence and words. His eloquence reached its height in his speeches in the United States Senate, above all in the reply to Hayne, which remains the supreme constitutional and historical argument for national unity. Twenty years later, by his Seventh of March speech, he lost the confidence of the North, which accused him of "selling out to the South" through ambition to be President, a verdict which the cooler judgment of a later generation has seen reason to reverse. The eloquence of Webster was of the stately, massive type, carrying in its bosom a deep glow of conviction and large passion; his style is plain and strong, often sonorous, sometimes heavy; his thought, clear and logical; the total effect, Olympian. His mind was, however, of limited range compared with that of Cicero or Burke, and had less flexibility and richness; his one great idea was the Union, as the means of preserving and enlarging the splendid inheritance bequeathed to us by the founders of the Republic. The typical academic orator of this period was EDWARD EVERETT (1794–1865), Congressman, governor of Massachusetts, minister to England, and president of Harvard College; he was elegant in manner, finished though prolix in style, and rather too fond of extempore effects carefully prepared. ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809–1865), a great debater, as his campaign struggle with STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS (1813–1861) proved,

has left one masterpiece of brief, pregnant political oratory, in the purest English, his address at the dedication of the Gettysburg monument. WENDELL PHILLIPS (1811–1884), the great orator of the abolition cause, was not a Thor's hammer, like Webster, but a Damascus blade, graceful, rapid, flashing, with a terrible cutting-edge. In sarcasm and invective he was unsurpassed, and his presence and style were those of a gentleman and an aristocrat. His exaggeration, mental recklessness, and comparative poverty of thought, however, prevent his printed speeches from standing high as literature. Webster's successor in the Senate, CHARLES SUMNER (1811–1874), of cold and egotistic personality but of high principles and stainless integrity, in his somewhat labored orations also fought a courageous fight for freedom and national honor. GEORGE W. CURTIS (1824–1892), whose charming essays and other writings merit more than this passing reference, in his political, anniversary, and biographical addresses presented a rare combination of the orator, man of letters, and "scholar in politics."

The works of several **Historians** have so much literary merit that they cannot be passed by wholly without mention here. WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT (1796–1859), in spite of partial blindness, produced memorable histories; *Ferdinand and Isabella* (1837), *The Conquest of Mexico* (1843), and *The Conquest of Peru* (1847), dealing with some of the most romantic events in the world's annals, combine much patient labor with a luminous and entertaining style. *The History of the United States*,[1] by

[1] In ten volumes, appearing *seriatim* in 1834, 1837, 1840, 1852, 1853 1854, 1858, 1869 1866, 1874; revised edition, in six volumes, 1883–1885.

George Bancroft (1800–1891), secretary of the navy, and minister to Great Britain and Germany, has less charm of manner, and the earlier volumes are marred by a somewhat turgid Americanism; but it embodies an immense amount of careful labor and research. John Lothrop Motley (1814–1877), minister to Austria and England, is the most dramatic of our historians, like Carlyle laying much emphasis upon great personalities and their influence in shaping history; *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* (1865) and *The History of the United Netherlands* (1860–1868) are more brilliant in style than Bancroft's writings, and deeper than Prescott's. Francis Parkman (1823–1893), in spite of an affection of the eyes, wrote voluminously[1] and with great thoroughness upon the discovery of the West by early explorers and upon the struggle between Great Britain and France for supremacy in North America; his style, though perhaps too high-colored at times, is picturesque and powerful, and his books are nothing less than fascinating. All these historians were of New England birth, and contributed in no small degree to the literary preëminence of that section during the period to which they belonged.

3. THE LITERATURE FROM 1870 to 1900.

The time has not yet come to discuss in detail the writings of authors whose literary activity falls wholly or

[1] The California and Oregon Trail, 1849. The History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac, 1851. Pioneers of France in the New World, 1865. The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century, 1867. La Salle: or the Discovery of the Great West, 1869. The Old Régime in Canada, 1874. Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV., 1877. Montcalm and Wolfe, 1884. Etc.

chiefly within the last thirty years of the nineteenth century. An indication of general tendencies and a tentative appraisal of the more conspicuous or more representative writers are all that can now be justly attempted.

Since the close of the Rebellion the population and wealth of the nation have advanced at a prodigious pace. Immigration on an immense scale and the natural increase of a prolific people have caused the cities of the East and Centre to grow very rapidly and have covered the vast West and Northwest with a hardy, industrious population, so that the census for 1900 will doubtless show a total of more than seventy million inhabitants. The national wealth is now reckoned in many billions of dollars, much of it still in the hands of the masses, although multi-millionaires are numerous and plutocracy is a growing menace. The Centennial Exposition of 1876 and the Columbian Exposition of 1893 were mammoth ledgers in which were "writ large" the records of the nation's colossal business at home and abroad. Politically, the salient facts of the generation have been the rise of the New South, without slavery; the increased venality in public life, especially in large cities, accompanied by an encouraging reaction on the part of the best elements in American society against this vice of prosperous republics; the steady growth in the strength and prestige of the national government at the expense of the state governments; the admission of several territories to statehood; and, as a result of the war with Spain, the acquisition of an extensive archipelago in the Old World, with the new foreign policy which these possessions and our rapidly increasing ex-

port trade necessarily involve. Wisely or unwisely, the United States has stepped out of its century-long isolation into the larger politics of the world; ever to step back again seems impossible, and our new world-relations must sooner or later exert a powerful influence, for good or for ill, upon the national life and literature. Meanwhile, many tendencies of the time are clearly making toward a higher civilization. The practical applications of science, electricity in particular; improvements in diet, dress, and sanitation; the athletic spirit, driving the student and the rich man's sons and daughters into healthful sports in the open air; the magnificent endowments of great universities, which, borrowing elements from both the English and the German systems, are working toward an educational ideal perhaps superior to either and certainly better adapted to American conditions; the rise of a noble architecture, more especially in churches, university buildings, and public libraries; the growth of the taste for art and of promising schools of artists; the efforts of thoughtful men in all our churches to readjust religious habitudes to the needs of modern times, — all this means much for the health, intelligence, charm, and spirituality of American life and literature in the twentieth century.

Although we have no authors equal in caliber to the greater writers of the middle of the century, the average of talent and the standard of workmanship are higher than ever before. The number of men and women who can write excellent fiction and finished verse is surprisingly large, and the literary quality of our best magazines would do credit to any period of English literature. A second conspic-

uous fact is the preëminence of the Short Story. The reasons for the popularity of this form of prose fiction throughout the modern world are apparent. Books are cheap, the reading habit is general, the mass of readers want easy reading, and short stories require even less mental effort than novels. Our ancestors had leisure for *Clarissa Harlowe;* we live on the jump, and need something short enough to be read between jumps. The same high tension of life has begotten, furthermore, a semi-artistic impatience of padding and dawdling. All these conditions reach their extreme in America, which has, therefore, naturally made the short story peculiarly its own. Still another large feature of contemporary American literature, in prose and verse, is Realism. This also is a general tendency of modern times, springing from the scientific temper with its passion for accuracy and truth and its belief that there is nothing more wonderful or worthy of study than the common things that lie all about us. American realism, however, although it has been strongly influenced by European, particularly by French and Russian, has freely utilized the romantic materials of life in the South and West; and in a country where Anglo-Saxon ideas of morality still rule, and the "Young Person" reads the same literature that adults read, even realistic fiction has necessarily avoided certain phases of the realism of Zola and Tolstoï. Finally, much of recent American literature has a distinctive flavor, because, while it is more cosmopolitan than ever before in the sense of being open to world-wide influences, its material is American and even provincial. Local conditions in North, South, and West have been studied as through a microscope,

and scenery, customs, character, dialect, legends, superstitions, and neighborhood history have been portrayed with truth, freshness, and power. This is, of course, in part the result of the spirit of realism, which finds its literary material in the common and near. The demand for short stories has tended in the same direction, neighborhood life furnishing many incidents admirably adapted for such handling although quite insufficient for long novels. The lack of a literary metropolis, which should be to the United States what London is to Great Britain and Paris to France, has also favored diversity in matter and manner. New England has lost what preeminence it had. Our men of letters work each by himself or in literary centres far apart in space and widely different in traditions and temper. The disadvantages of this state of things are obvious; but the advantages, in cultivating independence and originality, and in allowing many sides of our diversified life and many kinds of talent to manifest themselves in literature, are probably greater at this stage of our artistic development. We are in effect carrying on a series of experiments on a large scale; in some of these literary laboratories scattered over the land may be discovered the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life. At all events, if we are ever to have a more unitary literature, an expression of the life of the nation as a whole, these preliminary studies of its constituent parts will be of great value. To these causes should be added an increased feeling of independence, the natural result of maturity and rapidly expanding power. We care relatively less for the censure or the approval of Europe; without the swagger and shallow conceit which, in the

heyday of our national youth, went hand in hand with excessive sensitiveness to foreign opinion, we are now rather amused than irritated by Old World condescension, feeling that if we have much to learn we also have somewhat to teach. Emerson's words may now be changed into the present tense: we walk on our own feet; we work with our own hands; we speak our own minds.[1]

Among contemporary Northern writers THOMAS B. ALDRICH (1836–) is deservedly prominent. He is the author of one of the most charming and wholesome boys' books ever written; his short stories are very bright, and touch life on many sides; the novels are less successful, although they have the author's unfailing vivacity and finish. Mr. Aldrich's verse is as faultless in technique as Tennyson's, and shows a Keats-like love of sensuous beauty; but it lacks originality and largeness of imagination. The poems of EDMUND C. STEDMAN (1833–) have finish and restrained force, with fine humor, fancy, and feeling; as a whole they can never be popular, although a few of the spirited war lyrics have gained a wide hearing. Mr. Stedman's later work has been chiefly literary criticism, for which he is singularly fitted by his wide knowledge, fine yet catholic taste, and judicial temper. WILLIAM D. HOWELLS (1837–), our foremost novelist resident in America, under the influence of Tolstoï has travelled far along the road of realism and social reform. He has a remarkable gift at so portraying half-unconscious meanness or weakness of character that the reader is made aware of similar tendencies in himself and thor-

[1] See pp. 202–203.

oughly ashamed of them. All Mr. Howells's work is characterized by thoughtfulness, keen observation of human nature, and literary neatness and point; but it will not be surprising if his rather depressing realistic studies are outlived by his more beautiful earlier sketches and by his charming little farces. HENRY JAMES (1843–), who has long lived abroad, writes much upon the American in Europe. In his own way he also is a realist, analyzing character and motives with great precision and subtlety; his portraits have the fineness and microscopic finish of a steel engraving; his style is quietly vivacious, and abounds in happily turned phrases; but one cannot read long in James without wishing for broader horizons and a freer stride. Of the numerous other Northern writers of fiction mention can be made of only a few: EDWARD E. HALE (1822–), some of whose stories have long been classic; FRANK R. STOCKTON (1834–1902), with his pleasant knack at getting his characters into ludicrous situations by a series of perfectly natural steps; ELIZABETH PHELPS WARD (1844–), who cannot be other than bright, feminine, and intense; MARY E. WILKINS (1862–), a sure-handed water-color painter of the more neutral tints in New England life; and the versatile S. WEIR MITCHELL (1829–), author of a successful novel on the American Revolution. Among the essayists, CHARLES D. WARNER (1829–1900), of refined yet vigorous humor and easy familiarity with men and things, and AGNES REPPLIER (1855–), whose piquant satire amuses if it does not convince, write what is readable, which is a good deal to say of essays. JOHN BURROUGHS (1837–), a more polished but tamer Thoreau, knows nature

minutely, and his sketches are charming and restful. The minor poets are legion; RICHARD H. STODDARD (1825–1903), LUCY LARCOM (1826–1893), EMMA LAZARUS (1849–1887), JOHN B. O'REILLY (1844-1890), CELIA L. THAXTER (1835–1894), and LOUISE C. MOULTON may be named as representative. A rarer vein is that of EMILY DICKINSON (1830–1886), whose condensed little poems on nature and life startle and stab by their erratic originality of thought and phrase. EDWARD R. SILL (1841–1887), a native of New England although long resident in the West, had high poetic gifts — sweet flow of verse, originality in phrase and images, passion with spirituality, and fresh, bright beauty in handling themes from classic mythology.

The Western writers have brought into American literature much that is breezy and fresh. JOHN PIATT (1835–) and his wife (1836–) sing beautifully of farm life in the Ohio Valley. JOHN HAY (1838–) in his ballads paints with vigor some of the rougher types of Western character. EDWARD EGGLESTON (1837–1902) in his "Hoosier" novels has drawn vivid pictures of the earlier days in Indiana. The poems of JAMES W. RILEY (1852–), chiefly in the Hoosier dialect, are brimful of humor, pathos, human kindliness, rich love of nature, and spontaneous lyric melody. MAURICE THOMPSON (1844-1901) and EDITH THOMAS (1854–) have the true wildwood note in their poems of nature. EUGENE FIELD (1850–1895) has written a few touching child poems. LEWIS WALLACE (1827–) is the author of several ambitious historical novels, which are vivid but too high-colored. HELEN H. JACKSON ("H. H.") (1831–1885), of Eastern birth, a writer of

beautiful verse, is most widely known by her prose fiction on behalf of the Indians. A more voluminous poet than any of the preceding is CINCINNATUS H. MILLER ("Joaquin Miller") (1841–), the "Oregon Byron," whose poems on life in the far West have fire, color, and dash, although they are deficient in sterling poetic worth. FRANCIS BRET HARTE (1839–1902) has made a brilliant reputation in America and Europe by his stories and verse, which deal chiefly with incidents and characters on the Pacific slope. His pictures of rough mining life, in particular, are remarkable for vividness, pathos, and revelation of a soul of goodness in men evil. The greatest writer of the West is SAMUEL L. CLEMENS ("Mark Twain") (1835–), a native of Missouri, a printer, a Mississippi river pilot, a resident of Nevada, California, Hawaii, and Hartford, and a traveller in many lands. His best work has originality and imagination in high degree. His books wholly or chiefly humorous contain much that is flat, stale, and unprofitable, although their large vigor and genuine gift of broad humor give them vitality. But in those describing life on the Mississippi River, he sketches scenery, customs, social conditions, and human nature (including boy nature) with a large, free, true hand, his humor is at its best, and the style flows on with the ease and power of the Great River itself. The other group of his better works handle historical themes taken from the Old World, and reveal an historical imagination and a finish of manner hardly to be expected in the author of the rougher books. In all, Mr. Clemens is a robust American and democrat, perhaps a little "robustious" at times; he stands squarely on his own feet, gazes

unabashed upon the wonders of the Old World, and shows by some of his powerful pictures how wretched was the condition of the common people in days idealized by historian and poet. Time will winnow much chaff from his pages, but much of great merit will remain.

There is a literary New South, no less than a political and industrial one, and the literature which has sprung up in that region since the war is not only interesting and novel but contains high promise for the future. Never before have the beauty, passion, romance, and picturesqueness of Southern character and life received so noble and diversified expression in letters. Sidney Lanier (1842–1881), of Georgia, — soldier, teacher, law student, magazine writer, and lecturer on English literature at Johns Hopkins University, — is second only to Poe among Southern poets. His versification sometimes falls into excessive intricacy and mere caprice, and his thought occasionally fades away into inarticulate dreamery. But these errors are only the defects of his virtues. A man of the finest sensitiveness without effeminacy, and a skilled musician, he has produced dreamy, floating, mist-like, musical effects that are new in English verse ; and his feeling for nature, especially for wood and marsh life as seen in parts of the South, is thoroughly modern in its union of exact observation with imaginative subtlety. Lanier had also a keen intellect, as appears from his original and suggestive books on versification and the novel. Had he lived to develop his gifts fully, he might have come to be numbered with the foremost American poets; as it is he stands only a little lower and in a secure place of his own. Fiction,

particularly the short story, has been the favorite literary form of most of the recent Southern writers. FRANCES H. BURNETT (1849–), of English birth but a resident of America since girlhood, is famous as the creator of Little Lord Fauntleroy. Louisiana life, especially among the Creoles, has been realistically yet poetically portrayed by GEORGE W. CABLE (1844–); whether or not his books present the exceptional as the usual (as is affirmed), they have enriched our literature with pictures full of romance, pathos, and dramatic intensity, and they have at least some historical value as records of a social *régime* now vanished forever. RICHARD M. JOHNSTON (1822–) in a homely and humorous way describes admirably sundry typical Georgia scenes and characters. MARY N. MURFREE, whose pseudonym ("Charles E. Craddock") and masculine style at first deceived every one as to her sex, paints life and scenery among the mountains of Tennessee with remarkable vigor and beauty. FRANCIS H. SMITH (1838–) has given an inimitable sketch of one type of the Southern gentleman in Colonel Carter of Cartersville. Virginia life glows on the pages of THOMAS N. PAGE (1853–), who depicts with great beauty and pathos the relations of old negro servants to "marse" and "missis." JAMES L. ALLEN writes, with a poet's sensuousness, of nature and passion in luxuriant Kentucky. JOEL C. HARRIS (1848–) has made a permanent contribution to the literature of folklore by his charming versions of negro animal-myths as told by Uncle Remus. The negro race speaks directly in the poems and stories of PAUL L. DUNBAR (1872–), who is one herald, it may be hoped, of a higher intellectual

and artistic life for a long-oppressed people. WINSTON CHURCHILL, in his portrait of Richard Carvel and his picture of life in Maryland and England in Revolutionary days, has produced one of the finest historical novels of the century, in many respects a worthy successor to Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*, which it somewhat resembles.

This imperfect record of three centuries of literature in America may profitably conclude with a backward glance over the entire tract which has been traversed, and with a forecast, necessarily tentative and vague, of that which lies yet unrevealed. Upon a broad survey, three stages in the historical development of American literature become manifest. The first stage, lasting some two hundred years, was that of crude or feeble Imitation of English Models. The writings usually had little artistic merit, and the intrinsic interest of the subject-matter grew less rather than greater as the years went on; there was, however, a fairly steady improvement in clearness and ease of style. The second stage, extending through about two-thirds of the nineteenth century, was preëminently that of English Culture in American Soil. Barren imitation gave place to absorption and free reproduction. Distinctively American elements, in style, subject, and point of view, also became a larger part of the whole. But English literary traditions, often those of the eighteenth century, underlay most of the best American literature of the period. Continental culture also exerted a strong influence, the deepest impress being made by the poetry and philosophy of Germany. The third stage,

not yet completed, is one of Transition, Experiment, and a New Spirit, a spirit more independent, more bold, sometimes more rash and crude, but on the whole cherishing all that was best in the literary ideals of the past, while reaching out, often blindly, after new sources of power and new methods of giving effective expression to the life of the Present in America. What will be the final issue remains to be seen. The best literature yet produced in the New World is that which was dominated by the culture of the Old World. But the prophecy may be hazarded that if America ever achieves supreme excellence in any form of art, it will be by giving freest and fullest expression to her own life. This is not saying that the great American poet will write in an obscure dialect and the great American novelist confine his studies to pork-packers, mining-camps, and ignorant mountaineers. The truest Americanism, instead of being limited to what is peculiar to America, includes the entire life of the American people, what they have in common with England, Europe, and the world, as well as what they have alone. Americanism of this sort may be made the basis of a great literature; and such a literature would be appreciably different from that of any other country, for physical conditions, political institutions, and the mingling of many powerful or talented races are combining to produce in North America a new type of man. An American literature which, while courageously welcoming all good influences from abroad, at the core remains true, in form and spirit, to the life of the Great Republic may yet become one of the sublime literatures of the world.

APPENDIX.

A.

EXTRACTS FROM COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE.

John Smith.

The Rescue by Pocahontas.

At last they brought him [Smith] to Meronocomoco, where was Powhatan their Emperor. Here more then two hundred of those grim Courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had beene a monster; till Powhatan and his trayne had put themselues in their greatest braveries. Before a fire vpon a seat like a bedsted, he sat covered with a great robe, made of Rarowcun skinnes, and all the tayles hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of 16 or 18 yeares, and along on each side the house, two rowes of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads bedecked with the white downe of Birds; but every one with something: and a great chayne of white beads about their necks. At his entrance before the King, all the people gaue a great shout. The Queene of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, in stead of a Towell to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beate out his braines, Pocahontas the Kings dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her armes, and laid her owne vpon his to saue him from death: whereat the Emperour was contented he should liue to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper. — *Historie of Virginia*, pp. 48, 49, ed. 1624.

William Byrd.

The Pilot Louse.

In the meantime the three commissioners returned out of the Dismal [Swamp] the same way they went in, and, having joined their brethren, proceeded that night as far as Mr. Wilson's. . . . He told us a Canterbury tale of a North Briton, whose curiosity spurred him a long way into this great desert, as he called it, near twenty years ago, but he having no compass, nor seeing the sun for several days together, wandered about till he was almost famished; but at last he bethought himself of a secret his countrymen make use of to pilot themselves in a dark day. He took a fat louse out of his collar, and exposed it to the open day on a piece of white paper, which he brought along with him for his journal. The poor insect, having no eyelids, turned himself about till he found the darkest part of the heavens, and so made the best of his way towards the north. By this direction he steered himself safe out, and gave such a frightful account of the monsters he saw, and the distresses he underwent, that no mortal since has been hardy enough to go upon the like dangerous discovery.

The Great Dismal Swamp.

Since the surveyors had entered the Dismal, they had laid eyes on no living creature: neither bird nor beast, insect nor reptile came in view. Doubtless the eternal shade that broods over this mighty bog, and hinders the sunbeams from blessing the ground, makes it an uncomfortable habitation for anything that has life. Not so much as a Zealand frog could endure so aguish a situation. It had one beauty, however, that delighted the eye, though at the expense of all the other senses: the moisture of the soil preserves a continual verdure, and makes every plant an evergreen, but at the same time the foul damps ascend without ceasing, corrupt the air, and render it unfit for respiration. Not even a turkey buzzard will venture to fly over it.

The Early North Carolinians.

In these sad circumstances, the kindest thing we could do for our suffering friends was to give them a place in the Litany. Our chaplain, for his part, did his office, and rubbed us up with a seasonable sermon. This was quite a new thing to our brethren of North Carolina, who live in a climate where no clergyman can breathe, any more than spiders in Ireland.

. . . One thing may be said for the inhabitants of that province, that they . . . have the least superstition of any people living. They do not know Sunday from any other day, any more than Robinson Crusoe did, which would give them a great advantage were they given to be industrious. But they keep so many Sabbaths every week, that their disregard of the seventh day has no manner of cruelty in it, either to servants or cattle. — *The History of the Dividing Line*, pp. 20, 22, ed. 1841.

WILLIAM BRADFORD.

The Departure of the Pilgrims from Leyden.

So they lefte y^t^ goodly & pleasante citie, which had been ther resting place near 12. years; but they knew they were pilgrimes, & looked not much on those things, but lift up their eyes to y^e^ heavens, their dearest cuntrie, and quieted their spirits. When they came to y^e^ place they found y^e^ ship and all things ready; and shuch of their freinds as could not come with them followed after them, and sundrie also came from Amsterdame to see them shipte and to take their leave of them. That night was spent with litle sleepe by y^e^ most, but with freindly entertainmente & christian discourse and other reall expressions of true christian love. The next day, the wind being faire, they wente aborde, and their freinds with them, where truly dolfull was y^e^ sight of that sade and mournfull parting; to see what sighs and sobbs and praires did sound amongst them, what tears did gush from every eye, & pithy speeches peirst each harte; that sundry of y^e^ Dutch strangers y^t^ stood on y^e^ key as spectators, could not refraine from tears. Yet comfortable and sweete it was to see shuch lively and true expressions of dear and unfained love. But y^e^ tide (which stays for no man) caling them away y^t^ were thus loath to departe, their Reu̅e̅^d^: pastor falling downe on his knees, (and they all with him,) with watrie checks comended them with most fervente praiers to the Lord and his blessing. And then with mutuall imbrases and many tears, they tooke their leaves one of an other; which proved to be y^e^ last leave to many of them. — *Of Plimoth Plantation*, pp. 72, 73, ed. 1898.

WILLIAM BRADFORD AND EDWARD WINSLOW.

The First Encounter.

About midnight we heard a great and hideous cry, and our Sentinell called, *Arme, arme.* So we bestirred our selues

and shot off a couple of Muskets, and noyse ceased. . . . About fiue a clock in the morning wee began to be stirring, . . . after Prayer we prepared our selues for brek-fast, and for a journey, and it being now the twilight in the morning, it was thought meet to carry the things downe to the Shallop. . . . Anone, all upon a sudden, we heard a great & strange cry, which we knew to be the same voyces, though they varied their notes, one of our company being abroad came running in, and cryed, *They are men, Indians, Indians;* and withall, their arrowes came flying amongst vs, our men ran out with all speed to recover their armes, as by the good Providence of God they did. In the meane time, Captaine Miles Standish, having a snaphance ready, made a shot, and after him another, after they two had shot, other two of vs were ready. . . . We called vnto them [those at the shallop] to know how it was with them, and they answered, Well, Well, every one, and be of good courage. . . . The cry of our enemies was dreadfull, . . . their note was after this manner, *Woath woach ha ha hach woach.* . . . There was a lustie man and no whit lesse valiant, who was thought to bee their Captaine, stood behind a tree within halfe a musket shot of vs, and there let his arrowes fly at vs; . . . he stood three shots of a Musket, at length one tooke as he sayd full ayme at him, after which he gaue an extraordinary cry and away they went all, wee followed them about a quarter of a mile: . . . then wee shouted all together two severall times, and shot off a couple of muskets and so returned: this wee did that they might see wee were not afrayd of them nor discouraged. . . . So after wee had given God thankes for our deliverance, wee tooke our Shallop and went on our Iourney, and called this place, *The first Encounter.* — *Journall*, pp. 51–54, ed. 1865 (Library of New England History).

Madam Winthrop.

A Puritan Love-Letter.

My most sweet Husband,

How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me, I am not able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. What can be more pleasing to a wife, than to hear of the welfare of her best beloved, and how he is pleased with her poor endeavors! I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best, and makes all things seem better than they are. I wish

that I may be always pleasing to thee, and that those comforts we have in each other may be daily increased, as far as they be pleasing to God. I will use that speech to thee, that Abigail did to David, I will be a servant to wash the feet of my lord. I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband. I confess I cannot do enough for thee; but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed, and rest contented.

I have many reasons to make me love thee, whereof I will name two: First, because thou lovest God; and, secondly, because that thou lovest me. If these two were wanting, all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse, and go about my household affairs. I am a bad housewife to be so long from them; but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweet heart. The term is more than half done. I hope thy business draws to an end. It will be but two or three weeks before I see thee, though they be long ones. God will bring us together in his good time; for which time I shall pray. I thank the Lord, we are all in health. We are very glad to hear so good news of our son Henry. The Lord make us thankful for all his mercies to us and ours. And thus, with my mother's and my own best love to yourself and all the rest, I shall leave scribbling. The weather being cold, makes me make haste. Farewell, my good husband; the Lord keep thee.

Your obedient wife,

MARGARET WINTHROP.

GROTON [ENGLAND], November 22 [1628].

— Winthrop's *The History of New England*, Vol. I., Appendix, p. 353, ed. 1825.

THOMAS HOOKER.

The Traitor at the King's Court.

It is with a poore humbled sinner, as it is with a malefactour or traitor, who is pursued with a Pursuivant. . . . He hath offended his Soveraigne, and hee is driven to a stand, he cannot procure a pardon, nor hee cannot escape; therefore hee is content to come in, and yeeld his necke to the blocke. . . . Then [he] heareth other newes, which saith, if hee will but bee humbled before his Maiestie, and come to the Court, and importune him for pardon, it is likely that he may be pardoned, nay it shall be so. Marry (saith he) that I will with all my heart; and so hee sets forward, and comes to the

Court. . . . And about the Court hee attends, and askes for every man that comes forth, Did you not heare the King speake of me? . . . At last, the King himselfe lookes out at a window, and saith, Is this the Traytor? Yes, this is he that hath beene humbled, and lyes at your mercy. Then the King calls out and saith, His pardon is drawing, and it is comming by and by, and so the King smiles on him. Oh then his heart leapes in his breast, and he saith, The Lord preserve your grace, I thinke there was never such a mercifull Prince knowne in the world. — *The Soules Implantation*, pp. 189, 190, ed. 1640.

Nathaniel Ward.

Sayings of a Puritan Carlyle.

Either I am in an Appoplexie, or that man is in a Lethargie, who doth not now sensibly feele God shaking the heavens over his head, and the earth under his feet: . . . So that little Light of Comfort or Counsell is left to the sonnes of men. . . . Sathan is now in his passions . . . ; hee loves to fish in royled waters. Though that Dragon cannot sting the vitals of the Elect mortally, yet that Beelzebub can flyblow their Intellectuals miserably. * * * He that is willing to tolerate any unsound Opinion, that his own may also be tolerated, though never so sound, will for a need hang Gods Bible at the Devils girdle. * * * I honour the woman that can honour her self with her attire: a good Text alwayes deserves a fair Margent: . . . but when I hear a nugiperous Gentledame inquire what dresse the Qveen is in this week: what the nudiustertian fashion of the Court; . . . with egge to be in it in all hast, what ever it be; I look at her as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cypher, the epitome of nothing, fitter to be kickt, if shee were of a kickable substance, than either honoured or humoured. . . . It is no marvell they weare drailes, on the hinder part of their heads, having nothing as it seems in the fore-part, but a few Squirrills braines, to help them frisk from one ill-favour'd fashion to another. * * * No man ever saw a gray haire on the head or beard of any Truth, wrinckle, or morphew on its face. . . . VVhen Christ whips Market-makers out of his Temple, he raises dust: but when hee enters in with Truth and Holinesse, he calls for deep silence. — *The Simple Cobler of Aggawam*, pp. 1–2, 8, 24–25, 21, 36, ed. 1647.

ANNE BRADSTREET.

Her Child-like Muse.

My Muse unto a Childe, I fitly may compare,
Who sees the riches of some famous Fayre;
He feeds his eyes, but understanding lacks,
To comprehend the worth of all those knacks; . .
And thousand times his mazed mind doth wish
Some part, at least, of that brave wealth was his;
But seeing empty wishes nought obtaine,
At night turnes to his Mother's cot againe,
And tells her tales; (his full heart over-glad)
Of all the glorious sights his eyes have had.

— *In honour of Du Bartas*, in *The Tenth Muse*, p. 197, ed. 1650.

Flowers and Birds.

The Primrose pale, and azure Violet,
Among the verdurous Grasse hath Nature set,
That when the Sun (on's love) the earth doth shine,
These might as Lace, set out her Garments fine;
The fearful Bird his little house now builds,
In trees, and walls, in cities, and in fields.

— *The Four Seasons of the Yeare*, in *The Tenth Muse*, p. 57, ed. 1650.

Contemplations.

Some time now past in the Autumnal Tide,
When Phœbus wanted but one hour to bed,
The trees all richly clad, yet void of pride,
Were gilded o're by his rich golden head.

* * * * * *

I heard the merry grashopper then sing,
The black clad Cricket bear a second part,
They kept one tune, and plaid on the same string,
Seeming to glory in their little Art.

* * * * * *

Under the cooling shadow of a stately Elm
Close sate I by a goodly Rivers side,
Where gliding streams the Rocks did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasures dignifi'd.
I once that lov'd the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excel;
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

* * * * * *

O Time the fatal wrack of mortal things,
That draws oblivions curtains over kings,
Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,
Their names without a Record are forgot,
Their parts, their ports, their pomp 's all laid in th' dust,
Nor wit nor gold, nor buildings scape times rust;
But he whose name is grav'd in the white stone
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

— *Contemplations*, stanzas 1, 9, 21, 33, in *Several Poems*, ed. 1678.

Longing for Heaven.

As weary pilgrim, now at rest,
hugs with delight his silent nest;
His wasted limbes, now lye full soft
that myrie steps, haue troden oft;
Blesses himself, to think vpon
his dangers past, and travailes done; . . .
A pilgrim I, on earth, perplext
with sinns, with cares, and sorrows vext,
By age and paines brought to decay,
and my Clay house mouldring away,
Oh how I long to be at rest
and soare on high among the blest.

— *Works*, pp. 42, 43, ed. 1867.

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH.

The Day of Doom.

Still was the night, Serene & Bright
when all Men sleeping lay;
Calm was the season, & carnal reason
thought so 't would last for ay. . . .
So at the last, whilst Men sleep fast
in their security,
Surpriz'd they are in such a snare
as cometh suddenly.
For at midnight break forth a Light,
which turn'd the night to day,
And speedily an hideous cry
did all the world dismay. . . .
They rush from Beds with giddy heads,
and to their windows run,
Viewing this light, which shines more bright
then doth the Noon-day Sun.
Straightway appears (they see't with tears)
the Son of God most dread;

Who with his Train comes on amain
to Judge both Quick and Dead.

* * * * * *

My grace to one is wrong to none:
none can Election claim
Amongst all those their souls that lose,
none can Rejection blame.
He that may chuse, or else refuse,
all men to save or spill,
May this Man chuse, and that refuse,
redeeming whom he will.

* * * * * *

They wring their hands, their caitiff-hands,
and gnash their teeth for terrour;
They cry, they roar for anguish sore,
and gnaw their tongues for horrour.
But get away without delay,
Christ pities not your cry;
Depart to Hell, there may you yell,
and roar Eternally.

— *The Day of Doom*, stanzas 1, 4, 5, 6, 43, 205, ed. 1715.

Cotton Mather.

To his Critics.

Had not my Heart been Trebly Oak'd and Brass'd for such Encounters as this our History may meet withal, I would have worn the Silk-worms Motto, *Operitur dum Operatur*, and have chosen to have written *Anonymously*; or, as *Claudius Salmasius* calls himself *Walo Messalinus*, as *Ludovicus Molinæus* calls himself *Ludiomæus Colvinus*, as *Carolus Scribanius* calls himself *Clarus Bonarscius*, . . . Thus I would have tried, whether I could not have Anagrammatized my Name into some Concealment. . . . Whereas now I freely confess, 'tis COTTON MATHER that has written all these things. . . . It will not be so much a Surprise unto me, if I should live to see our *Church-History* vexed with *Anie-madversions* of Calumnious Writers, as it would have been unto *Virgil*, to read his *Bucolicks* reproached by the *Antibucolica* of a *Nameless Scribbler*. . . . The Writer whom I last quoted, hath given us a Story of a young Man in *High-Holbourn*, who being after his death Dissected, there was a Serpent with divers Tails, found in the left Ventricle of his Heart. I make no question, that our Church-History will

find some Reader disposed like that Writer, with an Heart as full of Serpent and Venom as ever it can hold. — *Magnalia*, General Introduction, § 6, ed. 1702.

The Character of John Cotton.

He would often say with some regret, after the departure of a Visitant, *I had rather have given this Man an handful of Money, than have been kept thus long out of my Study.* . . . He was an *early Riser*, taking the Morning for the Muses; and in his latter Days forbearing a Supper, he turn'd his former Supping time, into a Reading, a Thinking, a Praying-time. Twelve Hours in a Day he commonly studied, and would call that *a Scholar's Day*. . . . Once . . . an humorous and imperious Brother, following Mr. *Cotton* home to his House, . . . rudely told him, That his Ministry was become generally, either dark, or flat: Whereto this meek Man, very mildly and gravely, made only this Answer: *Both, Brother, it may be, both: Let me have your Prayers that it may be otherwise.* . . . Another time, when Mr. *Cotton* had modestly replied unto one that would much Talk and Crack of his Insight into the *Revelations: Brother, I must confess my self to want Light in those Mysteries.* The Man went home, and sent him *a Pound of Candles:* Upon which Action this good Man bestowed only a silent Smile. He would not set the *Beacon* of his Great Soul on *fire*, at the landing of such a little Cock-boat. — *Magnalia*, Book III., p. 26, ed. 1702.

Jonathan Edwards.

The Sweet Glory of God in Nature.

After this my Sense of divine Things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward Sweetness. The Appearance of every thing was altered: there seem'd to be, as it were, a calm, sweet Cast, or Appearance of divine Glory, in almost every Thing. God's Excellency, his Wisdom, his Purity and Love, seemed to appear in every Thing; in the Sun, Moon and Stars; in the Clouds, and blue Sky; in the Grass, Flowers, Trees; in the Water, and all Nature; which used greatly to fix my Mind. I often used to sit & view the Moon for a long time; and so in the Day-time, spent much time in viewing the Clouds & Sky, to behold the sweet Glory of God in these Things. — *The Life of Jonathan Edwards*, p. 27, ed. 1765.

Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God.

The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider, or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked: his wrath towards you burns like fire; he looks upon you as worthy of nothing else, but to be cast into the fire; he is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in his sight; you are ten thousand times more abominable in his eyes than the most hateful venomous serpent is in ours. . . . O sinner! Consider the fearful danger you are in: it is a great furnace of wrath, a wide and bottomless pit, full of the fire of wrath, that you are held over in the hand of that God, whose wrath is provoked and incensed as much against you, as against many of the damned in hell. You hang by a slender thread, with the flames of divine wrath flashing about it, and ready every moment to singe it and burn it asunder. — *The Works of President Edwards*, Vol. VII., pp. 170, 171, ed. 1830.

SAMUEL SEWALL.

A Puritan's Diary.

Friday May 22nd. 1685, had a private Fast: the Magistrates of this town with their Wives here. Mr. Eliot prayed, Mr. Willard preached. I am afraid of Thy judgements — Text Mother gave. Mr. Allen prayed; cessation half an hour. Mr. Cotton Mather prayed; Mr. Mather preached Ps. 79, 9. Mr. Moodey prayed about an hour and a half; Sung the 79th Psalm from the 8th to the End: distributed some Biskets, and Beer, Cider, Wine. The Lord hear in Heaven his dwelling place. * * * Friday, Nov^{r} 6. . . . Having occasion this day to go to Mr. Hayward the Publick Notary's House, I speak to him about his cutting off his Hair, and wearing a Perriwig of contrary Colour: mention the words of our Saviour, Can ye not make one Hair white or black: and Mr. Alsop's Sermon. He alledges. The Doctor advised him to it. * * * Monday, Oct. 22 [1688]. Mr. Isaac Walker is buried. . . . Deacon Eliot and I led the young widow, and had Scarfs and Gloves. The Lord fit me, that my Grave may be a Sweetening place for my Sin-polluted Body. * * * April 11th 1692. Went to Salem, where, in the Meeting-house, the persons accused of Witchcraft were examined; was a very great Assembly; 'twas awfull to see how the afflicted persons were agitated. . . . Augt. 19th 1692. . . . This day George Burrough, John Willard, Jn^{o} Procter, Martha Carrier and George Jacobs

were executed at Salem, a very great number of Spectators being present. . . . All of them said they were inocent, Carrier and all. Mr. Mather says they all died by a Righteous Sentence. * * * Nov. 6 [1692]. Joseph threw a knop of Brass and hit his Sister Betty on the forhead so as to make it bleed and swell; upon which, and for his playing at Prayer-time, and eating when Return Thanks, I whipd him pretty smartly. When I first went in (call'd by his Grandmother) he sought to shadow and hide himself from me behind the head of the Cradle: which gave me the sorrowfull remembrance of Adam's carriage. * * * Second-Day; Jan^{y} 24. 170$\frac{3}{4}$ I paid Capt. Belchar £8–15–0. Took 24^{s} in my pocket, and gave my Wife the rest of my cash £4. 3–8, and tell her she shall now keep the Cash; if I want I will borrow of her. She has a better faculty than I at managing Affairs: I will assist her; and will endeavour to live upon my Salary; will see what it will doe. The Lord give his Blessing. * * * Feria septima, Apr. 3 [1708]. I went to Cous. Dumer's to see his News-Letter: while I was there Mr. Nath^{l} Henchman came in with his Flaxen Wigg; I wish'd him Joy, i.e. of his Wedding. I could not observe that he said a Word to me; and generally he turn'd his back upon me, when none were in the room but he and I. This is the Second time I have spoken to him, in vain, as to any Answer from him. First was upon the death of his Wife, I cross'd the way near our house, and ask'd him how he did: He only shew'd his Teeth. * * * 8^{r} 1 [1720]. . . . I went to Madam Winthrop's just at 3. Spake to her, saying, my loving wife died so soon and suddenly, 'twas hardly convenient for me to think of Marrying again;[1] however I came to this Resolution, that I would not make my Court to any person without first Consulting with her. . . . 8^{r} 6th . . . A little after 6. p.m. I went to Madam Winthrop's. . . . Madam seem'd to harp upon the same string. Must take care of her Children. . . . I gave her a piece of Mr. Belcher's Cake and Ginger-Bread wrapped up in a clean sheet of Paper. . . . My Daughter Judith was gon from me and I was more lonesom — might help to forward one another in our Journey to Canaan. . . . I took leave about 9 aclock. . . . 8^{r} 10th . . . In the Evening I visited Madam Winthrop, who treated me with a great deal of Curtesy; Wine, Marmalade. . . . 8^{r} 12. . . . Madam Winthrop's Countenance was much changed from what 'twas on

[1] Mrs. Sewall had died on May 26, only four months before. Judge Sewall was now sixty-eight, and Mrs. Winthrop fifty-six.

Monday, look'd dark and lowering. . . . I got my Chair in place, had some Converse, but very Cold and indifferent to what 'twas before. Ask'd her to acquit me of Rudeness if I drew off her Glove. . . . Got it off. . . . I gave her Dr. Preston, The Church's Marriage and the Church's Carriage, which cost me 6^{s}. . . . Told her the reason why I came every other night was lest I should drink too deep draughts of Pleasure. She had talk'd of Canary, her kisses were to me better than the best Canary. . . . 8^{r} 19. . . . Visited Madam Winthrop. . . . Was Courteous to me; but took occasion to speak pretty earnestly about my keeping a Coach: I said 'twould cost £100. per añum: she said twould cost but £40. . . . Came away somewhat late. . . . 8^{r} 21. . . . About 6. a-clock I go to Madam Winthrop's; Sarah told me her Mistress was gon out. . . . She presently order'd me a Fire; so I went in, having Dr. Sibb's Bowels with me to read. . . . After a good while and Claping the Garden door twice or thrice, she [Mrs. W.] came in. . . . I ask'd when our proceedings should be made publick: She said They were like to be no more publick than they were already. Offer'd me no Wine that I remember. . . . Nov^{r} 7th . . . I went to Mad. Winthrop; found her rocking her little Katee in the Cradle. . . . She set me an arm'd Chair and Cusheon; and so the Cradle was between her arm'd Chair and mine. Gave her the remnant of my Almonds; She did not eat of them as before. . . . I told her I loved her: . . . She said had a great respect for me. . . . I did not bid her draw off her Glove as sometime I had done. Her Dress was not so clean as sometime it had been. Jehovah jireh! . . . Nov^{r} 11th Went not to M^{rs} Winthrop's. This is the 2^{d} Withdraw. . . . Nov^{r} 21. . . . Madam Winthrop made a Treat for her Children: . . . I knew nothing of it; but the same day abode in the Council Chamber for fear of the Rain, and din'd alone upon Kilby's Pyes and good Beer.—*Diary of Samuel Sewall*, ed. 1878–1882 (Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc., Series V., Vols. V.–VII., *passim*).

Madam Knight.

Travelling in Olden Times.

Monday, Octb'r. y^{e} second, 1704.—About three o'clock afternoon, I began my Journey from Boston to New-Haven. . . . Mad^{m} Billings . . . Very kindly went wyth me to y^{e} Tavern, where I hoped to get my guide, And desired the Hostess to inquire of her guests whether any of them would

go with mee. But they being tyed by the Lipps to a pewter engine, scarcely allowed themselves time to say. . . . Upon this, to my no small surprise, son John arrose, and gravely demanded what I would give him to go with me? . . . Well, Mr. John, sais I, make your demands. Why, half a pss. [piece] of eight and a dram, sais John. I agreed, and gave him a Dram (now) in hand to bind the bargain. . . . His shade on his Hors resembled a Globe on a Gate post. . . . Thus Jogging on with an easy pace, my Guide telling mee it was dangero's to Ride hard in the Night, (wh^ch his horse had the sence to avoid,) Hee entertained me with the Adventurs he had passed by late Rideing, and eminent Dangers he had escaped, so that . . . I didn't know but I had mett w^th a Prince disguis'd. . . . In about an how'r, or something more, after we left the Swamp, we come to Billinges, where I was to Lodg. . . . Shee [the landlady's daughter] conducted me to a parlour in a little back Lento [lean-to], w^ch was almost fill'd w^th the bedsted, w^ch was so high that I was forced to climb on a chair to gitt up to y^e wretched bed that lay on it: on w^ch having Stretcht my tired Limbs, and lay'd my head on a Sad-colourd pillow, I began to think on the transactions of y^e past day. Tuesday, October y^e third, about 8 in the morning, I with the Post proceeded forward without observing anything remarkable; And about two, afternoon, Arrived at the Post's second stage, where the western Post mett him and exchanged Letters. Here, having called for something to eat, y^e woman bro't in a Twisted thing like a cable, but something whiter; and laying it on the bord, tugg'd for life to bring it into a capacity to spread; w^ch having w^th great pains accomplished, shee serv'd in a dish of Pork and Cabbage. . . . I, being hungry, gott a little down; but . . . what cabbage I swallowed serv'd me for a Cudd the whole day after. . . . About Three afternoon went on with my Third Guide, who Rode very hard: and having crossed Providence Ferry, we come to a River w^ch they Generally Ride thro'. But I dare not venture; so the Post got a Ladd and Cannoo to carry me to tother side, and hee rid thro' and Led my hors. The Cannoo was very small and shallow, so that when we were in she seem'd redy to take in water, which greatly terrified me, and caused me to be very circumspect, sitting with my hands fast on each side, my eyes stedy, not daring so much as to lodg my tongue a hair's breadth more on one side of my mouth then tother, nor so much as think on Lott's wife, for a wry thought would have oversett our wherey: But was soon put

out of this pain, . . . and Rewarding my sculler, again mounted and made the best of our way forwards. — *The Journals of Madam Knight, and Rev. Mr. Buckingham*, pp. 9–16, ed. 1825.

Mrs. Mary Rowlandson.

An Indian Massacre.

On the tenth of February 1675. [O.S.] Came the Indians with great numbers upon Lancaster: Their first coming was about Sun-rising; hearing the noise of some Guns, we looked out: several Houses were burning, and the Smoke ascending to Heaven. . . . At length they came and beset our own house, and quickly it was the dolefullest day that ever mine eyes saw. . . . Some in our house were fighting for their lives, others wallowing in their blood, the House on fire over our heads, and the bloody Heathen ready to knock us on the head, if we stirred out. . . . The bullets rattled against the House, as if one had taken an handfull of stones and threw them. . . . But out we must go, the fire increasing, and coming along behind us, roaring, and the Indians gaping before us with their Guns, Spears and Hatchets to devour us. No sooner were we out of the House, but my Brother in Law . . . fell down dead. . . . The bulletts flying thick, one went through my side, and the same (as would seem) through the bowels and hand of my dear Child in my arms. . . . There were twelve killed, some shot, some stab'd with their Spears, some knock'd down with their Hatchets. . . . There was one who was chopt into the head with a Hatchet, and stript naked, and yet was crawling up and down. It is a solemn Sight to see so many Christians lying in their blood, some here, and some there, like a company of Sheep torn by Wolves. All of them stript naked by a company of hell-hounds, roaring, singing, ranting and insulting, as if they would have torn our very hearts out. — *A Narrative of the Captivity and Restauration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson*, pp. 1–5, Cambridge ed., 1682.

A Collection of Poems.

Commencement at Harvard.

Thus clad, in careless order mixt by chance,
In haste they both [belles and beaux] along the streets advance;
'Till near the brink of Charles's beauteous stream,
They stop, and think the lingring boat to blame.

Soon as the empty skiff salutes the shore,
In with impetuous haste they clustering pour,
The men the head, the stern the ladies grace,
And neighing horses fill the middle space. . . .
'Till row'd with care, they reach th' opposing side,
Leap on the shore, and leave the threat'ning tide.
While to receive the pay the boatman stands,
And chinking pennys jingle in his hands.
Eager the sparks assault the waiting cars,
Fops meet with fops, and clash in civil wars.
Off fly the wigs, as mount their kicking heels,
The rudely bouncing head with anguish swells. . . .
And now thy town, O Cambridge! strikes the sight
Of the beholders with confus'd delight;
Thy green campaigns wide open to the view,
And buildings where bright youth their fame pursue.
The thing which first the num'rous crowd employs,
Is by a breakfast to begin their joys.
While wine, which blushes in a chrystal glass
Streams down in floods, and paints their glowing face.
And now the time approaches when the bell,
With dull continuance tolls a solemn knell.
Numbers of blooming youth in black array
Adorn the yard, and gladden all the day.
In two strait lines they instantly divide,
While each beholds his partner on th' opposing side,
Then slow, majestick, walks the learned head,
The senate follow with a solemn tread,
Next levi's tribe in reverend order move,
Whilst the uniting youth the show improve.
They glow in long procession till they come,
Near to the portals of the sacred dome. . . .
The work begun with pray'r, with modest pace,
A youth advancing mounts the desk with grace,
To all the audience sweeps a circling bow,
Then from his lips ten thousand graces flow.

= *Commencement*, in *A Collection of Poems*, pp. 48–51, ed. 1744

JOSEPH GREEN.

Dr. Byles on his Cat.

She never thirsted for the chicken's blood;
Her teeth she only used to chew her food;
Harmless as satires which her master writes,
A foe to scratching, and unused to bites,
She in the study was my constant mate;
There we together many evenings sate.

Whene'er I felt my towering fancy fail,
I stroked her head, her ears, her back, and tail;
And as I stroked improved my dying song
From the sweet notes of her melodious tongue:
Her purrs and mews so evenly kept time,
She purred in metre, and she mewed in rhyme.
But when my dulness has too stubborn proved,
Nor could by Puss's music be removed,
Oft to the well-known volumes have I gone,
And stole a line from Pope or Addison.

— From Stedman and Hutchinson's *A Library of American Literature*, Vol. II., p. 435.

THOMAS GODFREY.

Jealousy.

In a dark Corner hell-born Jealousy,
A Wan and haggard Spright, I did espy;
Watchful she roll'd her ghastly Eyes around,
And cautious trod, to catch the whisp'ring Sound:
Her Heart forever deathless Vultures tear,
And by her Side stalk Anguish and Despair:
Curst is the Wretch with her dire Rage possess'd,
When fancied Ills destroy his wonted Rest.

— *The Court of Fancy*, p. 23, ed. 1762.

The Instability of Human Greatness.

Bethas. True, I am fall'n, but glorious was my fall,
The day was brav'ly fought, we did our best,
But victory 's of heav'n. Look o'er yon field,
See if thou findest one Arabian back
Disfigur'd with dishonourable wounds.
No, here, deep on their bosoms, are engrav'd
The marks of honour! 'twas thro' here their souls
Flew to their blissful seats. Oh! why did I
Survive the fatal day? To be this slave,
To be the gaze and sport of vulgar crouds,
Thus, like a shackl'd tyger, stalk my round,
And grimly low'r upon the shouting herd.
Ye Gods! . . .

King. . . . Hence, bear him to his dungeon;
Iysias, we here commit him to thy charge.

Bethas. Welcome my dungeon, but more welcome death.
Trust not too much, vain Monarch, to your pow'r,
Know Fortune places all her choicest gifts
On ticklish heights, they shake with ev'ry breeze,

And oft some rude wind hurls them to the ground.
Jove's thunder strikes the lofty palaces,
While the low cottage, in humility,
Securely stands, and sees the mighty ruin.
What King can boast, to morrow as to-day,
Thus, happy will I reign? The rising sun
May view him seated on a splendid throne,
And, setting, see him shake the servile chain.

— *The Prince of Parthia*, I., v., in *Juvenile Poems*, etc., pp. 120, 121, ed. 1765.

Henry Laurens.

A Noble Spirit in Prison.

From White Hall, I was conducted in a close hackney coach, under the charge of Col. Williamson, a polite, genteel officer, and two of the illest-looking fellows I had ever seen. The coach was ordered to proceed by the most private ways to the Tower. It had been rumored that a rescue would be attempted. . . . Governor Gore conducted me to my apartments at a warder's house. As I was entering the house I heard some of the people say: "Poor old gentleman, bowed down with infirmities. He is come to lay his bones here." My reflection was, "I shall not leave a bone with you." I was very sick, but my spirits were good, and my mind forboding good from the event of being a prisoner in London. . . . And now I found myself a close prisoner, indeed; shut up in two small rooms, which together made about twenty feet square: a warder my constant companion; and a fixed bayonet under my window. . . . I discovered I was to pay rent for my little rooms, find my own meals and drink, bedding, coals, candles, etc. This drew from me an observation to the gentleman jailer: . . . "Whenever I caught a bird in America I found a cage and victuals for it." * * * The people around me thought, for a considerable time, my life in imminent danger [*i.e.* because of his illness]. I was of a different opinion. . . . I asked the warder, "If he could lend me a book for amusement?" He gravely asked: "Will your honor be pleased to have 'Drelincourt upon death'?" I quickly turned to his wife, who was passing from making up my bed: "Pray, Madam, can you recommend an honest goldsmith, who will put a new head to my cane; you see this old head is much worn?" "Yes, sir, I can." The people understood me, and nothing more was said of "Drelincourt." * * * Monday, 26th February, Mr. Oswald . . . sent me the follow-

ing message: . . . "Their Lordships say, if you will point out anything for the benefit of Great Britain, in the present dispute with the Colonies, you shall be enlarged." . . . I snatched up my pencil, and upon a sudden impulse wrote a note to Mr. Oswald: . . . "I perceive, my dear friend, . . . that if I were a rascal, I might presently get out of the Tower — I am not. . . . I could point out a doctrine, known to every old woman in the kingdom, 'A spoonful of honey will catch more flies, than a ton of vinegar.' . . ." [Mr. Oswald visited him, and said:] "I showed the note you lately sent me to Lord Germain, who was at first very angry. He exclaimed, 'Rascals! rascals! — we want no rascals! Honey! honey!! vinegar! They have had too much honey and too little vinegar! They shall have less honey and more vinegar for the future!'" I said to Mr. Oswald, I should be glad to taste a little of his lordship's vinegar; his lordship's honey had been very unpleasant. * * * September 23d — For some time past I have been frequently and strongly tempted to make my escape from the Tower. . . . At length I put a stop to farther applications by saying, "I will not attempt an escape. The gates were opened for me to enter; they shall be opened for me to go out of the Tower. God Almighty sent me here for some purpose. I am determined to see the end of it." — *A Narrative of the Captivity of Henry Laurens*, from Stedman and Hutchinson's *A Library of American Literature*, Vol. III., pp. 109–113.

The Columbian Magazine.

Two Literary Coxcombs.

There are certain species of folly, which, as they are the effects of an empty and unnecessary pride, deserve the lash of ridicule. . . . Of this class, there is one, which cannot but be conspicuous both from its absurdity and numbers that are addicted to it. I mean, when a person pretends to an entire knowledge of those things that he is not at all acquainted with. . . . I have heard the highest encomiums bestowed upon the works of Virgil, by persons who knew not Latin from Hebrew; and Homer idolized by those who could not have distinguished Greek from Low Dutch. . . . A young Gentleman, with whom I have a slight acquaintance, has often declared "that for his part, he should doubt the reality of a *Trudging* war [Trojan War] . . . did he not think it impossible, that Plato's elegant and lively description of it

should be fiction, and entirely want foundation." . . . This fellow acts upon a large, and, indeed, an unlimited scale, and is acquainted with every author, and transaction of note, since the time of Adam to the present day. But, I have the honour of an acquaintance, with a lady, who, much in the same way, pursues a more contracted plan, which she manages with great credit. . . . She has selected one work, which has happened to be the *Spectator*, upon which she lavishes all the commendations she has to dispose of, and asserts its supremacy among books, without having read more than half a dozen pages in it. . . . She is extremely fond of having small and sociable parties at her house, at one of which a general conversation took place concerning English authors, and the precedency of their works. For a short time she was silent, and listened to the opinions of the company with more patience than I expected from her; but, at length, after wriggling and twisting awhile in her chair, she broke forth like a torrent, somewhat in this manner: "No, gentlemen, you may talk as much as you please of your Popes and your Swifts, your Sternes, Steeles, and Addisons, but I insist upon it that the *Spectator* is the finest book that ever was printed in any language, or country whatever, and as for our English writers there is none of them could ever stand in competition with him." . . . I shall conclude this paper, . . . with a quotation from a former number: Reader, "whatsoever thou hast observed that arouses thy detestation or contempt, that avoid." — *The Retailer*, No. V., in *The Columbian Magazine*, June, 1788, pp. 318–323.

The Providence Gazette.

A Dream of the Branding of Asses and Horses.

I must tell you I don't heartily approve of every thing in the great man's letter that was in your last paper. — He that acknowledges that I am an Englishman, and tells me at the same time that I am to live under laws which I have no hand in making, and am to be taxed where I have no representative, does but mock me. . . . But I found something in his letter about a stamping law; . . . and going to bed full of the matter, I had a very odd dream, which, if you please, I will relate to you. Methought the stamp law ended in one for stamping all our beasts of burthen; . . . and . . . I fancied that I saw all the horses of the town brought together in a pasture, . . . and amongst them were about half a dozen

asses, being all we had. Soon after, the master-brander with his retinue approached the pasture in great pomp, one carrying a large silver brand in the form of the letter S —— and upon entering the field, they began with the asses, and branded them without the least interruption: They then drew near to the horses, and would have laid hold on a stately BAY horse, but taking fright at the glittering of the brand, he snorted, kicked up his heels, and went off; I was sorry to see him fling the dirt in the gentleman's face; and the whole drove being struck with the same panic, they leapt the fence, and ran off snorting and flinging up their heels. . . . And whilst the branding company stared, . . . a very ragged country fellow said with a facetious grin, that he always understood, till then, that the good people of England very well knew that none but asses would stand still to be branded. . . . [A] gentleman proceeded, and assured the brander that the horses . . . were all of the English breed, and the far greater part of them had for their sire and were descended from a very remarkable horse, known by the name of Old Noll, who though he was not a showy beast, was firm, and had courage to the back bone, and might have been of great use, but that his master fell in love with a huge pair of French spurs, and contrary to all good advice, must needs mount Noll, with them upon his heels; but unhappily the horse no sooner felt the spurs at his sides, but he gave his master such a fall as broke his neck; upon which the breed were out of credit for a while, and being sent hither, multiplied exceedingly. . . . Here the whole of our company gave three huzzas, . . . in which I joined so heartily, that the good woman at my side gave me a hunch with her elbow, and asked me if I had the cholic or gripes, and so ended my vision. — *Anonymous letter to the editor*, Nov. 10, 1764. (From the file of the *Gazette* in the library of the R. I. Hist. Soc.)

A Cure for the Spleen.

A Tory View of the Revolution.

Sharp [a parson]. Your servant squire Bumper, pray walk in; how do you do? *Bumper* [a justice]. In pretty good health, I thank you sir; how is it with yourself and madam? *Sharp*. We're moving about, tollerably well, for old folks. . . . (Enter to them *Fillpot* [an inn-keeper], *Graveairs* [a deacon], and *Trim* [a barber]). *Sharp*. Your servant gentlemen, pray sit down; how do you do deacon? *Grave*. I

thank you revd. sir, this cough has not quite left me yet,—h — hugh — h — hugh — h — hugh — tho' thro' mercy, it is much better, h — hugh — h — hugh. *Sharp.* I'm glad to hear it. How do you do landlord? *Fill.* As well as I can these hard times sir. *Sharp.* Hard times! Why surely you've no reason to complain landlord. *Fill.* Why no sir, I don't complain; that is, on my own account — but then our public affairs, you know sir, we must think a little about them. *Sharp.* I believe if we mind every one his own business, and leave the affairs of the state to the conduct of wiser heads, we shall soon be convinced that we are a happy people. *Trim.* Excuse me there revd sir, saving your presence; why sir, if I was deny'd the privilege of my shop to canvass politicks, . . . you may e'en take my razors, soap, combs and all, and set fire to my shop. . . . But now sir, if forty come in together, and all in the most feezing hurry; I have nothing to do but to souse plump into a descant upon the times, and in the snap of a finger every man is as patient and still as any blockhead in my shop — *arrectis auribus*, they sit gaping, with solemn unmeaning phiz's; . . . and then I rattle away upon grievances, opposition, rebellion and so on, only for the innocent purpose of supporting the credit of my shop. . . . For by the mother that bore me, . . . I am ignorant of the essential difference . . . between a true whig and an honest tory. . . . *Puff* [a late representative, who has just come in]. Hem! he! hem! . . . Why, Mr. speaker! — I beg pardon — gentlemen, I mean — . . . but as I was saying — for him to say as this here — to wit — that there is no difference between a whig and a tory — why what a dickens are we contending about, if so be as how this here was the case — a fine case truly — why has not Lord North and Lord Hilsboro' and that George Greenville stript us of all our constitutional charter rights and privileges — the birth-right of Englishmen, which our pious fore-fathers purchased with their blood and treasure, when they came over into this waste howling wilderness . . . Before I'd give up our just rights and privileges, I'd take my gun, and load and fire and pull trigger like the nation and fight up to the knees in blood. . . . *Grave.* . . . As Mr. — h — hugh — Puff has very well observed, all our charter rights and privileges are torn from us and we are made slaves, and the Lord send us deliverance — h — hugh — h — hugh — h — hugh. *Sharp.* Don't you carry matters rather too far deacon? . . . Pray consider, don't you sit quietly under your own vine and under your

own fig-tree? Don't you enjoy full liberty of conscience in religious matters? . . . Does any one meddle with your person or property? Are you over-burthened with taxes? . . . Turn your eyes to your brother Englishmen in Great-Britain —see with what taxes and duties they are burthened. . . . *Puff.* But pray revd sir, have the parliament any right to make laws for us? [Sharp then enters into a long and plausible argument to show that Parliament had always exercised an unquestioned right to regulate trade by laying duties upon imports, and that the new duties upon tea, etc., did not differ from the old duties except in the express declaration by Parliament that they were levied for the purpose of raising revenue as well as for regulating trade. He thus concludes:] *Sharp.* . . . They don't consider that they are entering the lists with a power, which is more than a match for all the other powers of Europe; they don't consider the horrors of a civil war. . . . Their [Congress's] resolves are nothing short of high treason; their association is an open declaration of hostilities, partaking . . . equally of wickedness and folly. . . . Their addresses are a jargon of contradictions and absurdities. . . . *Bump.* Fiddle faddle, 'tis all stuff and nonsense; redress of grievances is but the decoy set up to catch the ignorant and unwary. The leaders aim at an independency on Great-Britain, in order to become themselves the tyrants of the Colonies. . . . *Trim.* Well, I'm determin'd to drop my shop preachments. . . . *Grave.* I verily fear we are all wrong. . . . *Puff.* I profess, I'm of the same mind; I begin to see things in a different light. . . . *Sharp.* Gentlemen I wish you all a very good night. — *A Cure for the Spleen*, pp. 3–10, 25–28, 32, ed. 1775.

J. Hector St. John Crevecœur.

A Snake-Story.

As I was one day sitting solitary and pensive in my primitive arbour, . . . I beheld two snakes of considerable length, the one pursuing the other with great celerity through a hemp stubble field. The aggressor was of the black kind, six feet long; the fugitive was a water snake, nearly of equal dimensions. They soon met, and in the fury of their first encounter, they appeared in an instant firmly twisted together; and whilst their united tails beat the ground, they mutually tried with open jaws to lacerate each other. . . . But notwithstanding this appearance of mutual courage and fury, the

water snake still seemed desirous of retreating toward the ditch, its natural element. This was no sooner perceived by the keen-eyed black one, than twisting its tail twice round a stalk of hemp, and seizing its adversary by the throat, not by means of its jaws, but by twisting its own neck twice round that of the water snake, [it] pulled it back from the ditch. To prevent a defeat the latter took hold likewise of a stalk on the bank. . . . Their eyes seemed on fire, and ready to start out of their heads; at one time the conflict seemed decided; the water snake bent itself into two great folds, and by that operation rendered the other more than commonly outstretched; the next minute the new struggles of the black one gained an unexpected superiority, it acquired two great folds likewise, which necessarily extended the body of its adversary in proportion as it had contracted its own. . . . At last the stalk to which the black snake fastened, suddenly gave way, and . . . they both plunged into the ditch. . . . They soon re-appeared on the surface twisted together, as in their first onset; but the black snake seemed to retain its wonted superiority, for its head was exactly fixed above that of the other, which it incessantly pressed down under the water, until it was stifled, and sunk. The victor . . . returned on shore and disappeared. — *Letters from an American Farmer*, pp. 243–246, ed. 1782.

Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution.

The Liberty Song.[1]

Come join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty's call;
No tyrannous acts, shall suppress your just claim,
Or stain with dishonor America's name.
In freedom we're born, and in freedom we'll live;
Our purses are ready,
Steady, Friends, steady,
Not as *slaves*, but as *freemen* our money we'll give.

A Ballad of Nathan Hale.

The breezes went steadily thro' the tall pines,
A saying "oh! hu-ush!" a saying "oh! hu-ush!"
As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the bush.

[1] By John Dickinson and Arthur Lee. The song, which has nine stanzas, was first published in *The Boston Gazette*, July 18, 1768, and became very popular.

"Keep still!" said the thrush as she nestled her young,
In a nest by the road; in a nest by the road.
"For the tyrants are near, and with them appear,
What bodes us no good, what bodes us no good." . . .

The guards of the camp, on that dark, dreary night,
Had a murderous will; had a murderous will.
They took him and bore him afar from the shore,
To a hut on the hill; to a hut on the hill. . . .

Five minutes were given, short moments, no more,
For him to repent; for him to repent;
He pray'd for his mother, he ask'd not another,
To Heaven he went; to Heaven he went.

— *Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution*, pp. 37, 131–133, ed. by F. Moore, 1856.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

A Toyshop of Coquettish Brains.

First from the dust our sex began,
But woman was refin'd from man; . . .
Shall half your precepts tend the while
Fair nature's lovely work to spoil, . . .
And make their minds the receptacle
Of every thing that 's false and fickle, . . .
Where stands display'd with costly pains
The toyshop of coquettish brains,
And high-crown'd caps hang out the sign,
And beaus as customers throng in; . . .
Where the light head and vacant brain
Spoil all ideas they contain,
As th' air pump kills in half a minute
Each living thing you put within it.

— *The Progress of Dulness*, Part III., pp. 50, 51, ed. 1794.

Witty Couplets.

For men of sense will always prove
The most forlorn of fools in love.

— *Ibid.*, p. 62.

So once, in fear of Indian beating,
Our grandsires bore their guns to meeting, . . .
And look'd, in form, as all must grant,

Like th' antient, true church militant;
Or fierce, like modern deep divines,
Who fight with quills, like porcupines.

—*Ibid.*, p. 55.

Tarring and Feathering a Tory.

Forthwith the croud proceed to deck
With halter'd noose M'Fingal's neck, . . .
Then lifting high th' pond'rous jar,
Pour'd o'er his head the smoaking tar. . . .
His flowing wig, as next the brim,
First met and drank the sable stream; . . .
From nose and chin's remotest end,
The tarry icicles depend;
Till all o'erspread, with colors gay
He glitter'd to the western ray,
Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies,
Or Lapland idol carv'd in ice.
And now the feather-bag display'd,
Is wav'd in triumph o'er his head,
And spreads him o'er with feathers missive,
And down upon the tar adhesive:
Not Maia's son, with wings for ears,
Such plumes around his visage wears;
Nor Milton's six wing'd angel gathers,
Such superfluity of feathers. . . .
Then on the two-wheel'd car of state,
They rais'd our grand Duumvirate. . . .
In front the martial music comes
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling sound of carriage bells,
And treble creak of rusted wheels. . . .
And at fit periods ev'ry throat
Combined in universal shout,
And hail'd great Liberty in chorus,
Or bawl'd, Confusion to the Tories.

—*M'Fingal*, Canto III., pp. 65, 66, ed. 1782.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

The Death of Irad.

Again in ether rose the dreadful steel;
Again it lighten'd, and again it fell;
The Heathen's, ringing, leap'd from Irad's shield;
The Youth's in fragments, treacherous, strew'd the field.
Held by a chief, swift-leaping from the band,

A second falchion touch'd his reaching hand,
When — loveliest Youth! why did thy buckler's bound
Shield but thy breast? why not thy form surround? . . .
From some base arm unseen, in covert flung,
Through his white side a coward javelin sung.
He fell — a groan sad-murmur'd round the host,
Their joy, their glory, and their leader lost.

— *The Conquest of Canaan*, VIII., 343–356, ed. 1785.

Joel Barlow.

Gory War.

Columbus turn'd; when rolling to the shore
Swells o'er the seas an undulating roar;
Slow, dark, portentous, as the meteors sweep,
And curtain black the illimitable deep,
High stalks, from surge to surge, a demon Form,
That howls thro heaven and breathes a billowing storm.
His head is hung with clouds; his giant hand
Flings a blue flame far flickering to the land;
His blood-stain'd limbs drip carnage as he strides,
And taint with gory grume the staggering tides;
Like two red suns his quivering eyeballs glare,
His mouth disgorges all the stores of war,
Pikes, muskets, mortars, guns and globes of fire,
And lighted bombs that fusing trails expire.
Percht on his helmet, two twin sisters rode,
The favorite offspring of the murderous god,
Famine and Pestilence; whom whilom bore
His wife, grim Discord, on Trinacria's shore;
When first their Cyclop sons, from Etna's forge,
Fill'd his foul magazine, his gaping gorge:
Then earth convulsive groan'd, high shriek'd the air,
And hell in gratulation call'd him War.

— *The Columbiad*, V., 471–492, ed. 1807.

The Hasty-Pudding.

Where the huge heap lies center'd in the hall,
The lamp suspended from the cheerful wall,
Brown corn-fed nymphs, and strong hard-handed beaux,
Alternate rang'd, extend in circling rows,
Assume their seats, the solid mass attack;
The dry husks rattle, and the corn-cobs crack;
The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,
And the sweet cider trips in silence round.
The laws of Husking ev'ry wight can tell;

And sure no laws he ever keeps so well:
For each red ear a general kiss he gains,
With each smut ear she smuts the luckless swains;
But when to some sweet maid a prize is cast,
Red as her lips, and taper as her waist,
She walks the round, and culls one favor'd beau
Who leaps, the luscious tribute to bestow.

* * * * * *

There is a choice in spoons. Tho' small appear
The nice distinction, yet to me 'tis clear.
The deep bowl'd Gallic spoon, contriv'd to scoop
In ample draughts the thin diluted soup,
Performs not well in those substantial things,
Whose mass adhesive to the metal clings;
Where the strong labial muscles must embrace
The gentle curve, and sweep the hollow space.
With ease to enter and discharge the freight,
A bowl less concave but still more dilate,
Becomes the pudding best. . . .
Fear not to slaver; 'tis no deadly sin.
Like the free Frenchman, from your joyous chin
Suspend the ready napkin; or, like me,
Poise with one hand your bowl upon your knee;
Just in the zenith your wise head preject,
Your full spoon, rising in a line direct,
Bold as a bucket, heeds no drops that fall,
The wide mouth'd bowl will surely catch them all.

— *The Hasty-Pudding*, Canto III., pp. 9–12, ed. 1796.

Philip Freneau.

The House of Night.[1]

O'er a dark field I held my dubious way
Where Jack-a-lanthorn walk'd his lonely round,
Beneath my feet substantial darkness lay,
And screams were heard from the distemper'd ground.

Nor looked I back, till to a far off wood
Trembling with fear, my weary feet had sped—
Dark was the night, but at the inchanted dome
I saw the infernal windows flaming red. . . .

Dim burnt the lamp, and now the phantom Death
Gave his last groans in horror and despair—

[1] In which Death is dying.

"All hell demands me hence" — he said, and threw
The red lamp hissing through the midnight air.

— *The House of Night*, stanzas 109, 110, 117, in *The Poems of Philip Freneau*, ed. 1786.

The Wild Honey Suckle.[1]

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouch'd thy honey'd blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall find thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white array'd,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died — nor were those flowers less gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts, and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between, is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

— *Poems by Philip Freneau*, ed. 1795. (The text in the 1788 edition is inferior.)

Henry H. Brackenridge.

Warren's Speech at Bunker Hill.

To arms, brave countrymen, for see the foe,
Comes forth to battle, and would seem to try,
Once more, their fortune in decisive war. . . .
. . . Our noble ancestors,
Out-brav'd the tempests, of the hoary deep,

[1] The entire poem is given.

And on these hills, uncultivate and wild,
Sought an asylum, from despotic sway;
A short asylum, for that envious power,
With persecution dire, still follows us. . . .
Remember March, brave countrymen, that day,
When Boston's streets ran blood. Think on that day,
And let the memory, to revenge, stir up,
The temper of your souls. . . . Let every arm,
This day be active in fair freedom's cause,
And shower down, from the hill, like Heav'n in wrath,
Full store of lightning, and fierce iron hail,
To blast the adversary.

— *The Battle of Bunker's-Hill*, V., i., ed. 1776.

B.

NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES — COLLEGES — THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.

Newspapers and Magazines.[1]

The first newspaper established in America was *The Boston News-Letter*, a weekly, which ran from 1704 to 1776.[2] It was usually printed on a (printer's) half-sheet, and contained short pieces of foreign and domestic news. Its space was so scanty that in 1719 it had got thirteen months behindhand with the foreign news from regions beyond Great Britain; for some time, therefore, a whole sheet was printed every other week, until the publisher was able to announce proudly that that part of his news-record was "now less than five months" behindhand. *The Boston Gazette* was started in 1719; *The New England Courant* in 1721. Several other papers were started in Boston within the next fifteen years; but only one of them, *The Boston Evening-Post*, continued to the Revolution. In 1768 *The Boston Chronicle* began to appear twice a week. In 1770 *The Massachusetts Spy* was published thrice a week for a few months; in 1771 it became a weekly, but of larger size than any which had yet appeared in Boston, being printed on a whole sheet, four columns to a page. Pennsylvania was only a little behind Massachusetts, the third newspaper in America, *The American Weekly Mercury*, being started in Philadelphia, Dec. 22, 1719, one day later than *The Boston Gazette*. The second newspaper in the colony, *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, founded in 1728, was bought in 1729 by Franklin, who published it twice a week for a while and soon made it very profitable. Several other Pennsylvania newspapers (some of them in German) sprang up at various times before the Revolution. The first daily newspaper in

[1] Most of the facts are taken from Thomas's *History of Printing in America*.

[2] A newspaper, *Publick Occurrences*, was started in Boston in 1690, but the authorities suppressed it after the first issue.

the United States, *The Pennsylvania Packet and Daily Advertiser*, was founded in Philadelphia in 1784. The colony of New York was the third in the field, *The New York Gazette* making its appearance in 1725. Before 1770 eight other newspapers had been started in New York, although some lived but a short time. Virginia had but two newspapers before the Revolution, founded in 1736 and 1766 respectively. In Maryland the first newspaper was started in 1727; in Rhode Island and South Carolina, in 1732; in Connecticut and North Carolina, in 1755; in New Hampshire, in 1756; in Delaware, in 1762; in Georgia, in 1763. At the outbreak of the Revolution there were in the colonies 37 newspapers, distributed as follows: Pennsylvania, 9; Massachusetts, 7; New York, 4; Connecticut, 4; South Carolina, 3; Rhode Island, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, 2 each; New Hampshire and Georgia, 1 each. Not to be deceived by words we should remember that the stunted little newspapers of Colonial and Revolutionary times were, in size, circulation, and amount of news, very different from the journals of to-day. The "editorial," too, in its modern sense, was unknown to our great-grandfathers; letters to the publisher took its place to some extent, and in times of public excitement the old *Gazettes* and *Mercuries* might do a good deal to indicate and to mould public sentiment. But in general the Colonial and Revolutionary newspaper not only presented little news but had little or nothing to say about it.

The American magazines, like the newspapers, closely followed English models, and were not much if at all inferior. To the modern reader, however, they seem on the whole feeble, dry, and dull. Some idea of them may be had from the plan set forth in the preface to *The American Magazine and Monthly Chronicle for the British Colonies*, which was launched in 1757, at Philadelphia, "By a Society of Gentlemen," and is a superior sample of its class: each number was to contain "an account of European affairs"; "a philosophical miscellany"; "monthly essays, in prose and verse"; "a history of the present war in North-America"; "monthly transactions in each colony, the account of new books, . . . preferments, births, marriages, deaths, arrivals of ships, prices current." The emphasis on the practical and instructive is evident; of entertainment little was sought, and little found. Yet on the whole the talent available for these magazines was greater than the demand for them, and few and evil were the days of their pilgrimage. *The American Maga-*

zine and Historical Chronicle, a monthly of fifty pages, established at Boston in 1743, ran three years and four months. *The New England Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure*, a monthly which came out when it could, after the appearance of three or four numbers in the course of six or seven months, was discontinued in 1759. *The Royal American Magazine*, printed in handsome type, with two copperplate engravings in each number, began to be issued at Boston in January, 1774; it had a considerable list of subscribers, but the battle of Lexington killed it. In Pennsylvania conditions were also unfavorable for longevity. *The General Magazine* lived only six months, in 1741. *The American Magazine* (already mentioned) seems to have died in a year. *The Pennsylvania Magazine*, edited and written, in part, by Thomas Paine, was started in January, 1775, and died in July, 1776, the last number containing the Declaration of Independence. *The United States Magazine*, edited by H. H. Brackenridge, with Philip Freneau as a leading contributor, was published at Philadelphia through 1779, and was then discontinued "until an established peace and a fixed value of the money shall render it convenient or possible to take it up again." After the war, magazines were again attempted. *The Boston Magazine* came in and went out with the year 1785. *The Columbian Magazine*, started in 1786, lived three years. The *American Museum* was established in 1787. Other magazines made their appearance from time to time, and had some success. But it was not until 1815, thirteen years after the founding of *The Edinburgh Review* had inaugurated a new era for magazines in Great Britain, that American magazine literature was placed upon a solid basis by the establishment of *The North American Review*.

Colleges.

The intellectuality of the stock which peopled British America is shown by the fact that they early established colleges. Harvard College was opened[1] in 1638; William and Mary College, Virginia, in 1694; Yale College in 1701; College of New Jersey (now Princeton University) in 1746; Washington and Lee University, Virginia, in 1749; Univer-

[1] The dates of founding or chartering are often different from the dates of actual opening. Thus Harvard was founded in 1636, by a vote of the Legislature appropriating money; it was chartered in 1650. The dates here given are taken from *Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia*.

sity of Pennsylvania in 1753; King's College (now Columbia University) in 1754; Frederick College, Maryland, in 1763; Rhode Island College (now Brown University) in 1765; Rutgers College, New Jersey, in 1770; Dartmouth College in 1770; Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia, in 1776; Washington College, Maryland, in 1782; Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, in 1783; College of Charleston, South Carolina, in 1785. Thus before the Revolution nine of the thirteen colonies had institutions of higher learning. These colonial colleges were of course small and poorly equipped. But most of them nevertheless did good work, especially in the classics. The requirements for admission to Harvard are thus stated by Cotton Mather in his *Magnalia* (Book IV., p. 127, ed. 1702): "When Scholars had so far profited at the Grammar Schools, that they could Read any Classical Author into English, and readily make, and speak true Latin, and Write it in Verse as well as Prose; and perfectly Decline the Paradigms of Nouns and Verbs in the Greek Tongue, they were judged capable of Admission into Harvard-Colledge." The college course, in Harvard at least, "embraced the contemporaneous learning of the colleges in England,"[1] including (in 1643) rhetoric, logic, ethics, divinity, arithmetic, geometry, physics, astronomy, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, etc.[1] President Dunster wrote in 1649 that some of the Harvard students could "with ease dexterously translate Hebrew and Chaldee into Greek."[2] This steeping in the great languages and literatures of antiquity was one of the best possible ways to prepare for the creation, later, of a worthy literature in the mother tongue. The American poets and novelists were yet to be born. Meanwhile their ancestors wisely conned the pages of Homer, Virgil, and Cicero.

The New England Primer.[3]

From this curious little book the children of New England, for a century and a half, learned the elements of religion and morality as well as of reading. The first compiler of it seems to have been Benjamin Harris, a Boston publisher, who, before he fled from England in 1686, had printed *The*

[1] Peirce's *A History of Harvard University*, p. 7; Appendix, pp. 6, 7.
[2] Felt's *The Ecclesiastical History of New England*, Vol. II., p. 10.
[3] See two articles by J. H. Trumbull in *The Sunday School Times*, April 29 and May 6, 1882; and *The New-England Primer*, by P. L. Ford (Dodd, Mead & Co., 1897).

Protestant Tutor, which had several of the distinctive features of the *Primer*, and was (says Mr. Ford) its "legitimate predecessor." The *Primer* is also the descendant of a line of English primers, running back through many centuries. The earliest surviving reference to it is in an almanac for 1691, published by Harris, in which he advertised as forthcoming "a Second Impression of the New-England Primer enlarged, to which is added, more Directions for Spelling," etc. The first edition must have appeared (says Mr. Ford) between 1687 and 1690. The earliest extant complete copy was published at Boston in 1737. The book was reprinted numberless times in the eighteenth century, with various changes and additions,[1] and has often been reproduced since as a curiosity. In its sombre and dogmatic religiousness, severe morality, and defective æsthetic sense (as shown by the doggerel verse and rude wood-cuts), *The New England Primer* is a mirror of the times which produced and used it. It passes rapidly, and without apparent sense of incongruity, from hard sense or sublime theology to the puerile and trivial. Some idea of the *Primer* may be had from a description of a copy printed (as the frontispiece shows) sometime during Washington's presidency. It is a quaint little book, four inches long, two and three-fourths inches wide, and one-third of an inch thick. The lids are of wood, covered with pale-blue paper and united by a leather back. The title-page reads thus: "The New-England Primer, or, an easy and pleasant Guide to the Art of Reading. Adorn'd with Cutts. To which are added, The Assembly of Divines' Catechism. Boston: Printed and sold by J. White, near Charles-River Bridge." On the reverse are two stanzas to children, ending with

> Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
> 'Till you have lov'd the Lord.

The alphabet follows; then come "Easy Syllables for Children"—*ab*, *ac*, *eb*, *ec*, etc.; and in five pages more, *a bo mi na ti on* and a scanty assortment of other "Words of six Syllables" are reached. Art and poetry are now wedded to the alphabet in twenty-four couplets or triplets, illustrated by inimitable wood-cuts apparently made by the printer with his pocket-knife. Some of the choicest lines are these:

[1] Some editions reprinted John Cotton's *Spiritual Milk for American Babes, Drawn out of the Breasts of Both Testaments, for their Souls Nourishment.*

"In *A*dam's fall, We sinned all"; "Young *O*badias, David, Josias, All were pious"; "*X*erxes did die, And so must I"; "*Z*accheus, he Did climb the tree, Our Lord to see." After some other matter, including the statement that "He that don't learn his *A B C*, For ever will a blockhead be," come the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed. Treading close on the heels of these sublime passages intrudes some pious doggerel, beginning,

> I in the burying place may see
> Graves shorter there than I.

This is at once succeeded by Watts's pretty *Cradle Hymn*,

> Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
> Holy Angels guard thy bed,

and his "Now I lay me down to sleep," both which are still sacred memories to millions. They are but thinly fenced off by *Agur's Prayer* from a marvellous cut which represents "Mr. John Rogers, minister of the gospel," "the first martyr in Queen Mary's reign," burning at the stake, while "his wife, with nine small children, and one at her breast,"[1] calmly look on; several pages of metrical advice, which unhappily escaped the author's fate, follow. Then comes *The Shorter Catechism*, which fills most of the latter half of the book. The solemn questions and answers are still sounding in our ears when we are exhorted to "Let dogs delight to bark and bite"; children are once more reminded that until their "breast glows with sacred love" they should "indulge no meaner fires"; and the *Primer* ends with this secular stanza, which is all the same as if a Puritan congregation were to come out of church in a jig: —

> Here 's Tom, Dick, and Benny,
> With pitchfork and with rake;
> Sally, Kate, and Jenny,
> Come here the hay to make.

[1] Many were the hours spent by the curious school-boy in wrestling with the question whether there were ten children in all or only nine. The obscure wood-cut but darkened the problem, which is still unsolved.

C.

PARTIAL BIBLIOGRAPHY OF COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE.

[Many of the titles are copied from first editions; most of the others, from Sabin's *Bibliotheca Americana*. The titles are often abridged; but what is given is reproduced as exactly as possible, and anything added is enclosed in brackets.]

I. COLONIAL PERIOD.

1. VIRGINIA.

A Trve Relation of such occurrences and accidents of noate as hath hapned in Virginia since the first planting of that Collony. Written by Captaine Smith. London, 1608.

A True Reportory of the Wracke, and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, Knight. By William Strachey. London, 1610.

Good Newes from Virginia. From Alexander Whitaker. London, 1613.

The Generall Historie of Virginia, New-England, and the Summer Isles. By Captaine Iohn Smith. London, 1624.

Ovids Metamorphosis Englished by G. S. [George Sandys]. London, 1626.

A Voyage to Virginia. By Colonel Norwood. [n. p. n. d.] [Reprinted: Force's Historical Tracts, Vol. III.]

Leah and Rachel, or, the Two Fruitfull Sisters Virginia, and Mary-Land. By John Hammond. London, 1656. [Reprinted: Force's Historical Tracts, Vol. III.]

A Song of Sion. Written by a Citizen thereof [John Grave], whose outward Habitation is in Virginia. [England.] 1662.

History of Virginia. By a Native and Inhabitant of the Place [Robert Beverley]. The second edition. London, 1722. [The first edition (London, 1705) was smaller.]

The Present State of Virginia. By Hugh Jones, A.M. London, 1724. [Reprinted: Sabin's Reprints, No. 5.]

The Westover Manuscripts: containing the History of the Dividing Line betwixt Virginia and North Carolina; a Journey to the Land of Eden, A.D. 1733; and a Progress to the Mines. Written from 1728 to 1736, and now first published. By William Byrd, of Westover. Petersburg, 1841.

History of the Dividing Line and Other Tracts. From the Papers of William Byrd. Richmond, 1866.

Poems on Several Occasions. By a Gentleman of Virginia. Williamsburg, 1736.

The History of the First Discovery and Settlement of Virginia. By William Stith, A.M. Williamsburg, 1747.

2. NEW ENGLAND.

A Description of New England; or, The Observations, and discoueries of Captain Iohn Smith. London, 1616. [Reprinted: Force's Historical Tracts, Vol. II.]

A Relation or Iournall of the beginning and proceedings of the English Plantation setled at Plimoth. [By William Bradford and Edward Winslow.] London, 1622. [Long known as Mourt's Relation. Reprinted: Library of New-England History, No. 1; portions of, in Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc., Series 2, Vol. IX.]

Bradford's History "Of Plimoth Plantation." From the Original Manuscript. With a Report of the Proceedings Incident to the Return of the Manuscript to Massachusetts. Boston, 1898. [Also in Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc., Series 4, Vol. III.]

New-England. Or A Briefe Enarration of the Ayre, Earth, Water, Fish and Fowles of that Country. With a Description of the Natures, Orders, Habits, and Religion of the Natiues; in Latine and English Verse. [By William Morrell.] London, 1625. [Reprinted: The Club of Odd Volumes, Boston, 1895, in photographic facsimile from a copy of the first edition in the British Museum; Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc., Series 1, Vol. I., but with only the Latin title, Nova-Anglia.]

A Journal of the Transactions and Occurrences in the settlement of Massachusetts and the other New-England Colonies, from the year 1630 to 1644. Written by John Winthrop, and now first published from a correct copy of the original Manuscript. Hartford, 1790. [Reprinted at Boston, 1825, 1826, as The History of New England. This edition included the third volume of the manuscript, bringing the record down to 1649.]

Some Old Puritan Love-Letters — John and Margaret Winthrop — 1618-1638. Edited by J. H. Twichell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1893.

New-Englands Plantation. Written by a reuerend Diuine now there resident [Francis Higginson]. London, 1630. [Reprinted: Force's Historical Tracts, Vol. I.; Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc., Series 1, Vol. I.]

Newv Englands Prospect. By William Wood. London, 1634. [Reprinted: Pub. Prince Soc., Vol. I.]

New English Canaan. By Thomas Morton. Amsterdam, 1637. [Reprinted: Force's Historical Tracts, Vol. II.; Pub. Prince Soc., Vol. XV.]

The Freeman's Oath. [Cambridge.] 1639. [The first thing printed in America. See Winthrop's The History of New England, Vol. I., p. 289, ed. 1825.]

The VVhole Booke of Psalmes Faithfully Translated into English Metre. [Cambridge.] 1640. [Said to be the first book printed in America.

The copy in the John Carter Brown Library, Providence, has the autograph of Richard Mather, one of the three principal translators.]

Simplicities Defence against Seven-headed Policy. Or Innocency Vindicated, being unjustly Accused . . . by that Seven-headed Church-Government united in New-England. [By Samuel Gorton.] London, 1646.

The Soules Implantation into the Naturall Olive. By T. H. [Thomas Hooker]. London, 1640.

The Simple Cobler of Aggavvam in America. Willing to help 'mend his Native Country, lamentably tattered, both in the upper-Leather and sole, with all the honest stitches he can take. By Theodore de la Guard [Nathaniel Ward]. London, 1647. [Reprinted: London, 1647, three editions; Boston, 1713; Force's Historical Tracts, Vol. III.]

Mercurius Anti-mechanicus. Or The Simple Coblers Boy. By Theodore de la Guarden [Nathaniel Ward?]. London, 1648.

The Parable of the Ten Virgins opened & applied. By Thomas Shepard. London, 1660.

The Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs of the Old and New Testament, Faithfully Translated into English Metre. For the use, edification and comfort of the Saints in publick and private, especially in New-England. Cambridge, Printed for Hezekiah Usher, of Bostoo. [1658?] [This work, appearing first in 1651, exists in several slightly different forms. "The only copy of this edition [the one above] that I know of was sold at the Brinley sale for $90, and is now in the library of Brown University." — Sabin's Bibliotheca Americana.]

The Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America. Or Severall Poems, compiled with great variety of VVit and Learning, full of delight. By a Gentlewoman in those parts [Anne Bradstreet]. London, 1650.

Several Poems. By a Gentlewoman in New-England [Anne Bradstreet]. The second Edition, Corrected by the Author, and enlarged by an Addition of several other Poems found amongst her Papers after her Death. Boston, 1678. [Reprinted: 1758.]

The Works of Anne Bradstreet in Prose and Verse. Edited by J. H. Ellis. Charleston, 1867. [Full biographical introduction.]

A History of New-England. From the English planting in the Yeere 1628. untill the Yeere 1652. [By Edward Johnson.] [The running title is "Wonder-working Providence of Sions Saviour, in New England."] London, 1654. [Reprinted: Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc., Series 2, Vols. II.–VIII.]

The Day of Doom; or, A Description of the Great and Last Judgment. With a short Discourse about Eternity. [By Michael Wigglesworth.] London, 1673. [First edition, 1661 or 1662? Reprinted: Boston, 1715, 1751, 1828; Newburyport, 1811.]

Meat out of the Eater: or, Meditations concerning the Necessity, End, and Usefulness of Afflictions unto God's Children. By Michael Wigglesworth. The Fifth Edition. Boston, 1717. [First edition, 1669. On the fly-leaf of the Brown University Library's copy is written in ink, "6 of August 1729 Prise. Jonathan Trask His Book."]

A Key into the Language of America: or, An help to the Language of

the Natives in that part of America, called New-England. Together, with briefe Observations of the Customes, Manners and Worships, &c. of the aforesaid Natives. On all which are added Spiritual Observations. By Roger Williams. London, 1643.

The Blovdy Tenent, of Persecution, for cause of Conscience, discuss'd, in a Conference betweene Tvth and Peace. [By Roger Williams.] [London.] 1644. [The Brown University Library contains a copy of the very rare second edition, published in the same year.]

The Bloudy Tenent Washed, and made white in the bloud of the Lambe. Whereunto is added a Reply to Mr. Williams Answer, to Mr. Cottons Letter. By John Cotton. London, 1647.

The Bloody Tenent yet More Bloody: by Mr. Cottons endevour to wash it white in the Blood of the Lambe. Also a Letter to Mr Endicot Governor of the Massachusets in N. E. By R. Williams. London, 1652. [On the fly-leaf of the Brown University Library's copy is written in Williams's hand, "For his honoured & beloved Mr John Clarke an eminent witness of Christ Jesus agst ye bloodie Doctrine of Persecution &c."]

George Fox Digg'd out of his Burrovves. By R. W. [Roger Williams]. Boston, 1676.

A New-England Fire-Brand Quenched, Being Something in Answer unto a Lying, Slanderous Book, Entituled; George Fox Digged out of his Burrows, &c. Where-unto is added, A Catalogue of his Rabery, Lies, Scorn & Blasphemies. By George Fox and John Bvrnyeat. [n. p.] 1678.

New-Englands Memoriall. By Nathaniel Morton. Cambridge, 1669.

New-Englands Rarities Discovered: in Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Serpents, and Plants. Also a perfect Description of an Indian Sqva, in all her Bravery: with a Poem not improperly conferr'd upon her. By John Josselyn. London, 1672.

A Brief History of the Pequot War. By Major John Mason. Boston, 1736. [Written, 1670. Printed (imperfectly) in Relation of the Troubles in New England by Reason of the Indians, by Increase Mather, 1677. Reprinted: Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc., Series 2, Vol. VIII.]

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Diary of Samuel Sewall, 1674–1729. In Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc., Series 5, Vols. V.–VII.

A Looking Glass for the Times. By Peter Folger. Printed in the Year 1763. [Reprinted: R. I. Historical Tracts, No. 16. Dated April 26, 1676, but probably not printed before 1763.]

An Elegie upon the Death of the Reverend Mr. Thomas Shepard. [By Urian Oakes.] Cambridge, 1677. [Reprinted: The Club of Odd

Volumes, Boston, 1896. Supposed to be the earliest poem both written and printed in America.]

A Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New-England. By W. Hubbard. Boston, 1677. [Reprinted: London, 1677; Boston, 1775; Worcester, 1801; Norwich, 1802; Stockbridge, 1803; Danbury, 1803; Brattleborough, 1814; Roxbury, 1865. Usually referred to by the title of the later editions, A Narrative of the Indian Wars.]

The Soveraignty & Goodness of God, a Narrative of the Captivity and Restauration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson. The Second Addition. Written by Her Own Hand. Cambridge, 1682. No copy of the first edition (1682?) is known to be extant. [Reprinted: London, 1682; and many times since.]

Κομητογραφια. Or A Discourse Concerning Comets; Wherein the Nature of Blazing Stars is Enquired into. As also two Sermons, Occasioned by the late Blazing Stars. By Increase Mather. Boston, 1683.

An Essay for the Recording of Illustrious Providences. By Increase Mather. Boston, 1684.

A Further Account of the Tryals of the New-England Witches. By Increase Mather, President of Harvard Colledge. London, 1693.

A Poem dedicated to the Memory of the Reverend and Excellent Mr. Urian Oakes. Boston in New-England, 1682. [Reprinted: The Club of Odd Volumes, Boston, 1896. The poem is signed "N. R.," but is supposed to be by Cotton Mather, who would take peculiar pleasure in the ingenious pleasantry of signing the last letters of his name instead of the first. Nathaniel Mather, in a letter to Increase Mather, speaks of receiving a letter from him, dated 1682, and with it a sermon by Mr. Oakes and "two of your son's Poems on him"; the Brown University Library's copy (said to be unique) has N. Mather's autograph at the bottom of the last page.]

An Elegy on The Much-to-be-deplored Death of That Never-to-be-forgotten Person, The Reverend Mr. Nathaniel Collins. [By Cotton Mather.] Boston, 1685. [Reprinted: The Club of Odd Volumes, Boston, 1896.]

Late Memorable Providences Relating to Witchcrafts and Possessions, clearly Manifesting, not only that there are Witches, but that Good Men (as well as others) may possibly have their Lives shortned by such evil Instruments of Satan. By Cotton Mather. London, 1691.

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Brontologia Sacra: the Voice of the Glorious God in the Thunder. Especially intended for an Entertainment in the Hours of Thunder. [By Cotton Mather.] London, 1695.

Pillars of Salt. A History of some Criminals executed in this Land. With some of their Dying Speeches. [By Cotton Mather.] Boston, 1699.

Magnalia Christi Americana: or, the Ecclesiastical History of New-England, from its First Planting in the Year 1620. unto the Year of

our Lord, 1698. In Seven Books. By the Reverend and Learned Cotton Mather, M.A. London, 1702.

A Treacle fetch'd out of a Viper. A Brief Essay upon Falls into Sins. [By Cotton Mather.] Boston, 1707.

Bonifacius. An Essay upon the Good. [By Cotton Mather.] Boston, 1710. [Same as Essays to Do Good.]

A Christian Funeral. What should be the Behaviour of a Christian at a Funeral? [By Cotton Mather.] Boston, 1713.

The Religion of an Oath. Plain Directions How the Duty of Swearing, May be Safely Managed. [By Cotton Mather.] Boston, 1719.

The Christian Philosopher: A Collection of the Best Discoveries in Nature, with Religious Improvements. By Cotton Mather, D.D. and Fellow of the Royal Society. London, 1721.

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The Redeemed Captive, Returning to Zion. [By John Williams.] Boston, 1707.

A Poem on Elijahs Translation, occasion'd by the Death of the Rev. Mr. Samuel Willard. By Mr. Colman, V.D.M. Boston, 1707.

The Origin of the Whale bone-petticoat. A Satyr. Boston, 1714.

Hoop Petticoats, Arraigned and Condemned by the Light of Nature and Law of God. Boston. [1726.]

The Churches Quarrel Espoused. By John Wise. Boston, 1710.

A Vindication of the Government of New-England Churches. By John Wise. Boston, 1717.

Entertaining Passages Relating to Philip's War. By T. C. [Thomas Church]. Boston, 1716. [Reprinted: Boston, 1716; Newport, 1772; many times in this century.]

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The History of the Wars of New-England, with the Eastern Indians. By Samuel Penhallow. Boston, 1726.

A Poem on the Death of His late Majesty King George, and the Accession of King George II. By Mr. Byles. [Boston, 1727.]

A Poem Presented to His Excellency William Burnet, Esq.; on his Arrival at Boston, July 19, 1728. By Mr. Byles. [n. p. n. d.]

Father Abbey's Will; to which is added A Letter of Courtship to his Virtuous and Amiable Widow. [By John Seccomb.] Cambridge, 1731. [Reprinted: The Will in The Gentleman's Magazine, May, 1732.]

Chronological History of New England. By Thomas Prince, M.A. Boston, 1736.

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A Careful and Strict Enquiry into the Modern prevailing Notions of that freedom of Will, which is supposed to be essential to Moral Agency, Vertue and Vice. By Jonathan Edwards. Boston, 1754.

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The Choice: a Poem. [By Benjamin Church.] Boston, 1757. [Reprinted: Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc., Series 1, Vol. I.]

The Conquest of Louisbourg. A Poem. By John Maylem, Philo-Bellum. [Boston, 1758.]

Gallic Perfidy: A Poem. By John Maylem, Philo-Bellum. Boston, 1758.

Pietas et Gratulatio Collegii Cantabrigiensis apud Novanglos. Bostoni-Massachusettensium. Typis J. Green & J. Russell. 1761.

3. THE OTHER COLONIES.

A Character of the Province of Mary-Land. Also a small Treatise on the wilde and naked Indians. By George Alsop. London, 1666.

The Sot-weed Factor: Or, a Voyage to Maryland. A Satyr. In Burlesque Verse. By Eben Cook, Gent. London, 1708. [Reprinted: Shea's Early Southern Tracts, No. II.]

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A General Idea of the College of Mirania. By William Smith. New-York, 1753.

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A New Description of that Fertile and Pleasant Province of Carolina. By John Archdale: Late Governor of the Same. London, 1707. [Reprinted: Hist. Coll. So. Car., Vol. II.]

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An Historical and Geographical Account of the Province and Country of Pensilvania; and of West-New-Jersey in America. By Gabriel Thomas. London, 1698. [Lithographic facsimile, 1848, done for H. A. Brady of the N. Y. Hist. Soc.]

God's Protecting Providence: Evidenced in the Remarkable Deliverance of divers persons from the Devouring Waves of the Sea, and, also, from the more Cruelly Devouring Jawes of the inhumane Cannibals of Florida. By Jonathan Dickenson. Philadelphia, 1699.

Batchelor's-Hall. A Poem. By George Webb. [Philadelphia.] 1731.

Cato's Moral Distichs Englished in Couplets. [By James Logan.] Philadelphia, 1735.

Philosophic Solitude; or, the Choice of a Rural Life. A Poem. By a Gentleman educated at Yale College [William Livingston]. New York, 1747.

Poor Richard, 1733. An Almanack for the Year of Christ, 1733. By Richard Saunders, Philom. Philadelphia: Printed and sold by B. Franklin. [Continued till 1796, but "after 1758 Franklin wrote no more for 'Poor Richard.'" — McMaster's Franklin. The 1758 number contained the famous Father Abraham's Speech.]

Experiments and Observations on Electricity. By Mr. Benjamin Franklin. London, 1751.

The Manners of the Times; a Satire. By Philadelphiensis. Philadelphia, 1762.

The Court of Fancy; a Poem. By Thomas Godfrey. Philadelphia, 1762.

Juvenile Poems on Various Subjects. With the Prince of Parthia, a Tragedy. By the late Mr. Thomas Godfrey, Junr., of Philadelphia. To which is prefixed Some Account of the Author and his Writings. Philadelphia, 1765.

Poems on Several Occasions. By Nathaniel Evans, A. M. Philadelphia, 1772.

II. REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.

The Rights of the British Colonies Asserted and Proved. By James Otis. Boston, 1764. [Reprinted: London, 1765, 1766.]

Ponteach: or the Savages of America. A Tragedy. [By Robert Rogers?] London, 1766.

Liberty, Property and no Excise. A Poem compos'd on Occasion of

the Sight seen on the Great Trees, (so called) in Boston, New-England, on the 14th of August, 1765. [Boston.] 1765. (Price 6 Cop.)

A New Collection of Verses applied to the First of November, A.D. 1765. Together with a poetical Dream, concerning Stamped Papers. New-Haven. [1765.]

The Disappointment; or the Force of Credulity. By Andrew Barton. New York, 1767.

Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania, to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies. [By John Dickinson.] Boston. [1768.] [Reprinted: Philadelphia, 1768, 1769, 1774; Boston, 1768; New York, 1768; Williamsburg, 1769; London, 1768, 1774; Dublin, 1768; Paris, 1769 (French translation).]

An Address to a Provincial Bashaw. By a Son of Liberty [Benjamin Church]. Printed in (the Tyrannic Administration of St. Francisco [Gov. Francis Bernard]), 1769. [Boston.]

The Examination of Doctor Benjamin Franklin, before an August Assembly, relating to the Repeal of the Stamp-Act. [Philadelphia?] 1766. [Reprinted: London, 1767.]

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Poems on Various Subjects. By Phillis Wheatley, Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston, in New England. London, 1773.

The Adulateur. A Tragedy, as it is now acted in Upper Servia. [By Mercy Warren.] Boston, 1773.

The Ladies' Philosophy of Love. A Poem, in four Cantos. Written in 1774. By Charles Stearns, A.B. Leominster, Mass., 1797.

The Story of Æneas and Dido burlesqued. Charlestown, [S. C.], 1774.

A Pretty Story. By Peter Grievous, Esq., A.B.C.D.E. [Francis Hopkinson]. Philadelphia, 1774. [Reprinted: Philadelphia, 1774; Williamsburg, 1774; New York, 1857, 1864.]

The Miscellaneous Essays and Occasional Writings of Francis Hopkinson. Philadelphia, 1792. [3 vols.]

Memoirs of the Life of Josiah Quincy, Jun., by his Son, Josiah Quincy. Boston, Cummings, Hilliard, & Company, 1825. [Contains his journals, letters, and Observations on the Boston Port-Bill.]

Free Thoughts on the Proceedings of the Continental Congress. By a Farmer. Hear me, for I WILL speak! [By Samuel Seabury?] New York, 1774. [Reprinted: London, 1775. The first of the "Westchester Farmer's Letters."]

A Full Vindication of the Measures of the Congress, from the Calumnies of their Enemies; In Answer to a Letter, under the Signature of A. W. Farmer, Whereby His Sophistry is exposed, his Cavils confuted, his Artifices detected, and his Wit ridiculed. [By Alexander Hamilton.] New-York, 1774.

The Farmer Refuted. [By Alexander Hamilton.] New York, 1775.

The Group, a Farce. [By Mercy Warren.] Jamaica, Printed; Philadelphia, Re-printed; 1775.

The Patriots of North America. New-York, 1775. [An anonymous Tory poem of much vigor.]

Massachusettensis. [By Daniel Leonard.] [Boston, 1775.] [Reprinted: New York, 1775; London, 1776, four editions.]

A Cure for the Spleen. Or Amusement for a Winter's Evening; being the Substance of a Conversation on the Times, over a Friendly Tankard and Pipe. Taken in short Hand, by Sir Roger de Coverly. America, 1775. [Reprinted: New York, n. d.]

The Works of John Woolman. London, 1775. [Contains his Journal. The Journal was reprinted in 1873, with an introduction by Whittier.]

An Elegy on the Times. [By John Trumbull.] Boston, 1774. [Reprinted: New Haven, 1775.]

The Progress of Dulness. [By John Trumbull.] New Haven. [Part I., 1772; Parts II. and III., 1773.]

McFingal. A Modern Epic Poem. Or, the Town-Meeting. [By John Trumbull.] Philadelphia, 1775. [Reprinted: London, 1776.]

M'Fingal: A Modern Epic Poem, in Four Cantos. [By John Trumbull.] Hartford, 1782. [Reprinted: Boston, 1785, 1799, 1826; Philadelphia, 1791, 1839; London, 1792; New York, 1795, 1804; Wrentham, 1801; Baltimore, 1812; Albany, 1813; Hudson, 1816; Hartford, 1856. The text of 1782 differs considerably from that of 1775. The division into cantos is a new feature; many minor changes in diction have been made, and couplets inserted here and there; the last 22 lines of Canto I., and the first 104 lines of Canto II., are new, as are of course the whole of Cantos III. and IV.]

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Common Sense: Addressed to the Inhabitants of America. [By Thomas Paine.] Philadelphia, 1776. [Reprinted: 1776, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Newport, Newburyport, Norwich, Salem, Lancaster, Providence, London, Edinburgh, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and again and again since.]

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[Some of the dates are dates of copyright, not of imprint, as access to first editions was not possible in all cases. "H. & M." stands for "Houghton, Mifflin & Co." The American Men of Letters Series, the American Statesmen Series, and the American Religious Leaders Series are published by that house. The Makers of America Series is published by Dodd, Mead & Co. For school use the Old South Leaflets (address Directors of the Old South Work, Old South Meeting-house, Boston) contain several interesting selections from the earlier writings; the Riverside Literature Series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) supplies much material, well edited and inexpensive; the English Classics Series (Maynard, Merrill & Co.) furnishes cheap editions of several works; in Little Masterpieces (Doubleday & McClure), Poe, Hawthorne, Irving, Lincoln, Franklin, and Webster are represented: Macmillan & Co announce, as in press or in preparation, editions of writings by some twenty authors, in their Pocket Series of American Classics; some of Phillips's speeches and lectures are published separately by Lee & Shepard; nine of Webster's orations, with notes, are published by Heath & Co.; Hodgkins's leaflets (Heath & Co.) for the laboratory study of several American authors will be found helpful. For more magazine articles, consult Poole's Index; for essays, the "A. L. A." Index.]

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